





Annie May Beville





THE WORKS  
OF  
SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUMES VII AND VIII.



THE WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK  
AND  
WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT

Twelve Volumes

*VOLUME VII*

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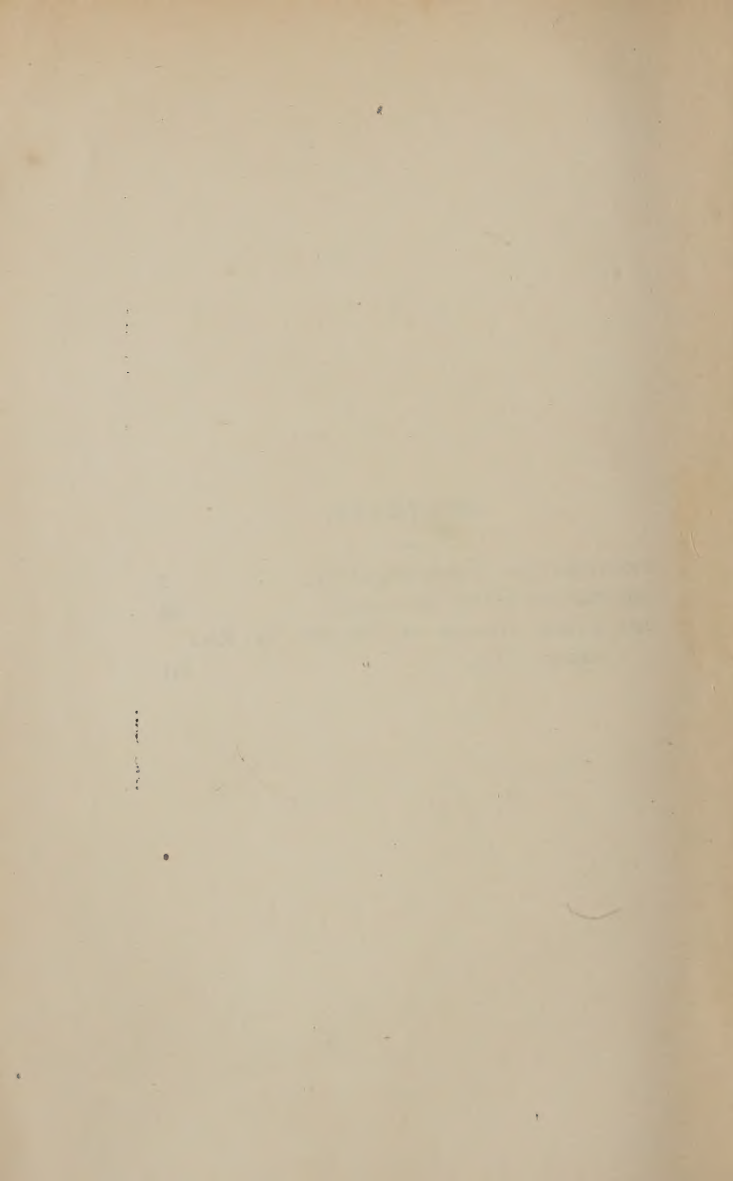
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# THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Sixth.  
 EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, his son.  
 LEWIS XI., KING OF FRANCE.  
 DUKE OF SOMERSET.  
 DUKE OF EXETER.  
 EARL OF OXFORD.  
 EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.  
 EARL OF WESTMORELAND.  
 LORD CLIFFORD.  
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.  
 EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards  
     King Edward IV.,  
 EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,  
 GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,  
 RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester,  
 DUKE OF NORFOLK.  
 MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.  
 EARL OF WARWICK.  
 EARL OF PEMBROKE.  
 LORD HASTINGS.  
 LORD STAFFORD.  
 SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } uncles to the Duke of  
 SIR HUGH MORTIMER, } York.  
 HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a youth.  
 LORD RIVERS, brother to Lady Grey.  
 SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.  
 SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.  
 SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.  
 Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.  
 Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.  
 Two Keepers. A Huntsman.  
 A Son that has killed his father.  
 A Father that has killed his son.  
 QUEEN MARGARET.  
 LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.  
 BONA, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, etc.

SCENE—*England and France,*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament-house.*

*Alarum. Enter the* DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.*

*War.* I wonder how the king escaped our hands.

*York.* While we pursued the horsemen of the north,

He slyly stole away and left his men:  
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,  
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,  
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,  
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all abreast,  
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in  
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

*Edw.* Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,

Is either slain or wounded dangerously;  
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:  
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

*Mont.* And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

*Rich.* Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*]

*York.* Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.

But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

*Norf.* Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

*Rich.* Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

*War.* And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,  
Before I see thee seated in that throne  
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,  
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.  
This is the palace of the fearful king,  
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;  
For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs'.



*York.* Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;

For hither we have broken in by force.

*Norfolk.* We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die. 30

*York.* Thanks, gentle Norfolk: stay by me, my lords;

And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

[*They go up.*]

*War.* And when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

*York.* The queen this day here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council:

By words or blows here let us win our right.

*Rich.* Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

*War.* The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king, 40

And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice

Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

*York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;

I mean to take possession of my right.

*War.* Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,

Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:

Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

*Flourish.* Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and the rest.

*K. Hen.* My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, 50

Even in the chair of state: belike he means,

Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,

To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,

And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have  
vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favorites and his friends.

*North.* If I be not, heavens be revenged on  
me!

*Clif.* The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn  
in steel.

*West.* What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck  
him down:

My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it. 60

*K. Hen.* Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmore-  
land.

*Clif.* Patience is for poltroons, such as he:  
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

*North.* Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it  
so.

*K. Hen.* Ah, know you not the city favors  
them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

*Exe.* But when the duke is slain, they'll  
quickly fly.

*K. Hen.* Far be the thought of this from  
Henry's heart, 70

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

'Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;

I am thy sovereign.

*York.* I am thine.

*Exe.* For shame, come down: he made thee  
Duke of York.

*York.* 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom  
was.

*Exe.* Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

*War.* Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown  
In following this usurping Henry. 81

*Clif.* Whom should he follow but his natural  
king?

*War.* True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke  
of York.

*K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

*York.* It must and shall be so: content thyself.

*War.* Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

*West.* He is both king and Duke of Lancaster; And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

*War.* And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget  
That we are those which chased you from the field 90

And slew your fathers, and with colors spread  
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

*North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;  
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

*West.* Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,  
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

*Clif.* Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger

As shall revenge his death before I stir. 100

*War.* Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

*York.* Will you we show our title to the crown?  
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

*K. Hen.* What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;  
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:

I am the son of Henry the Fifth,  
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop  
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

*War.* Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all. 110

*K. Hen.* The lord protector lost it, and not I:  
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

*Rich.* You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

*Edw.* Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

*Mont.* Good brother, as thou lovest and honourest arms,

Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

*Rich.* Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

*York.* Sons, peace!

*K. Hen.* Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak. 120

*War.* Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

*K. Hen.* Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire and father sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colors, often borne in France,

And now in England to our heart's great sorrow, Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?

My title's good, and better far than his. 130

*War.* Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

*K. Hen.* Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

*York.* 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

*K. Hen.* [*Aside*] I know not what to say; my title's weak.—

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

*York.* What then?

*K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful king; For Richard, in the view of many lords,

Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,

Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 140

*York.* He rose against him, being his sovereign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

*War.* Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,

Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

*Exe.* No; for he could not so resign his crown But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

*K. Hen.* Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

*Exe.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

*York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

*Exe.* My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

*K. Hen.* [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him. 151

*North.* Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st, Think not that Henry shall be so deposed

*War.* Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

*North.* Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,  
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,  
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

*Clif.* King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,  
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence: 160  
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,  
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

*K. Hen.* O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

*York.* Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.  
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

*War.* Do right unto this princely duke of York,  
Or I will fill the house with armed men,  
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,  
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the soldiers show themselves.*]

*K. Hen.* My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word: 170

Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

*York.* Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.

*King.* I am content: Richard Plantagenet,  
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

*Clif.* What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

*War.* What good is this to England and himself!

*West.* Base, fearful and despairing Henry!

*Clif.* How hast thou injured both thyself and us !

*West.* I cannot stay to hear these articles. 180

*North.* Nor I.

*Clif.* Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

*West.* Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honor bides.

*North.* Be thou a prey unto the house of York,  
And die in bands for this unmanly deed !

*Clif.* In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,  
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised !

[*Exeunt North., Clif., and West.*]

*War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

*Exc.* They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield. 190

*K. Hen.* Ah, Exeter !

*War.* Why should you sigh, my lord ?

*K. Hen.* Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may: I here entail

The crown to thee and to thine heirs forever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honor me as thy king and sovereign,

And neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down and reign thyself. 200

*York.* This oath I willingly take and will perform.

*War.* Long live King Henry ! Plantagenet, embrace him.

*K. Hen.* And long live thou and these thy forward sons !

*York.* Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

*Exc.* Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes ! [Sennet. *Here they come down.*]

*York.* Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

*War.* And I'll keep London with my soldiers,

*Norf.* And to Norfolk with my followers.

*Mont.* And I unto the sea from whence I came.  
 [*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk,*  
*Montague, their Soldiers and Attendants.*]

*K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court. 210

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE OF WALES.*

*Exe.* Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:

I'll steal away.

*K. Hen.* Exeter, so will I.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, got not from me; I will follow thee.

*K. Hen.* Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

*Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes?  
 Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,  
 And never seen thee, never borne thee son,  
 Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!  
 Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?  
 Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I, 220  
 Or felt that pain which I did for him once,  
 Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,  
 Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood  
 there,  
 Rather than have made that savage duke thine  
 heir  
 And disinherited thine only son.

*Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me:  
 If you be king, why should not I succeed?

*K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me,  
 sweet son:

The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me,

*Q. Mar.* Enforced thee! art thou king, and  
 wilt be forced? 230

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!  
 Thou hast undone thyself, thy son and me;  
 And given unto the house of York such head  
 As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.  
 To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,  
 What is it but to make thy sepulchre  
 And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais;  
 Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;  
 'The duke is made protector of the realm; 240  
 And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds  
 The trembling lamb environed with wolves.  
 Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
 The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes  
 Before I would have granted to that act.  
 But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honor:  
 And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself  
 Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,  
 Until that act of parliament be repeal'd  
 Whereby my son is disinherited. 250  
 The northern lords that have forsworn thy colors  
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;  
 And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace  
 And utter ruin of the house of York.  
 Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away;  
 Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.

*K. Hen.* Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hast spoke too much already:  
 get thee gone.

*K. Hen.* Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay  
 with me?

*Q. Mar.* Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

*Prince.* When I return with victory from the  
 field 261

I'll see your grace: till then I'll follow her.

*Q. Mar.* Come, son, away; we may not linger  
 thus. [*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*]

*K. Hen.* Poor Queen! how love to me and to  
 her son

Hath made her break out into terms of rage!

Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle

Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!

The loss of those three lords torments my heart;

I'll write unto them and entreat them fair. 271

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

*Exe.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE II. *Sandal Castle.*

*Enter* RICHARD, EDWARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

*Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

*Edw.* No, I can better play the orator.

*Mont.* But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter the* DUKE OF YORK.

*York.* Why, how now, sons and brother ! at a strife ?

What is your quarrel ? how began it first ?

*Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.

*York.* About what ?

*Rich.* About that which concerns your grace and us ;

The crown of England, father, which is yours. 9

*York.* Mine, boy ? not till King Henry be dead.

*Rich.* Your right depends not on his life or death.

*Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :  
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,  
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

*York.* I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

*Edw.* But for a kingdom any oath may be broken :

I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

*Rich.* No ; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

*York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war.

*Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak. 20

*York.* Thou canst not, son ; it is impossible.

*Rich.* An oath is of no moment, being not took  
Before a true and lawful magistrate,  
That hath authority over him that swears :  
Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;  
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,  
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.  
Therefore, to arms ! And, father, do but think  
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;  
Within whose circuit is Elysium

And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.  
 Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest  
 Until the white rose that I wear be dyed  
 Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

*York.* Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.  
 Brother, thou shalt to London presently,  
 And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.  
 Thou, Richard, shalt unto the Duke of Norfolk,  
 And tell him privily of our intent.  
 You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham, 40  
 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:  
 In them I trust; for they are soldiers,  
 Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.  
 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,  
 But that I seek occasion how to rise,  
 And yet the king not privy to my drift,  
 Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

*Enter a Messenger.*

But, stay: what news? Why comest thou in  
 such post?

*Mess.* The queen with all the northern earls  
 and lords

Intend here to besiege you in your castle: 50  
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men;  
 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

*York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st  
 thou that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;  
 My brother Montague shall post to London:  
 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,  
 Whom we have left protectors of the king,  
 With powerful policy strengthen themselves,  
 And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

*Mont.* Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:  
 And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*]

*Enter SIR JOHN MORTIMER and SIR HUGH  
 MORTIMER.*

*York.* Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine  
 uncles,

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour:  
 The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

*Sir John.* She shall not need; we'll meet her  
in the field.

*York.* What, with five thousand men?

*Rich.* Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:  
A woman's general; what should we fear.

[*A march afar off.*

*Edw.* I hear their drums: let's set our men in  
order, 70

And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

*York.* Five men to twenty! though the odds  
be great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Field of battle betwixt Sandal Castle  
and Wakefield.*

*Alarums. Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor.*

*Rut.* Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their  
hands?

Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

*Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.*

*Clif.* Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves  
thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,

Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

*Tut.* And I, my lord, will bear him company.

*Clif.* Soldiers, away with him!

*Tut.* Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent  
child,

Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[*Exit, dragged off by soldiers.*

*Clif.* How now! is he dead already? or is it  
fear 10

That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch  
That trembles under his devouring paws;

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,

And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,  
And not with such a cruel threatening look.  
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:

Be thou revenged on men, and let me live. 20

*Clif.* In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my  
father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should  
enter.

*Rut.* Then let my father's blood open it  
again:

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

*Clif.* Had I thy brethren here, their lives and  
thine

Were not revenge sufficient for me;

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves

And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,

It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of York 30

Is a fury to torment my soul;

And till I root out their accursed line

And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—

[*Lifting his hand.*]

*Rut.* O, let me pray before I take my death!

To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

*Clif.* Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

*Rut.* I never did thee harm: why wilt thou  
slay me?

*Clif.* Thy father hath,

*Rut.* But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me, 40

Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

*Clif.* No cause!

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

[*Stabs him.*]

*Rut.* Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ!

[*Dies.*]

*Clif.* Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade 50

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,  
 Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.  
[Exit.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum.* Enter RICHARD, Duke of York.

*York.* The army of the queen hath got the  
 field :

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;  
 And all my followers to the eager foe  
 Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind  
 Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.  
 My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them :  
 But this I know, they have demean'd themselves  
 Like men born to renown by life or death.  
 Three times did Richard make a lane to me,  
 And thrice cried 'Courage, father ! fight it out !'  
 And full as oft came Edward to my side, 11  
 With purple falchion, painted to the hilt  
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him :  
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,  
 Richard cried, 'Charge ! and give no foot of  
 ground !'

And cried, 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb !  
 A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre !'  
 With this, we charged again : but, out, alas !  
 We bodged again ; as I have seen a swan  
 With bootless labor swim against the tide, 20  
 And spend her strength with over-matching  
 waves. [A short alarum within.

Ah, hark ! the fatal followers do pursue ;  
 And I am faint and cannot fly their fury :  
 And were I strong, I would not shun their fury ;  
 The sands are number'd that make up my life ;  
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, the young Prince, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,  
 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage ;  
 I am your butt, and I abide your shot. 29  
*North.* Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

*Clif.* Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,  
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.  
Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,  
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

*York.* My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring  
forth

A bird that will revenge upon you all:  
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,  
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.  
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

*Clif.* So cowards fight when they can fly no  
further; 40

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

*York.* O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,  
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;  
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,  
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with  
cowardice

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

*Clif.* I will not bandy with thee word for word,  
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. 50

*Q. Mar.* Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand  
causes

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.  
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumber-  
land.

*North.* Hold, Clifford! do not honor him so  
much

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:  
What valor were it, when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot away?

It is war's prize to take all vantages;  
And ten to one is no impeach of valor. 60

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*]

*Clif.* Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the  
gin.

*North.* So doth the cony struggle in the net.

*York.* So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd  
booty;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

*North.* What would your grace have done unto him now?

*Q. Mar.* Brave warriors, Clifford and North-  
umberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,  
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,  
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

What! was it you that would be England's king?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament, 71

And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point, 80

Made issue from the bosom of the boy;

And if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine  
entrails

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be  
mad;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus. 90

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.

A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him:

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

*[Putting a paper crown on his head.]*

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!

Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,

And this is he was his adopted heir.

But how is it that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be king 101

Till our King Henry had shook hands with death,

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,  
 And rob his temples of the diadem,  
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?  
 O, 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable!  
 Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;  
 And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

*Clif.* That is my office, for my father's sake.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes. 110

*York.* She-wolf of France, but worse than  
 wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's  
 tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex  
 To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,  
 Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!  
 But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,  
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,  
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.  
 To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,  
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not  
 shameless. 120

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,  
 Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,  
 Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.  
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?  
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,  
 Unless the adage must be verified,  
 That beggars mounted run their horse to death.  
 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;  
 But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:  
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;  
 The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at: 131  
 'Tis government that makes them seem divine;  
 The want thereof makes thee abominable:  
 Thou art as opposite to every good  
 As the Antipodes are unto us,  
 Or as the south to the septentrion.  
 O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!  
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child  
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face? 140  
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible:



Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.  
 Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy  
 wish:

Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy  
 will:

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,  
 And when the rage allays, the rain begins.  
 'These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:  
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death,  
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-  
 woman.

*North.* Beshrew me, but his passion moves me  
 so 150

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

*York.* 'That face of his the hungry cannibals  
 Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd  
 with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,  
 O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.  
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears;  
 'This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,  
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:  
 And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 160  
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;  
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,  
 And say, 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'

There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my  
 curse;

And in thy need such comfort come to thee  
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!  
 Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:  
 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

*North.* Had he been slaughter-man to all my  
 kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him, 170  
 To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

*Q. Mar.* What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Nor-  
 thumberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,  
 And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

*Clif.* Here's for my oath, here's for my father's  
 death, [Stabbing him,

*Q. Mar.* And here's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*]

*York.* Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God !  
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee. [*Dies.*]

*Q. Mar.* Off with his head, and set it on York gates;

So York may overlook the town of York. 180

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

*A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and their power.*

*Edu.* I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,  
Or whether he be 'scaped away or no  
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:  
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;

Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;

Or had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard  
The happy tidings of his good escape.

How fares my brother ? why is he so sad ?

*Rich.* I cannot joy, until I be resolved  
Where our right valiant father is become. 10

I saw him in the battle range about;

And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.

Methought he bore him in the thickest troop

As doth a lion in a herd of neat;

Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,

Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,

The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

So fared our father with his enemies;

So fled his enemies my warlike father:

Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son. 20

See how the morning opes her golden gates,

And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !

How well resembles it the prime of youth,

Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love !

*Edw.* Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three  
suns?

*Rich.* Three glorious suns, each one a perfect  
sun;

Not separated with the racking clouds,  
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.  
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,  
As if they vow'd some league inviolable: 30  
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.  
In this the heaven figures some event.

*Edw.* 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never  
heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field,  
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,  
Each one already blazing by our meeds,  
Should notwithstanding join our lights together  
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.  
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear  
Upon my target three fair-shining suns. 40

*Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave  
I speak it,  
You love the breeder better than the male.

*Enter a Messenger.*

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell  
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

*Mess.* Ah, one that was a woful looker-on  
When as the noble Duke of York was slain,  
Your princely father and my loving lord!

*Edw.* O, speak no more, for I have heard too  
much.

*Rich.* Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

*Mess.* Environed he was with many foes, 50  
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy  
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.  
But Hercules himself must yield to odds:  
And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
Hew down and fell the hardest timber'd oak.  
By many hands your father was subdued;  
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm  
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,  
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,  
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,

The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks 61  
 A napkin steeped, in the harmless blood  
 Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:  
 And after many scorns, many foul taunts,  
 They took his head, and on the gates of York  
 They set the same; and there it doth rem in,  
 The saddest spectacle that ere I view'd.

*Edw.* Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean  
 upon,

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.  
 O Clifford, boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain 70  
 The flower of Europe for his chivalry;  
 And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,  
 For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.  
 Now my soul's palace is become a prison:  
 Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body  
 Might in the ground be closed up in rest!  
 For never henceforth shall I joy again.  
 Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

*Rich.* I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture  
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:  
 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great  
 burthen; 81

For selfsame wind that I should speak withal  
 Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,  
 And burns me up with flames that tears would  
 quench.

To weep is to make less the depth of grief:  
 Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me.  
 Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,  
 Or die renowned by attempting it.

*Edw.* His name that valiant duke hath left with  
 thee;

His dukedom and his chair with me is left. 90

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,  
 Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:  
 For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;  
 Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March.* Enter WARWICK, MARQUESS OF MON-  
 TAGUE, and their army.

*War.* How now, fair lords! What fare? what  
 news abroad?

*Rich.* Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount

Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance  
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,  
'The words would add more anguish than the wounds.

O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain ! 100

*Edw.* O Warwick, Warwick ! that Plantagenet,  
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,  
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

*War.* Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;

And now, to add more measure to your woes,  
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.  
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,  
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,  
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,  
Were brought me of your loss and his depart. 110  
I, then in London, keeper of the king,  
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,  
And very well appointed, as I thought,  
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,

Bearing the king in my behalf along;  
For by my scouts I was advertised  
That she was coming with a full intent  
To dash our late decree in parliament  
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.  
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met, 120  
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:  
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,  
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,  
'That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;  
Or whether 'twas report of her success;  
'Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigor,  
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,  
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,  
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;  
Our soldiers', like the night-owls lazy flight, 130  
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,  
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.  
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,  
With promise of high pay and great rewards:

But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,  
 And we in them no hope to win the day;  
 So that we fled; the king unto the queen;  
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,  
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;  
 For in the marches here we heard you were, 140  
 Making another head to fight again.

*Edw.* Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle  
 Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to Eng-  
 land?

*War.* Some six miles off the duke is with the  
 soldiers;

And for your brother, he was lately sent  
 From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,  
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

*Rich.* 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant War-  
 wick fled:

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,  
 But ne'er till now his scandal of retire. 150

*War.* Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou  
 hear;

For thou shalt know this strong right hand of  
 mine

Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,  
 And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,  
 Were he as famous and as bold in war  
 As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

*Rich.* I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame  
 me not:

'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.  
 But in this troublous time what's to be done?  
 Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, 160  
 And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,  
 Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?  
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes  
 Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?  
 If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.

*War.* Why, therefore Warwick came to seek  
 you out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
 Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,  
 With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,

And of their feather many moe proud birds, 170  
 Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.  
 He swore consent to your succession,  
 His oath enrolled in the parliament;  
 And now to London all the crew are gone,  
 To frustrate both his oath and what beside  
 May make against the house of Lancaster.  
 Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:  
 Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,  
 With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of  
 March,

Amongst the loving Welchmen canst procure, 180  
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,  
 Why, Via ! to London will we march amain,  
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,  
 And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes !'  
 But never once again turn back and fly.

*Rich.* Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick  
 speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,  
 That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

*Edw.* Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I  
 lean; 189

And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour !—  
 Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbend !

*War.* No longer Earl of March, but Duke of  
 York:

The next degree is England's royal throne;  
 For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd  
 In every borough as we pass along;  
 And he that throws not up his cap for joy  
 Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.  
 King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,  
 Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,  
 But sound the trumpets, and about our task. 200

*Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard  
 as steel,

As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,  
 I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

*Edw.* Then strike up drums: God and Saint  
 George for us !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*War.* How now ! what news ?

*Mess.* The Duke of Norfolk sends you word  
by me,  
The queen is coming with a puissant host;  
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

*War.* Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let's  
away. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II. *Before York.*

*Flourish.* *Enter* KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, *with drum and trumpets.*

*Q. Mar.* Welcome, my lord, to this brave town  
of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy  
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:  
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

*K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear  
their wreck:

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.  
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,  
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

*Clif.* My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
And harmful pity must be laid aside. 10

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?  
Not his that spoils her young before her face.  
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,  
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.  
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,  
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows: 20

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,  
And raise his issue, like a loving sire:  
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,  
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,  
Which argued thee a most unloving father.  
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;  
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,  
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings



Which sometime they have used with fearful  
flight,

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,  
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?  
For shame, my liege, make them your prece-  
dent!

Were it not pity that this goodly boy  
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,  
And long hereafter say unto his child,  
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got  
My careless father fondly gave away'?  
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;  
And let his manly face, which promiseth  
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.

*K. Hen.* Full well hath Clifford play'd the  
orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force.  
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear  
That things ill-got had ever bad success?  
And happy always was it for that son  
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?  
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;  
And would my father had left me no more!  
For all the rest is held at such a rate  
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep  
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.  
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did  
know

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

*Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits: our  
foes are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.  
You promised knighthood to our forward son:  
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.  
Edward, kneel down.

*K. Hen.* Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;  
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

*Prince.* My gracious father, by your kingly  
leave,

I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,  
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

*Clif.* Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Royal commanders, be in readiness:  
For with a band of thirty thousand men  
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;  
And in the towns, as they do march along, 70  
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:  
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

*Clif.* I would your highness would depart the  
field:

The queen hath best success when you are absent.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord, and leave us to  
our fortune.

*K. Hen.* Why, that's my fortune too; therefore  
I'll stay.

*North.* Be it with resolution then to fight.

*Prince.* My royal father, cheer these noble  
lords

And hearten those that fight in your defence:

Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, 'Saint  
George!' 80

*March.* *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD,  
WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and* Soldiers.

*Edw.* Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel  
for grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head;

Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

*Q. Mar.* Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting  
boy!

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms

Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

*Edw.* I am his king, and he should bow his  
knee;

I was adopted heir by his consent:

Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,

You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,

Have caused him, by new act of parliament, 91  
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

*Clif.* And reason too:

Who should succeed the father but the son?

*Rich.* Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot  
speak!

*Clif.* Ay, crook - back, here I stand to answer thee,

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

*Rich.* 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

*Clif.* Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

*Rich.* For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. 100

*War.* What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

*Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?

When you and I met at St. Alban's last,

Your legs did better service than your hands.

*War.* Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

*Clif.* You said so much before, and yet you fled.

*War.* 'Twas not your valor, Clifford, drove me thence.

*North.* No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

*Rich.* Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain 110

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

*Clif.* I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?

*Rich.* Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;

But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.

*K. Hen.* Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

*Q. Mar.* Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

*K. Hen.* I prithee, give no limits to my tongue: I am a king, and privileged to speak. 120

*Clif.* My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here

Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

*Rich.* Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword: By Him that made us all, I am resolved That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

*Edw.* Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?  
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,  
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

*War.* If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;  
For York in justice puts his armor on. 130

*Prince.* If that be right which Warwick says is  
right,

There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

*Rich.* Whoever got thee, there my mother  
stands;

For well, I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

*Q. Mar.* But thou art neither like thy sire nor  
dam;

But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,  
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,  
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

*Rich.* Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,  
Whose father bears the title of a king,— 140

As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—  
Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art ex-  
traught,

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

*Edw.* A wisp of straw were worth a thousand  
crowns,

To make this shameless callet know herself.

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

Although thy husband may be Menelaus;

And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd

By that false woman, as this king by thee.

His father revell'd in the heart of France, 150

And tamed the king, and made the dauphin  
stoop;

And had he match'd according to his state,

He might have kept that glory to this day;

But when he took a beggar to his bed,

And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,

Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,

That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,

And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.

For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;

And we, in pity of the gentle king, 161

Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

*Geo.* But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,  
 And that thy summer bred us no increase,  
 We set the axe to thy usurping root;  
 And though the edge hath something hit our-  
 selves,  
 Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,  
 We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,  
 Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

*Edw.* And, in this resolution, I defy thee; 170  
 Not willing any longer conference,  
 Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.  
 Sound trumpets ! let our bloody colors wave !  
 And either victory, or else a grave.

*Q. Mar.* Stay, Edward.

*Edw.* No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer  
 stay:  
 These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.  
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A field of battle between Towton  
 and Saxton, in Yorkshire.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

*War.* Forspent with toil, as runners with a  
 race,  
 I lay me down a little while to breathe;  
 For strokes received, and many blows repaid,  
 Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their  
 strength,  
 And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

*Enter EDWARD, running.*

*Edw.* Smile, gentle heaven ! or strike, ungentle  
 death !  
 For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is  
 clouded.

*War.* How now, my lord ! what hap ? what  
 hope of good ?

*Enter GEORGE.*

*Geo.* Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;  
 Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us: 180  
 What counsel give you ? whither shall we fly ?

*Edw.* Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;  
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

*Enter RICHARD.*

*Rich.* Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;  
And in the very pangs of death he cried,  
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,  
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'  
So, underneath the belly of their steeds, 20  
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,  
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.  
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,  
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;  
And look upon, as if the tragedy  
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?  
Here on my knee I vow to God above,  
I'll never pause again, never stand still, 30  
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,  
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

*Edw.* O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;

And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!  
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,  
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,  
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,  
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands  
That to my foes this body must be prey,  
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope, 40  
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!  
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,  
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

*Rich.* Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:  
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe  
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

*War.* Away, away! Once more, sweet lords,  
farewell.

*Geo.* Yet let us all altogether to our troops,  
And give them leave to fly that will not stay; 50  
And call them pillars that will stand to us;  
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards  
As victors wear at the Olympian games:  
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;  
For yet is hope of life and victory.  
Forslow no longer, make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.*

*Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:  
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,  
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,  
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

*Clif.* Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:  
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;  
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;  
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death  
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and  
brother

To execute the like upon thyself; 10  
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight. Warwick comes; Clifford flies.*]

*Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other  
chase;  
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Enter KING HENRY alone.*

*King.* This battle fares like to the morning's  
war,  
When dying clouds contend with growing light,  
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.  
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea  
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind:  
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea

Forced to retire by fury of the wind:  
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;  
Now one the better, then another best; 10  
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:  
So is the equal poise of this fell war.  
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.  
To whom God will, there be the victory!  
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,  
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both  
They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;  
For what is in this world but grief and woe? 20  
O God! methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,  
How many make the hour full complete;  
How many hours bring about the day;  
How many days will finish up the year;  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the times: 30  
So many hours must I tend my flock;  
So many hours must I take my rest;  
So many hours must I contemplate;  
So many hours must I sport myself;  
So many days my ewes have been with young;  
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau;  
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:  
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,  
Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. 40  
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!  
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?  
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.  
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,  
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, 50



is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
His body couched in a curious bed,  
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his father,  
dragging in the dead body.*

*Son.* Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.  
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
May be possessed with some store of crowns;  
And I, that haply take them from him now,  
May yet ere night yield both my life and them  
To some man else, as this dead man doth me. 60  
Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,  
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.  
O heavy times, begetting such events!  
From London by the king was I press'd forth;  
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,  
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;  
And I, who at his hands received my life,  
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.  
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!  
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee! 70  
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;  
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

*K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!  
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,  
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.  
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;  
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,  
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with  
grief.

*Enter a Father that has killed his son, bringing  
in the body.*

*Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,  
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold; 80  
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.  
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?  
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!  
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,  
Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,  
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,

Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart !  
 O, pity, God, this miserable age !  
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
 Erroneous, mutinous and unnatural, 90  
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !  
 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,  
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late !

*K. Hen.* Woe above woe ! grief more than  
 common grief !

O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds !  
 O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity !  
 The red rose and the white are on his face,  
 The fatal colors of our striving houses:  
 The one his purple blood right well resembles;  
 The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:  
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish; 101  
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

*Son.* How will my mother for a father's death  
 Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied !

*Fath.* How will my wife for slaughter of my  
 son

Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied !

*K. Hen.* How will the country for these woful  
 chances

Misthink the king, and not be satisfied !

*Son.* Was ever son so rued a father's death ?

*Fath.* Was ever father so bemoan'd his son ?

*K. Hen.* Was ever king so grieved for subjects'  
 woe ? 111

Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

*Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep  
 my fill. [Exit with the body.

*Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy wind-  
 ing-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,  
 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;  
 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;  
 And so obsequious will thy father be,  
 E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,  
 As Priam was for all his valiant sons. 120  
 I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will  
 For I have murdered where I should not kill.

[Exit with the body.

*K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,  
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums: excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE, and EXETER.*

*Prince.* Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends  
are fled,  
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:  
Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

*Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick  
post amain:  
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds  
Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130  
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,  
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,  
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

*Exe.* Away ! for vengeance comes along with  
them:  
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;  
Or else come after: I'll away before.

*K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good sweet  
Exeter:  
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go  
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away !  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Another part of the field.*

*A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.*

*Clif.* Here burns my candle out; ay, here it  
dies,  
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.  
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow  
More than my body's parting with my soul !  
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;  
And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts.  
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,  
The common people swarm like summer flies;  
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun ?  
And who shines now but Henry's enemies ? 10  
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent  
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,

Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth !  
 And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,  
 Or as thy father and his father did,  
 Giving no ground unto the house of York,  
 They never then had sprung like summer flies;  
 I and ten thousand in this luckless realm  
 Had left no mourning widows for our death;  
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.  
 For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air? 21  
 And what makes robbers bold but too much  
 lenity?

Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds;  
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:  
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity;  
 For at their hands I have deserved no pity.  
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,  
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.  
 Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;  
 I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[*He faints.*]

*Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.*

*Edw.* Now breathe we, lords: good fortune  
 bids us pause, 31  
 And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful  
 looks.

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,  
 That led calm Henry, though he were a king,  
 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,  
 Command an argosy to stem the waves.  
 But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

*War.* No, 'tis impossible he should escape;  
 For, though before his face I speak the words,  
 Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:  
 And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead. 41

[*Clifford groans, and dies.*]

*Edw.* Whose soul is that which takes her heavy  
 leave?

*Rich.* A deadly groan, like life and death's  
 departing.

*Edw.* See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,  
 If friend or foe; let him be gently used.

*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch  
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,  
But set his murdering knife unto the root  
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,  
I mean our princely father, Duke of York. 51

*War.* From off the gates of York fetch down  
the head,  
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;  
Instead whereof let this supply the room:  
Measure for measure must be answered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our  
house,  
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:  
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,  
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

*War.* I think his understanding is bereft. 60  
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to  
thee?

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,  
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

*Rich.* O, would he did! and so perhaps he doth:  
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,  
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts  
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

*Geo.* If so thou think'st, vex him with eager  
words.

*Rich.* Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.

*Edw.* Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

*War.* Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

*Geo.* While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

*Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son to  
York.

*Edw.* Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.

*Geo.* Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you  
now?

*War.* They mock thee, Clifford; swear as thou  
wast wont.

*Rich.* What, not an oath? nay, then the world  
goes hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.  
I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,

If this right hand would buy two hours' life, 80  
 That I in all despite might rail at him,  
 This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing  
 blood

Stifle the villain whose unstanched thirst  
 York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

*War.* Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's  
 head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.  
 And now to London with triumphant march,  
 There to be crowned England's royal king;  
 From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,  
 And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen: 90  
 So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;  
 And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not  
 dread

The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;  
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
 Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.  
 First will I see the coronation;  
 And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,  
 To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

*Edw.* Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;  
 For in thy shoulder do I build my seat, 100  
 And never will I undertake the thing  
 Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.  
 Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,  
 And George, of Clarence: Warwick, as ourself,  
 Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

*Rich.* Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of  
 Gloucester;

For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

*War.* Tut, that's a foolish observation:  
 Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,  
 To see these honors in possession. 110

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *A forest in the north of England.*

*Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.*

*First Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll  
 shroud ourselves;

For through this laund anon the deer will come;  
 And in this covert will we make our stand,  
 Culling the principal of all the deer.

*Sec. Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

*First Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow

Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:

And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

I'll tell thee what befell me on a day 10

In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

*Sec. Keep.* Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

*Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.*

*K. Hen.* From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,

To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;

Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,

Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,

No humble suitors press to speak for right,

No, not a man comes for redress of thee; 20

For how can I help them, and not myself?

*First Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:

This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

*K. Hen.* Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,  
 For wise men say it is the wisest course.

*Sec. Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

*First Keep.* Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

*K. Hen.* My queen and son are gone to France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick

Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister

To wife for Edward: if this news be true, 31

Poor queen and son, your labor is but lost;

For Warwick is a subtle orator,

And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words,  
 By this account then Margaret may win him;  
 For she's a woman to be pitied much:  
 Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;  
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;  
 The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;  
 And Nero will be tainted with remorse. 44

To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.  
 Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick to give;  
 She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,  
 He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.  
 She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;  
 He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;  
 That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no  
 more;

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the  
 wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,  
 And in conclusion wins the king from her, 50  
 With promise of his sister, and what else,  
 To strengthen and support King Edward's place.  
 O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,  
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

*Sec. Keep.* Say, what art thou that talk'st of  
 kings and queens?

*K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I  
 was born to:

A man at least, for less I should not be;  
 And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

*Sec. Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert  
 a king.

*K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind; and that's  
 enough. 60

*Sec. Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy  
 crown?

*K. Hen.* My crown is in my heart, not on my  
 head;

Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,  
 Nor to be seen: my crown is called content:  
 A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

*Sec. Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with  
 content,

Your crown content and you must be contented



To go along with us; for, as we think,  
You are the king King Edward hath deposed;  
And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance 70  
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

*K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break  
an oath?

*Sec. Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will  
not now.

*K. Hen.* Where did you dwell when I was King  
of England?

*Sec. Keep.* Here in this country, where we now  
remain.

*K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old;  
My father and my grandfather were kings,  
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:  
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

*First Keep.* No; 80  
For we were subjects but while you were king.

*K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a  
man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!  
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,  
And as the air blows it to me again,  
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,  
And yielding to another when it blows,  
Commanded always by the greater gust;  
Such is the lightness of you common men.  
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin 90  
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.  
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;  
And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.

*First Keep.* We are true subjects to the king,  
King Edward.

*K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,  
If he were seated as King Edward is.

*First Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and  
in the king's,  
To go with us unto the officers.

*K. Hen.* In God's name, lead; your king's name  
be obey'd:  
And what God will, that let your king perform;  
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. 101

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *London. The palace.*

*Enter* KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE,  
and LADY GREY.

*K. Edw.* Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field

This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,  
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:

Her suit is now to repossess those lands;

Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York

The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

*Glou.* Your highness shall do well to grant her  
suit;

It were dishonor to deny it her.

*K. Edw.* It were no less: but yet I'll make a  
pause. 10

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] He knows the game: how  
true he keeps the wind!

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] Silence!

*K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider of your suit;  
And come some other time to know our mind.

*L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook  
delay:

May it please your highness to resolve me now;  
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me. 20

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, widow? then I'll  
warrant you all your lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] I fear her not, unless  
she chance to fall.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] God forbid that! for  
he'll take vantages.

*K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow?  
tell me.

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] I think he means to beg  
a child of her.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] Nay, whip me then: he'll  
rather give her two,

*L. Grey.* Three, my most gracious lord.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him. 30

*K. Edw.* 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

*L. Grey.* Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,  
Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.

[*Glou. and Clar. retire.*]

*K. Edw.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

*L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

*K. Edw.* And would you not do much to do them good?

*L. Grey.* To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

*K. Edw.* Then get your husband's lands, to do them good. 40

*L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.

*K. Edw.* I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

*L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

*K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

*L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.

*K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

*L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

*L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. 50

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

*L. Grey.* Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

*K. Edw.* An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

*L. Grey.* That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

*K. Edw.* Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

*L. Grey.* I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

*Glou. [Aside to Clar.]* The match is made; she seals it with a courtesy.

*K. Edw.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

*L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

*L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

*K. Edw.* No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

*L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

*K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

*L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

*K. Edw.* To tell thee plain, I am to lie with thee.

*L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

*K. Edw.* Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

*L. Grey.* Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

*K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

*L. Grey.* Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness of my suit:

Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay' or 'no.'

*K. Edw.* Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request:

No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand. 80

*L. Grey.* Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

*K. Edw.* [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—

Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

*L. Grey.* 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord: 90

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

*K. Edw.* Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee

I speak no more than what my soul intends;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

*L. Grey.* And that is more than I will yield unto:

I know I am too mean to be your queen,

And yet too good to be your concubine.

*K. Edw.* You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

*L. Grey.* 'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you father. 100

*K. Edw.* No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing

To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

*Glou.* [*Aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift,

*Clar.* [*Aside to Glou.*] When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

*K. Edw.* Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

*Glou.* The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad. 110

*K. Edw.* You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

*Clar.* To whom, my lord?

*K. Edw.* Why, Clarence, to myself.

*Glou.* That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

*Clar.* That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

*Glou.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

*K. Edw.* Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

*Enter a Nobleman.*

*Nob.* My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,

And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

*K. Edw.* See that he be convey'd unto the Tower: 120

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honorably.  
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

*Glou.* Ay, Edward will use women honorably.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,  
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,  
To cross me from the golden crown I look for!

And yet, between my soul's desire and me—  
The lustful Edward's title buried— 129

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,

To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:

A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;

Like one that stands upon a promontory,

And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,

And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,

Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:  
So do I wish the crown, being so far off; 140  
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;  
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,  
Flattering me with impossibilities.  
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too  
much,

Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;  
What other pleasure can the world afford?  
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
O miserable thought! and more unlikely 151  
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!  
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:  
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,  
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;  
To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
To disproportion me in every part, 160  
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp  
That carries no impression like the dam.  
And am I then a man to be beloved?  
O monstrous fault, to harbor such a thought!  
'Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,  
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such  
As are of better person than myself,  
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,  
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,  
Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head  
Be round impaled with a glorious crown. 171  
And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
For many lives stand between me and home:  
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,  
That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,  
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;  
Not knowing how to find the open air,  
But toiling desperately to find it out,—  
Torment myself to catch the English crown:  
And from that torment I will free myself, 180

Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
 Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,  
 And cry 'Content,' to that which grieves my  
 heart,  
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
 And frame my face to all occasions.  
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;  
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;  
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
 Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy. 190  
 I can add colors to the chameleon,  
 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,  
 And set the murderous Machiavel to school.  
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?  
 Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *France. The KING's palace.*

*Flourish. Enter LEWIS, the French King, his sister BONA, his Admiral, called BOURBON: PRINCE EDWARD, QUEEN MARGARET, and the EARL OF OXFORD. LEWIS sits, and riseth up again.*

*K. Lew.* Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,  
 Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state  
 And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis  
 doth sit.

*Q. Mar.* No, mighty king of France: now Margaret  
 Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve  
 Where kings command. I was, I must confess,  
 Great Albion's queen in former golden days:  
 But now mischance hath trod my title down,  
 And with dishonor laid me on the ground;  
 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune, 10  
 And to my humble seat conform myself.

*K. Lew.* Why, say, fair queen, whence springs  
 this deep despair?

*Q. Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes  
 with tears  
 And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in  
 cares.



*K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
And sit thee by our side: [*Seats her by him*] yield  
not thy neck

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.  
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;  
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief. 20

*Q. Mar.* Those gracious words revive my  
drooping thoughts,  
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.  
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,  
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,  
Is of a king become a banish'd man,  
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn:  
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York  
Usurps the regal title and the seat  
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.  
'This is the cause that I, poor Margaret, 30  
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's  
heir,

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;  
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:  
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;  
Our people and our peers are both misled,  
Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,  
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

*K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm  
the storm,  
While we bethink a means to break it off.

*Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows  
our foe. 40

*K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succor  
thee.

*Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true  
sorrow,  
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

*Enter WARWICK.*

*K. Lew.* What's he that approacheth boldly to  
our presence?

*Q. Mar.* Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's great-  
est friend.

*K. Lew.* Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[*He descends. She ariseth.*]

*Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;

For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

*War.* From worthy Edward, King of Albion,  
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend, 50  
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,  
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;  
And then to crave a league of amity;  
And lastly, to confirm that amity  
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant  
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,  
To England's king in lawful marriage.

*Q. Mar.* [*Aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

*War.* [*To Bona*] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favor, 60  
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue  
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;  
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,  
Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

*Q. Mar.* King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,

Before you answer Warwick. His demand  
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,

But from deceit bred by necessity;  
For how can tyrants safely govern home,  
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance? 70  
To prove him tryant this reason may suffice,  
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,  
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.

Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonor;  
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,  
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

*War.* Injurious Margaret!

*Prince.*

And why not queen!

*War.* Because thy father Henry did usurp;  
And thou no more art prince than she is queen. 80

*Oxf.* Then Warwick disannuls great John of  
Gaunt,  
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;  
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,  
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;  
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,  
Who by his prowess conquered all France:  
From these our Henry lineally descends.

*War.* Oxford, how laps it, in this smooth dis-  
course,  
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost  
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten? 90  
Methinks these peers of France should smile at  
that.

But for the rest, you tell a pedigree  
Of threescore and two years; a silly time  
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

*Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against  
thy liege,  
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,  
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

*War.* Can Oxford, that did ever fence the  
right,  
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree? 99  
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

*Oxf.* Call him my king by whose injurious  
doom

My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,  
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,  
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,  
When nature brought him to the door of death?  
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,  
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

*War.* And I the house of York.

*K. Lew.* Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and  
Oxford,  
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside, 110  
While I use further conference with Warwick.

[*They stand aloof.*]

*Q. Mar.* Heavens grant that Warwick's words  
bewitch him not!

*K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,  
Is Edward your true king? for I were loath  
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

*War.* Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honor.

*K. Lew.* But is he gracious in the people's eye?

*War.* The more that Henry was unfortunate.

*K. Lew.* Then further, all dissembling set aside,  
Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120  
Unto our sister Bona.

*War.* Such it seems  
As may beseem a monarch like himself.  
Myself have often heard him say and swear  
That this his love was an eternal plant,  
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,  
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,  
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,  
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

*K. Lew.* Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve. 129

*Bona.* Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:  
[To *War.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,  
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,  
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

*K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall  
be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn  
Touching the jointure that your king must make,  
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.  
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness  
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

*Prince.* To Edward, but not to the English king. 140

*Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device  
By this alliance to make void my suit:  
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

*K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and Margaret:

But if your title to the crown be weak,  
As may appear by Edward's good success,  
Then 'tis but reason that I be released

From giving aid which late I promised.  
 Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand  
 That your estate requires and mine can yield. 150

*War.* Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,  
 Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.  
 And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,  
 You have a father able to maintain you;  
 And better 'twere you troubled him than  
 France.

*Q. Mar.* Peace, impudent and shameless War-  
 wick, peace,  
 Proud setter up and puller down of kings !  
 I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,  
 Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold  
 Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love; 160  
 For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[*Post blows a horn within.*]

*K. Lew.* Warwick, this is some post to us or  
 thee.

*Enter a Post.*

*Post.* [*To War.*] My lord ambassador, these  
 letters are for you,  
 Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:  
 [*To Lewis*] These from our king unto your maj-  
 esty:

[*To Margaret*] And, madam, these for you; from  
 whom I know not. [*They all read their letters.*]

*Oxf.* I like it well that our fair queen and mis-  
 tress  
 Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

*Prince.* Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he  
 were nettled:

I hope all's for the best. 170

*K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and  
 yours, fair queen?

*Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart with un-  
 hoped joys.

*War.* Mine, full of sorrow and heart's dis-  
 content.

*K. Lew.* What ! has your king married the Lady  
 Grey ?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?  
 Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?  
 Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

*Q. Mar.* I told your majesty as much before:  
 This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty. 180

*War.* King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of  
 heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,  
 That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,  
 No more my king, for he dishonors me,  
 But most himself, if he could see his shame.  
 Did I forget that by the house of York  
 My father came untimely to his death?  
 Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?  
 Did I impale him with the regal crown?  
 Did I put Henry from his native right? 190  
 And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?  
 Shame on himself! for my desert is honor:  
 And to repair my honor lost for him,  
 I here renounce him and return to Henry.  
 My noble queen, let former grudges pass,  
 And henceforth I am thy true servitor:  
 I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,  
 And replant Henry in his former state.

*Q. Mar.* Warwick, these words have turn'd my  
 hate to love;  
 And I forgive and quite forget old faults, 200  
 And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

*War.* So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned  
 friend,  
 That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us  
 With some few bands of chosen soldiers.  
 I'll undertake to land them on our coast,  
 And force the tyrant from his seat by war.  
 'Tis not his new-made bride shall succor him:  
 And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,  
 He's very likely now to fall from him, 209  
 For matching more for wanton lust than honor,  
 Or than for strength and safety of our country.

*Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be re-  
 venged  
 But by thy help to this distressed queen?

*Q. Mar.* Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

*Bona.* My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

*War.* And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

*K. Lew.* And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.

Therefore at last I firmly am resolved

You shall have aid. 220

*Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

*K. Lew.* Then, England's messenger, return in post,

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,

That Lewis of France is sending over maskers

To revel it with him and his new bride:

Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.

*Bona.* Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

*Q. Mar.* Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,

And I am ready to put armor on. 230

*War.* Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

There's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit Post.*]

*K. Lew.* But, Warwick,

Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,

Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen

And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty? 239

*War.* This shall assure my constant loyalty,

That if our queen and this young prince agree,

I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy

To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

*Q. Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,

Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;  
 And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,  
 That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

*Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves  
 it;

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand. 250

*[He gives his hand to Warwick.]*

*K. Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers  
 shall be levied,

And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,  
 Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.

I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,  
 For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

*[Exeunt all but Warwick.]*

*War.* I came from Edward as ambassador,  
 But I return his sworn and mortal foe:  
 Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,  
 But dreadful war shall answer his demand.  
 Had he none else to make a stale but me? 260

Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

I was the chief that raised him to the crown,  
 And I'll be chief to bring him down again:

Not that I pity Henry's misery,

But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. *[Exit.]*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and  
 MONTAGUE.*

*Glou.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what  
 think you  
 Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?  
 Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

*Clar.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to  
 France;  
 How could he stay till Warwick made return?

*Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes  
 the king.

*Glou.* And his well-chosen bride.

*Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.



*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and others.*

*K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,  
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent? 10

*Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,

Which are so weak of courage and in judgment  
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

*K. Edw.* Suppose they take offence without a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,  
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

*Glou.* And shall have your will, because our king:

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

*Glou.* Not I: 20  
No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd  
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

*K. Edw.* Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey  
Should not become my wife and England's queen.  
And you too, Somerset and Montague,  
Speak freely what you think.

*Clar.* Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis

Becomes your enemy, for mocking him 30  
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

*Glou.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,

Is now dishonored by this new marriage.

*K. Edw.* What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased

By such invention as I can devise?

*Mont.* Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance

Would more have strengthen'd this our common-  
wealth

'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred mar-  
riage.

*Hast.* Why, knows not Montague that of itself  
England is safe, if true within itself? 40

*Mont.* But the safer when 'tis back'd with  
France.

*Hast.* 'Tis better using France than trusting  
France:

Let us be back'd with God and with the seas  
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,  
And with their helps only defend ourselves;  
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

*Clar.* For this one speech Lord Hastings well  
deserves

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

*K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will and  
grant;

And for this once my will shall stand for law. 50

*Glou.* And yet methinks your grace hath not  
done well,

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales  
Unto the brother of your loving bride;  
She better would have fitted me or Clarence:  
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

*Clar.* Or else you would not have bestow'd the  
heir

Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,  
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

*K. Edw.* Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife  
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee. 60

*Clar.* In choosing for yourself, you show'd  
your judgment,

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave  
To play the broker in mine own behalf;  
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

*K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be  
king,

And not be tied unto his brother's will.

*Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleased his majesty  
To raise my state to title of a queen,  
Do you but right, and you must all confess

That I was not ignoble of descent; 70  
 And meaner than myself have had like fortune.  
 But as this title honors me and mine,  
 So your dislike, to whom I would be pleasing,  
 Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

*K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their  
 frowns:

What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,  
 So long as Edward is thy constant friend,  
 And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?  
 Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too.  
 Unless they seek for hatred at my hands; 80  
 Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,  
 And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

*Glou.* I hear, yet say not much, but think the  
 more. *[Aside.*

*Enter a Post.*

*K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters or what  
 news  
 From France?

*Post.* My sovereign liege, no letters; and few  
 words,  
 But such as I, without your special pardon,  
 Dare not relate.

*K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee: therefore in  
 brief,  
 Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess  
 them. 90  
 What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

*Post.* At my depart, these were his very words:  
 'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
 That Lewis of France is sending over maskers  
 To revel it with him and his new bride.'

*K. Edw.* Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks  
 me Henry.  
 But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

*Post.* These were her words, utter'd with mild  
 disdain:  
 'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  
 I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.' 100

*K. Edw.* I blame not her, she could say little  
 less;

She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen ?  
For I have heard that she was there in place.

*Post.* 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning  
weeds are done,  
And I am ready to put armor on.'

*K. Edw.* Belike she minds to play the Amazon.  
But what said Warwick to these injuries ?

*Post.* He, more incensed against your majesty  
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:  
'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.'

*K. Edw.* Ha ! durst the traitor breathe out so  
proud words ?  
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:  
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret ?

*Post.* Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd  
in friendship,  
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's  
daughter.

*Clar.* Belike the elder; Clarence will have the  
younger.  
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast, 119  
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;  
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage  
I may not prove inferior to yourself.  
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*]

*Glou.* [*Aside*] Not I:  
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I  
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

*K. Edw.* Clarence and Somerset both gone to  
Warwick !

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;  
And haste is needful in this desperate case.  
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf 130  
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;  
They are already, or quickly will be landed:  
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*]

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,  
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:  
 Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?  
 If it be so, then both depart to him;  
 I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:  
 But if you mind to hold your true obedience, 140  
 Give me assurance with some friendly vow,  
 That I may never have you in suspect.

*Mont.* So God help Montague as he proves true!

*Hast.* And Hastings as he favors Edward's cause!

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

*Glou.* Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

*K. Edw.* Why, so! then am I sure of victory.  
 Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,  
 Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A plain in Warwickshire.*

*Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French soldiers.*

*War.* Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;  
 The common people by numbers swarm to us.

*Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.*

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes!  
 Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

*Clar.* Fear not that, my lord.

*War.* Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;

And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice  
 To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
 Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;  
 Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother, 10

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:  
 But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall  
 be thine.

And now what rests but, in night's coverture,  
 Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His soldiers lurking in the towns about,  
 And but attended by a simple guard,  
 We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?  
 Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:  
 That as Ulysses and stout Diomede 19  
 With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,  
 And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,  
 So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,  
 At unawares may beat down Edward's guard  
 And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,  
 For I intend but only to surprise him.  
 You that will follow me to this attempt,  
 Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry, 'Henry!'*]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:  
 For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint  
 George! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Edward's camp near Warwick.*

*Enter three Watchmen, to guard the KING's tent.*

*First Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man  
 take his stand:

The king by this is set him down to sleep.

*Second Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

*First Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a  
 solemn vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest

Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

*Second Watch.* To-morrow then belike shall be  
 the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

*Third Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman  
 is that

That with the king here resteth in his tent? 10

*First Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's  
 chiefest friend.

*Third Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands  
 the king

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,  
 While he himself keeps in the cold field?

*Second Watch.* 'Tis the more honor, because  
 more dangerous

*Third Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;  
 I like it better than a dangerous honor.  
 If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  
 'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

*First Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage. 20

*Second Watch.* Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,  
 But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and French soldiers, silent all.*

*War.* This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.  
 Courage, my masters! honor now or never!  
 But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

*First Watch.* Who goes there?

*Second Watch.* Stay, or thou diest!

[*Warwick and the rest cry all, 'Warwick! Warwick!' and set upon the Guard, who fly crying, 'Arm! arm!' Warwick and the rest following them.*]

*The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter WARWICK, SOMERSET, and the rest, bringing the KING out in his gown, sitting in a chair. RICHARD and HASTINGS fly over the stage.*

*Som.* What are they that fly there?

*War.* Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is  
 The duke.

*K. Edw.* The Duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted, 30  
 Thou call'dst me king.

*War.* Ay, but the case is alter'd:  
 When you disgraced me in my ambassade,  
 Then I degraded you from being king,  
 And come now to create you Duke of York.  
 Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,  
 That know not how to use ambassadors,  
 Nor how to be contented with one wife,  
 Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,

Nor how to study for the people's welfare,  
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? 40

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou  
here too?

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.  
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,  
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,  
Edward will always bear himself as king:  
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

*War.* Then, for his mind, be Edward Eng-  
land's king: [Takes off his crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,  
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow. 50  
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,  
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd  
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.  
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fel-  
lows,

I'll follow you, and tell what answer  
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.  
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

[They lead him out forcibly.

*K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must  
needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit, guarded.

*Oxf.* What now remains, my lords, for us to  
do 60

But march to London with our soldiers?

*War.* Ay, that's the first thing that we have to  
do;

To free King Henry from imprisonment  
And see him seated in the regal throne. [Excunt.

#### SCENE IV. *London. The palace.*

*Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

*Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden  
change?

*Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to  
learn

What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?



*Riv.* What ! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick ?

*Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal person.

*Riv.* Then is my sovereign slain ?

*Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,  
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:  
And, as I further have to understand, 10  
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,  
Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe.

*Riv.* These news I must confess are full of grief;

Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:  
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

*Q. Eliz.* Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.

And I the rather wean me from despair  
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:  
This is it that makes me bridle passion  
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross; 20  
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear  
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,  
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown  
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

*Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become ?

*Q. Eliz.* I am inform'd that he comes towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head:  
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down,

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—  
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—30  
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,  
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:  
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.  
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:  
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [*Exeunt*,

SCENE V. *A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

*Enter* GLOUCESTER, LORD HASTINGS, *and* SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

*Glou.* Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,  
 Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,  
 Into this chiefest thicket of the park.  
 Thus stands the case: you know our king, my  
 brother,  
 Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands  
 He hath good usage and great liberty,  
 And, often but attended with weak guard,  
 Comes hunting this way to disport himself.  
 I have advertised him by secret means  
 That if about this hour he make this way 10  
 Under the color of his usual game,  
 He shall here find his friends with horse and men  
 To set him free from his captivity.

*Enter* KING EDWARD *and a Huntsman with him.*

*Hunt.* This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

*K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

*Glou.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste:

Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

*K. Edw.* But whither shall we then?

*Hast.* To Lynn, my lord, 20  
 And ship from thence to Flanders.

*Glou.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

*K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

*Glou.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

*K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

*Hunt.* Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

*Glou.* Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

*K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell: shield thee from  
Warwick's frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *London. The Tower.*

*Flourish.* Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

*K. Hen.* Master Lieutenant, now that God and friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,  
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,  
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,  
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

*Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their  
sovereigns;

But if an humble prayer may prevail,  
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

*K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well using  
me? 9

Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,  
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;  
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds  
Conceive when after many moody thoughts  
At last by notes of household harmony  
They quite forget their loss of liberty.  
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,  
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;  
He was the author, thou the instrument.  
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite  
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me, 20  
And that the people of this blessed land  
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,  
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,  
I here resign my government to thee,  
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

*War.* Your grace hath still been famed for  
virtuous;

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,  
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,  
For few men rightly temper with the stars:

Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace, 30  
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

*Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the  
sway,

To whom the heavens in thy nativity  
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,  
As likely to be blest in peace and war;  
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

*War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.

*K. Hen.* Warwick and Clarence, give me both  
your hands:

Now join your hands, and with your hands your  
hearts,

That no dissension hinder government: 40

I make you both protectors of this land,

While I myself will lead a private life,

And in devotion spend my latter days,

To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

*War.* What answers Clarence to his sovereign's  
will?

*Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield con-  
sent:

For on thy fortune I repose myself.

*War.* Why, then, though loath, yet must I be  
content:

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow

To Henry's body, and supply his place; 50

I mean, in bearing weight of government,

While he enjoys the honor and his ease.

And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful

Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,

And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

*Clar.* What else? and that succession be de-  
termined.

*War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his  
part.

*K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief  
affairs,

Let me entreat, for I command no more, 59

That Margaret your queen and my son Edward

Be sent for, to return from France with speed;

For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear

My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

*Clar.* It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

*K. Hen.* My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,

Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

*Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

*K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope. [*Lays his hand on his head.*] If secret powers  
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss. 70  
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,  
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,  
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself  
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.  
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he  
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

*Enter a Post.*

*War.* What news, my friend?

*Post.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,

And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

*War.* Unsavory news! but how made he escape? 80

*Post.* He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloucester

And the Lord Hastings, who attended him

In secret ambush on the forest side,

And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;

For hunting was his daily exercise.

*War.* My brother was too careless of his charge.  
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.*]

*Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;

For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help, 90  
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.

As Henry's late presaging prophecy

Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts

What may befall him, to his harm and ours:  
 Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,  
 Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,  
 Till storms be past of civil enmity.

*Oxf.* Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,  
 'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

*Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Brittany. 101  
 Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Before York.*

*Flourish.* Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER,  
 HASTINGS, and Soldiers.

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings,  
 and the rest,  
 Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,  
 And says that once more I shall interchange  
 My waned state for Henry's regal crown.  
 Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,  
 And brought desired help from Burgundy:  
 What then remains, we being thus arrived  
 From Ravenspurghhaven before the gates of York,  
 But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

*Glou.* The gates made fast! Brother, I like  
 not this; 10  
 For many men that stumble at the threshold  
 Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

*K. Edw.* Tush, man, abodements must not now  
 affright us:

By fair or foul means we must enter in,  
 For hither will our friends repair to us.

*Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more to sum-  
 mon them.

*Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his  
 Brethren.*

*May.* My lords, we were forewarned of your  
 coming,  
 And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;  
 For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

*K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your  
 king, 20  
 Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

*May.* True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

*K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,

As being well content with that alone.

*Glou.* [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,

He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

*Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?

Open the gates: we are King Henry's friends.

*May.* Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*They descend.*]

*Glou.* A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded! 30

*Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well,

So 'twere not 'long of him; but being enter'd,

I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade

Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

*Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.*

*K. Edw.* So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut

But in the night or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

[*Takes his keys.*]

For Edward will defend the town and thee,

And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*March. Enter MONTGOMERY, with drum and soldiers.*

*Glou.* Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery, Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived. 41

*K. Edw.* Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

*Mont.* To help King Edward in his time of storm,

As every loyal subject ought to do.

*K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget

Our title to the crown and only claim

Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

*Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again:

I came to serve a king and not a duke.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. 50

[*The drum begins to march.*]

*K. Edw.* Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile, and we'll debate

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

*Mont.* What talk you of debating? in few words,

If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,

I'll leave you to your fortune and be gone

To keep them back that come to succor you:

Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

*Glou.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

*K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning. 60

*Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

*Glou.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

*K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,

And Henry but usurps the diadem.

*Mont.* Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;

And now will I be Edward's champion.

*Hast.* Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. 70

[*Flourish.*]

*Sold.* Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, etc.

*Mont.* And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

*All.* Long live Edward the Fourth!



*K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks unto you all:

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.  
Now, for this night, let's harbor here in York;  
And when the morning sun shall raise his car 80  
Above the border of this horizon,  
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;  
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.  
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,  
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!  
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day,  
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *London. The palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, MONTAGUE, CLARENCE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

*War.* What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,  
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,  
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,  
And with his troops doth march amain to London:  
And many giddy people flock to him.

*K. Hen.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

*Clar.* A little fire is quickly trodden out;  
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

*War.* In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,  
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war; 10  
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,  
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,  
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:  
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,  
Northampton and in Leicestershire, shalt find  
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:  
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,  
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.  
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,  
Like to his island girt in with the ocean, 20

Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,  
 Shall rest in London till we come to him.  
 Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.  
 Farewell, my sovereign.

*K. Hen.* Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's  
 true hope.

*Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your highness'  
 hand.

*K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou for-  
 tunate !

*Mont.* Comfort, my lord; and so I take my  
 leave.

*Oxf.* And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

*K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Monta-  
 gue, 30

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

*War.* Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Cov-  
 entry,

[*Exeunt all but King Henry and Exeter.*]

*K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I rest awhile.  
 Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?  
 Methinks the power that Edward hath in field  
 Should not be able to encounter mine.

*Exe.* The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

*K. Hen.* That's not my fear; my meed hath  
 got me fame:

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,  
 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays; 40  
 My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,  
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,  
 My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;  
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,  
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,  
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:  
 Then why should they love Edward more than me?  
 No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:  
 And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
 The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50

[*Shout within, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'*]

*Exe.* Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are  
 these?

*Enter* KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, *and soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence;

And once again proclaim us king of England.  
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:  
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,

And swell so much the higher by their ebb.  
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

*[Exeunt some with King Henry.]*

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,  
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:  
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,      60  
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

*Glow.* Away betimes, before his forces join,  
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:  
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *Coventry.*

*Enter* WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, *and others upon the walls.*

*War.* Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

*First Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

*War.* How far off is our brother Montague?  
Where is the post that came from Montague?

*Second Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

*Enter* SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

*War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

*Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence.

*[Drum heard.]*

*War.* Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum. II

*Som.* It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:  
The drum your honor hears marcheth from Warwick.

*War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

*Som.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*March: flourish. Enter KING EDWARD,  
GLOUCESTER, and soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

*Glou.* See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!

*War.* O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?  
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,  
That we could hear no news of his repair? 20

*K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,  
Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee,  
Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy?  
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

*War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,  
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,  
Call Warwick patron and be penitent?  
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

*Glou.* I thought, at least, he would have said the king;  
Or did he make the jest against his will? 30

*War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

*Glou.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:  
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

*War.* 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

*K. Edw.* Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

*War.* Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:  
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;  
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

*K. Edw.* But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this: 40  
What is the body when the head is off?

*Glou.* Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,  
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,  
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!  
You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace,  
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

*K. Edw.* 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick  
still.

*Glou.* Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel  
down, kneel down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

*War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,  
And with the other fling it at thy face, 51  
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

*K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and  
tide thy friend,  
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,  
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,  
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,  
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no  
more.'

*Enter OXFORD, with drum and colors.*

*War.* O cheerful colors! see where Oxford  
comes!

*Oxf.* Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

*Glou.* The gates are open, let us enter too. 60

*K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs.  
Stand we in good array; for they no doubt  
Will issue out again and bid us battle:  
If not, the city being but of small defence,  
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

*War.* O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy  
help.

*Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colors.*

*Mont.* Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

*Glou.* Thou and thy brother both shall buy this  
treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

*K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory:  
 My mind presageth happy gain and conquest. 70

*Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colors.*

*Som.* Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster !

*[He and his forces enter the city]*

*Glou.* Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;  
 And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

*Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colors.*

*War.* And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;  
 With whom an upright zeal to right prevails  
 More than the nature of a brother's love !  
 Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

*Clar.* Father of Warwick, know you what this means ? *[Taking his red rose out of his hat.]*  
 Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:  
 I will not ruinate my father's house,  
 Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,  
 And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,  
 To bend the fatal instruments of war  
 Against his brother and his lawful king ?  
 Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:  
 To keep that oath were more impiety 90  
 Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.  
 I am so sorry for my trespass made  
 That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,  
 I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,  
 With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee —  
 As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad —  
 To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.  
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,  
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.  
 Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends: 100  
 And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,  
 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

*K. Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,  
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

*Glou.* Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

*War.* O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!

*K. Edw.* What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

*War.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!  
I will away towards Barnet presently, 110  
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

*K. Edw.* Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.

Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!

[*Exeunt King Edward and his company. March.*  
*Warwick and his company follow.*]

SCENE II. *A field of battle near Barnet.*

*Alarum and excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, bringing forth WARWICK wounded.*

*K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear:

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.  
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,  
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [Exit.

*War.* Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,

And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?  
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,  
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth,  
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe. 120  
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,  
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree  
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.  
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's  
black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,  
 To search the secret treasons of the world:  
 The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,  
 Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres; 20  
 For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?  
 And who durst smile when Warwick bent his  
 brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!  
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,  
 Even now forsake me, and of all my lands  
 Is nothing left me but my body's length.  
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and  
 dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

*Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.*

*Som.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we  
 are,  
 We might recover all our loss again: 30  
 The queen from France hath brought a puissant  
 power:

Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou  
 fly!

*War.* Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Mont-  
 ague,

If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,  
 And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!  
 Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,  
 Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood  
 That glues my lips and will not let me speak.  
 Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

*Som.* Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed  
 his last; 40

And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,  
 And said, 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'  
 And more he would have said, and more he spoke,  
 Which sounded like a clamor in a vault,  
 That might not be distinguish'd; but at last  
 I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,  
 'O, farewell, Warwick!'

*War.* Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and  
 save yourselves;  
 For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in  
 heaven. [*Dies.*]



*Oxf.* Away, away, to meet the queen's great  
power !            [*Here they bear away his body.*  
                               [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

*Flourish.* Enter KING EDWARD in triumph; with  
GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and the rest.

*K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,

And we are graced with wreaths of victory.  
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,  
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,  
That will encounter with our glorious sun,  
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:  
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen  
Hath raised in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,  
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

*Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse that  
cloud, 10

And blow it to the source from whence it came:  
The very beams will dry those vapors up,  
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

*Glou.* The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:  
If she have time to breathe, be well assured  
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

*K. Edw.* We are advertised by our loving friends  
That they do hold their course toward Tewks-  
bury:

We, having now the best at Barnet field,                20  
Will thither straight, for willingness rides way;

And, as we march, our strength will be augmented  
In every country as we go along.

Strike up the drum; cry 'Courage!' and away.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Plains near Tewksbury.*

*March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and soldiers.*

*Q. Mar.* Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and  
wail their loss.

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.  
What though the mast be now blown overboard,  
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,  
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ?  
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he  
Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad  
With tearful eyes add water to the sea  
And give more strength to that which hath too  
much,

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,  
 Which industry and courage might have saved ?  
 Ah, what a shame ! ah, what a fault were this !  
 Say Warwick was our anchor ; what of that ?  
 And Montague our topmast ; what of him ?  
 Our slaughter'd friends the tackles ; what of these ?  
 Why, is not Oxford here another anchor ?  
 And Somerset another goodly mast ?  
 The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings ?  
 And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I  
 For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge ?      20  
 We will not from the helm to sit and weep,  
 But keep our course, though the rough wind say  
     no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with  
wreck,  
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.  
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?  
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?  
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?  
All these the enemies to our poor bark.  
Say you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while!  
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:  
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off, 31  
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.  
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,  
If case some one of you would fly from us,  
That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers  
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and  
rocks.

Why, courage then ! what cannot be avoided  
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

*Prince.* Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit  
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,

Infuse his breast with magnanimity, 41  
 And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.  
 I speak not this as doubting any here;  
 For did I but suspect a fearful man,  
 He should have leave to go away betimes,  
 Lest in our need he might infect another  
 And make him of like spirit to himself.  
 If any such be here—as God forbid!—  
 Let him depart before we need his help.

*Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage, 50  
 And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.  
 O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather  
 Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live  
 To bear his image and renew his glories!

*Som.* And he that will not fight for such a hope,  
 Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,  
 If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

*Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset: sweet Oxford, thanks.

*Prince.* And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,  
 Ready to fight; therefore be resolute. 61

*Oxf.* I thought no less: it is his policy  
 To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

*Som.* But he's deceived; we are in readiness.

*Q. Mar.* This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

*Oxf.* Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

*Flourish and march. Enter KING EDWARD,  
 GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands the  
 thorny wood,  
 Which, by the heavens' assistance and your  
 strength,  
 Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.  
 I need not add more fuel to your fire, 70  
 For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:  
 Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

*Q. Mar.* Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what  
 I should say  
 My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,  
 Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.  
 Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sover-  
 eign,  
 Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,  
 His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,  
 His statutes cancell'd and his treasure spent;  
 And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil. 80  
 You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,  
 Be valiant and give signal to the fight.

[*Alarum: Retreat: Excursions. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and soldiers; with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.*

*K. Edw.* Now here a period of tumultuous  
 broils.

Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:  
 For Somerset, off with his guilty head.  
 Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

*Oxf.* For my part, I'll not trouble thee with  
 words.

*Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my  
 fortune.

[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*]

*Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous  
 world,

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

*K. Edw.* Is proclamation made, that who finds  
 Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life? 10

*Glou.* It is: and lo, where youthful Edward  
 comes!

*Enter soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.*

*K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear  
 him speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make

For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,  
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

*Prince.* Speak like a subject, proud ambitious  
York!

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;  
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,  
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee, 20  
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer  
to.

*Q. Mar.* Ah, that thy father had been so re-  
solved!

*Glou.* That you might still have worn the  
petticoat,  
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

*Prince.* Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;  
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

*Glou.* By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that  
word.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to  
men.

*Glou.* For God's sake, take away this captive  
scold.

*Prince.* Nay, take away this scolding crook-  
back rather. 30

*K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm  
your tongue.

*Clar.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

*Prince.* I know my duty; you are are all un-  
dutiful:

Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,  
And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all  
I am your better, traitors as ye are:  
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

*K. Edw.* Take that, thou likeness of this railer  
here. [*Stabs him.*

*Glou.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy  
agony. [*Stabs him.*

*Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury.  
[*Stabs him.* 40

*Q. Mar.* O, kill me too!

*Glou.* Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

*K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold; for we have  
done too much.

*Glou.* Why should she live, to fill the world  
with words?

*K. Edw.* What, doth she swoon? use means  
for her recovery.

*Glou.* Clarence, excuse me to the king my  
brother;

I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

*Clar.* What? what?

*Glou.* The Tower, the Tower. [Exit. 50]

*Q. Mar.* O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy  
mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by to equal it:

He was a man; this, in respect, a child:

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it!

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. 60

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up re-  
morse:

But if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off

As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young  
prince!

*K. Edw.* Away with her; go, bear her hence  
perforce.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, never bear me hence, despatch  
me here;

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my  
death: 70

What, wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.

*Clar.* By heaven, I will not do thee so much  
ease.

*Q. Mar.* Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence,  
do thou do it.

*Clar.* Didst thou not hear me swear I would  
not do it?

*Q. Mar.* Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favor'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

'Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back. 80

*K. Edw.* Away, I say; I charge thee bear her hence.

*Q. Mar.* So come to you and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit, led out forcibly.*]

*K. Edw.* Where's Richard gone?

*Clar.* To London, all in post; and, as I guess, To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

*K. Edw.* He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London

And see our gentle queen how well she fares:

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. 90

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI. *London. The Tower.*

*Enter KING HENRY and GLOUCESTER, with the Lieutenant, on the walls.*

*Glou.* Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

*K. Hen.* Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter; 'good' was little better:

'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike, And both preposterous; therefore, not 'good lord.'

*Glou.* Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*]

*K. Hen.* So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act? 10

*Glou.* Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind; The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*K. Hen.* The bird that hath been limed in a bush,  
 With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;  
 And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,  
 Have now the fatal object in my eye  
 Where my poor young was limed, was caught and  
 kill'd.

*Glou.* Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,  
 That taught his son the office of a fowl! 19  
 And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

*K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;  
 Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;  
 The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy  
 Thy brother Edward; and thyself the sea  
 Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.  
 Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!  
 My breast can better brook thy dagger's point  
 Than can my ears that tragic history.  
 But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

*Glou.* Think'st thou I am an executioner? 30

*K. Hen.* A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:  
 If murdering innocents be executing,  
 Why, then thou art an executioner.

*Glou.* Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

*K. Hen.* Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou  
 didst presume,

Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.  
 And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,  
 Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,  
 And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,  
 And many an orphan's water-standing eye— 40  
 Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,  
 And orphans for their parents' timeless death—  
 Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.  
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign;  
 The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;  
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down  
 trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,  
 And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.  
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,



To wit, an indigested and deformed lump, 51  
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast  
born,

To signify thou camest to bite the world:  
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,  
Thou camest—

*Glou.* I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy  
speech: [Stabs him.

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

*K. Hen.* Ay, and for much more slaughter after  
this.

O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee ! [Dies.

*Glou.* What, will the aspiring blood of Lancas-  
ter 61

Sink in the ground? I thought it would have  
mounted.

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's  
death !

O, may such purple tears be always shed  
From those that wish the downfall of our house !  
If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither:

[Stabs him again.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say 70

I came into the world with my legs forward:

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried

'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth !'

And so I was; which plainly signified

That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother; 80

And this word 'love,' which graybeards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another

And not in me: I am myself alone.

Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;

For I will buzz abroad such prophecies

That Edward shall be fearful of his life,  
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.  
 King Henry and the prince his son are gone:  
 Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest, 90  
 Counting myself but bad till I be best.  
 I'll throw thy body in another room,  
 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.  
[Exit with the body.]

SCENE VII. *London. The palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter KING EDWARD, QUEEN ELIZABETH, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, a Nurse with the young Prince, and Attendants.

*K. Edw.* Once more we sit in England's royal throne,  
 Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.  
 What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,  
 Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!  
 Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd  
 For hardy and undoubted champions;  
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,  
 And two Northumberlands; two braver men  
 Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's  
 sound;  
 With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and  
 Montague, 10  
 That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion  
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.  
 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,  
 And made our footstool of security.  
 Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.  
 Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself  
 Have in our armors watch'd the winter's night,  
 Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,  
 That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace;  
 And of our labors thou shalt reap the gain. 20  
*Glou.* [Aside] I'll blast his harvest, if your head  
 were laid;  
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.  
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;  
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my  
 back:  
 Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.

*K. Edw.* Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen;  
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

*Clar.* The duty that I owe unto your majesty  
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

*Q. Eliz.* Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks. 30

*Glou.* And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,  
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,

And cried, 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm.

*K. Edw.* Now am I seated as my soul delights,  
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

*Clar.* What will your grace have done with Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France  
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,  
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

*K. Edw.* Away with her, and waft her hence to France.

And now what rests but that we spend the time  
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,  
Such as befits the the pleasure of the court?  
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!  
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*]



# THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD III.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD the Fourth.  
 EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards  
     King Edward V.,  
 RICHARD, Duke of York,  
 GEORGE, Duke of Clarence,  
 RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, after-  
     wards King Richard III.,  
 A young son of Clarence.  
 HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.  
 CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.  
 THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.  
 JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.  
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
 DUKE OF NORFOLK.  
 EARL OF SURREY, his son.  
 EARL RIVERS, brother to Elizabeth.  
 MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, sons to Eliza-  
     beth.  
 EARL OF OXFORD.  
 LORD HASTINGS.  
 LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.  
 LORD LOVEL.  
 SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.  
 SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.  
 SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.  
 SIR JAMES TYRREL.  
 SIR JAMES BLOUNT.  
 SIR WALTER HERBERT.  
 SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.  
 CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest. Another Priest.  
 TRESSEL and BERKELEY, gentlemen attending on  
     the Lady Anne.  
 Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.  
  
 ELIZABETH, queen to King Edward IV.  
 MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI.  
 DUCHESS OF YORK, mother to King Edward IV.  
 LADY ANNE, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son  
     to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard.  
 A young daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLAN-  
     TAGENET).  
  
 Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords and  
     other Attendants; a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens,  
     Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—*England.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

*Enter* RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *solus.*

*Glou.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled  
front;

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds 10  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;

I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time 20

Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,

And that so lamely and unfashionable

That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;

Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,

Have no delight to pass away the time,

Unless to spy my shadow in the sun

And descant on mine own deformity:

And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,

To entertain these fair well-spoken days,

I am determin'd to prove a villain 30

And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,

By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,

To set my brother Clarence and the king

In deadly hate the one against the other:

And if King Edward be as true and just

As I am subtle, false and treacherous,

This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,  
About a prophecy, which says that G  
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. 40  
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence  
comes.

*Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.*

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard  
That waits upon your grace?

*Clar.* His majesty,  
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

*Glou.* Upon what cause?

*Clar.* Because my name is George.

*Glou.* Alack, my lord, that fault is none of  
yours;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers:  
O, belike his majesty hath some intent  
That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower. 50  
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

*Clar.* Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest  
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,  
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;  
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,  
And says a wizard told him that by G  
His issue disinherited should be;  
And, for my name of George begins with G,  
It follows in his thought that I am he.  
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these, 60  
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

*Glou.* Why, this it is, when men are ruled by  
women:

'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;  
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she  
That tempers him to the extremity.  
Was it not she and that good man of worship,  
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,  
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,  
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?  
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe. 70

*Clar.* By heaven, I think there's no man is  
secure

But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds

That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.  
 Heard you not what an humble suppliant  
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

*Glou.* Humbly complaining to her deity  
 Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.  
 I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,  
 If we will keep in favor with the king,  
 To be her men and wear her livery: 80  
 The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,  
 Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,  
 Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

*Brak.* I beseech your graces both to pardon me;  
 His majesty hath straitly given in charge  
 That no man shall have private conference,  
 Of what degree soever, with his brother.

*Glou.* Even so; an't please your worship,  
 Brakenbury,  
 You may partake of any thing we say:  
 We speak no treason, man: we say the king 90  
 Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen  
 Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;  
 We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
 A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing  
 tongue;  
 And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-  
 folks:  
 How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

*Brak.* With this, my lord, myself have naught  
 to do.

*Glou.* Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell  
 thee, fellow,  
 He that doth naught with her, excepting one,  
 Were best he do it secretly, alone. 100

*Brak.* What one, my lord?

*Glou.* Her husband, knave: wouldst thou betray  
 me?

*Brak.* I beseech your grace to pardon me, and  
 withal  
 Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

*Clar.* We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and  
 will obey.

*Glou.* We are the queen's abjects, and must  
 obey.



Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;  
 And whatsoever you will employ me in,  
 Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,  
 I will perform it to enfranchise you. 110  
 Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood  
 Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

*Clar.* I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

*Glou.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be  
 long;

I will deliver you, or else lie for you:

Meantime, have patience.

*Clar.* I must perforce. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and guard.*]

*Glou.* Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er  
 return,

Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,  
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,  
 If heaven will take the present at our hands. 120  
 But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

*Enter LORD HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

*Glou.* As much unto my good lord chamberlain!  
 Well are you welcome to the open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

*Hast.* With patience, noble lord, as prisoners  
 must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks  
 That were the cause of my imprisonment.

*Glou.* No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence  
 too;

For they that were your enemies are his, 130  
 And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

*Hast.* More pity that the eagle should be mew'd.  
 While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

*Glou.* What news abroad?

*Hast.* No news so bad abroad as this at home;  
 The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,  
 And his physicians fear him mightily.

*Glou.* Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad in-  
 deed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,  
 And overmuch consumed his royal person: 140

'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.  
What, is he in his bed?

*Hast.* He is.

*Glou.* Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die  
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to  
heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,  
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;  
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,  
Clarence hath not another day to live: 150  
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,  
And leave the world for me to bustle in!  
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.  
What though I kill'd her husband and her father!  
The readiest way to make the wench amends  
Is to become her husband and her father;  
The which will I; not all so much for love  
As for another secret close intent,  
By marrying her which I must reach unto.  
But yet I run before my horse to market: 160  
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and  
reigns:

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another street.*

*Enter the corpse of KING HENRY the Sixth, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it; LADY ANNE being the mourner.*

*Anne.* Set down, set down your honorable load,  
If honor may be shrouded in a hearse,  
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament  
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.  
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!  
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!  
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!  
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,  
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,  
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son, 10  
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these  
wounds!

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,  
I pour the hapless balm of my poor eyes.  
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes !  
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it !  
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence !  
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,  
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,  
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,  
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !      20  
If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,  
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect  
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;  
And that be heir to his unhappiness !  
If ever he have wife, let her be made  
As miserable by the death of him  
As I am made by my poor lord and thee !  
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,  
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;      30  
And still, as you are weary of the weight,  
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

*Enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

*Glou.* Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

*Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

*Glou.* Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou, when I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,      40

Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,

And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

*Anne.* What, do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,

And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,  
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

*Glou.* Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

*Anne.* Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and  
trouble us not; 50

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclams.  
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.  
O, gentlemen, see, see ! dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh !  
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;  
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood  
From cold and empty veins, where no blood  
dwells;

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, 60  
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood madest, revenge his  
death !

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his  
death !

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer  
dead,

Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,  
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

*Glou.* Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

*Anne.* Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor  
man: 70

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

*Glou.* But I know none, and therefore am no  
beast.

*Anne.* O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

*Glou.* More wonderful, when angels are so  
angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,  
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

*Anne.* Vouchsafe, diffused infection of a  
man,

For these known evils, but to give me leave,  
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self. 80

*Glou.* Fairer than tongue can name thee, let  
me have  
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

*Anne.* Fouler than heart can think thee, thou  
canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

*Glou.* By such despair, I should accuse myself.

*Anne.* And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand  
excused;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

*Glou.* Say that I slew them not?

*Anne.* Why, then they are not dead:  
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

*Glou.* I did not kill your husband. 91

*Anne.* Why, then he is alive.

*Glou.* Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's  
hand.

*Anne.* In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen  
Margaret saw  
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;  
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

*Glou.* I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,  
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

*Anne.* Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries: 100  
Didst thou not kill this king?

*Glou.* I grant ye.

*Anne.* Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God  
grant me too  
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!  
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

*Glou.* The fitter for the King of heaven, that  
hath him.

*Anne.* He is in heaven, where thou shalt never  
come.

*Glou.* Let him thank me, that help to send him  
thither;  
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

*Anne.* And thou unfit for any place but hell.

*Glou.* Yes, one place else, if you will hear me  
name it. 110

*Anne.* Some dungeon.

*Glou.* Your bed-chamber.

*Anne.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

*Glou.* So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

*Anne.* I hope so.

*Glou.* I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,  
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
And fall somewhat into a slower method,  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner ?

*Anne.* Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect. 120

*Glou.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect;  
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

*Anne.* If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,  
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

*Glou.* These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck;  
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:  
As all the world is cheered by the sun,  
So I by that; it is my day, my life. 130

*Anne.* Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life !

*Glou.* Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

*Anne.* I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

*Glou.* It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be revenged on him that loveth you.

*Anne.* It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.

*Glou.* He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

*Anne.* His better doth not breathe upon the earth. 140

*Glou.* He lives that loves thee better than he could.

*Anne.* Name him.

*Glou.* Plantagenet.

*Anne.* Why, that was he.

*Glou.* The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

*Anne.* Where is he?

*Glou.* Here. [*She spitteth at him.*]

Why dost thou spit at me?

*Anne.* Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

*Glou.* Never came poison from so sweet a place.

*Anne.* Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.

*Glou.* Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine. 150

*Anne.* Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

*Glou.* I would they were, that I might die at once;

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,

Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,

No, when my father York and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made

When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child, 160

Told the sad story of my father's death,

And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend nor enemy;

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;

But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee, 170

My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;  
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,  
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

*[He lays his breast open: she offers at it with  
his sword.]*

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,  
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me. 181  
Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young  
Edward,

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

*[Here she lets fall the sword.]*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

*Anne.* Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy  
death,

I will not be the executioner.

*Glou.* Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

*Anne.* I have already.

*Glou.* Tush, that was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word,  
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,  
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love; 191

To both their deaths thou shalt be accessary.

*Anne.* I would I knew thy heart. •

*Glou.* 'Tis figured in my tongue.

*Anne.* I fear me both are false.

*Glou.* Then never man was true.

*Anne.* Well, well, put up your sword.

*Glou.* Say, then, my peace is made.

*Anne.* That shall you know hereafter.

*Glou.* But shall I live in hope? 200

*Anne.* All men, I hope, live so.

*Glou.* Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

*Anne.* To take is not to give.

*Glou.* Look, how this ring encompasseth thy  
finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted suppliant may  
But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness forever.

*Anne.* What is it?



*Glou.* That it would please thee leave these sad designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby Place;  
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd  
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,  
I will with all expedient duty see you:  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this boon.

*Anne.* With all my heart; and much it joys  
me too, 220

To see you are become so penitent.  
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

*Glou.* Bid me farewell.

*Anne.* 'Tis more than you deserve;  
But since you teach me how to flatter you,  
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.*]

*Glou.* Sirs, take up the corse.

*Gent.* Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

*Glou.* No, to White-Friars; there attend my  
coming. [*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

Was ever woman in this humor woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humor won?

I'll have her; but I will not keep her long. 230

What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate,

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

Having God, her conscience, and these bars  
against me,

And nothing to back my suit at all,

But the plain devil and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince, 240

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months  
since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,

- Framed in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,

The spacious world cannot again afford:  
 And will she yet debase her eyes on me,  
 That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,  
 And made her widow to a woful bed?  
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?  
 On me, that halt and am unshapen thus? 251  
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier,  
 I do mistake my person all this while:  
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.  
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,  
 And entertain some score or two of tailors,  
 To study fashions to adorn my body:  
 Since I am crept in favor with myself,  
 I will maintain it with some little cost. 260  
 But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;  
 And then return lamenting to my love.  
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

### SCENE III. *The palace.*

*Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and  
LORD GREY.

*Riv.* Have patience, madam: there's no doubt  
his majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

*Grey.* In that you brook it ill, it makes him  
worse:

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,  
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

*Q. Eliz.* If he were dead, what would betide of  
me?

*Riv.* No other harm but loss of such a lord.

*Q. Eliz.* The loss of such a lord includes all  
harm.

*Grey.* The heavens have bless'd you with a  
goodly son,

To be your comforter when he is gone. 10

*Q. Eliz.* Oh, he is young, and his minority  
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,  
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

*Riv.* Is it concluded he shall be protector?

*Q. Eliz.* It is determined, not concluded yet:  
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM *and* DERBY.

*Grey.* Here come the lords of Buckingham  
and Derby.

*Buck.* Good time of day unto your royal grace !

*Der.* God make your majesty joyful as you  
have been !

*Q. Eliz.* The Countess Richmond, good my  
Lord of Derby, 20

To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.

Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,  
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured  
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

*Der.* I do beseech you, either not believe  
The envious slanders of her false accusers;  
Or, if she be accused in true report,  
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds  
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

*Riv.* Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of  
Derby ? 30

*Der.* But now the Duke of Buckingham and I  
Are come from visiting his majesty.

*Q. Eliz.* What likelihood of his amendment,  
lords ?

*Buck.* Madam, good hope; his grace speaks  
cheerfully.

*Q. Eliz.* God grant him health ! Did you con-  
fer with him ?

*Buck.* Madam, we did: he desires to make  
atonement

Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,  
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain;  
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

*Q. Eliz.* Would all were well ! but that will  
never be: 40

I fear our happiness is at the highest.

*Enter* GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

*Glou.* They do me wrong, and I will not endure  
it:

Who are they that complain unto the king,

That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?  
 By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly  
 That fill his ears with such dissentious rumors.  
 Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,  
 Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,  
 Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,  
 I must be held a rancorous enemy. 50  
 Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,  
 But thus his simple truth must be abused  
 By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

*Riv.* To whom in all this presence speaks your  
 grace?

*Glou.* To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.  
 When have I injured thee? when done thee  
 wrong?

Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?  
 A plague upon you all! His royal person,—  
 Whom God preserve better than you would  
 wish!—

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while, 60  
 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

*Q. Eliz.* Brother of Gloucester, you mistake  
 the matter.

The king, of his own royal disposition,  
 And not provoked by any suitor else;  
 Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
 Which in your outward action shows itself  
 Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,  
 Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather  
 The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

*Glou.* I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad,  
 That wrens make prey where eagles dare not  
 perch: 71

Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
 There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

*Q. Eliz.* Come, come, we know your meaning,  
 brother Gloucester;

You envy my advancement and my friends':  
 God grant we never may have need of you!

*Glou.* Meantime, God grants that we have need  
 of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,  
 Myself disgraced, and the nobility

Held in contempt; whilst many fair promotions  
 Are daily given to ennoble those 81  
 That scarce, some two days since, were worth a  
 noble.

*Q. Eliz.* By Him that raised me to this careful  
 height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,  
 I never did incense his majesty  
 Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been  
 An earnest advocate to plead for him.  
 My lord, you do me shameful injury,  
 Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

*Glou.* You may deny that you were not the  
 cause 90

Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

*Riv.* She may, my lord, for—

*Glou.* She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows  
 not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that:  
 She may help you to many fair preferments,  
 And then deny her aiding hand therein,  
 And lay those honors on your high deserts.  
 What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may  
 she,—

*Riv.* What, marry, may she?

*Glou.* What, marry, may she! marry with a  
 king, 100

A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:

I wis your grandam had a worser match.

*Q. Eliz.* My Lord of Gloucester, I have too  
 long borne

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:  
 By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty  
 With those gross taunts I often have endured.  
 I had rather be a country servant-maid  
 Than a great queen, with this condition,  
 To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.*

Small joy have I in being England's queen. 110

*Q. Mar.* And lessen'd be that small, God, I  
 beseech thee!

'Thy honor, state and seat is due to me.

*Glou.* What ! threat you me with telling of the king ?

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said  
I will avouch in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

*Q. Mar.* Out, devil ! I remember them too well:

Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,  
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. 120

*Glou.* Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends:

To royalize his blood I spilt my own.

*Q. Mar.* Yea, and much better blood than his or thine.

*Glou.* In all which time you and your husband Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;

And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain ? 130

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere now, and what you are:

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

*Q. Mar.* A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

*Glou.* Poor Clarence did forsake his father,  
Warwick;

Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon !—

*Q. Mar.* Which God revenge !

*Glou.* To fight on Edward's party for the crown;

And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.

I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's; 140

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:

I am too childish-foolish for this world.

*Q. Mar.* Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,

Thou cacodemon ! there thy kingdom is.

*Riv.* My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days

Which here you urge to prove us enemies,  
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:  
So should we you, if you should be our king.

*Glou.* If I should be ! I had rather be a peddler:  
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it ! 150

*Q. Eliz.* As little joy, my lord, as you suppose  
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,  
As little joy may you suppose in me,  
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

*Q. Mar.* A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;  
For I am she, and altogether joyless.  
I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out  
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me !  
Which of you trembles not that looks on me ? 160  
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,  
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels ?  
O gentle villain, do not turn away !

*Glou.* Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou  
in my sight ?

*Q. Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast  
marr'd;

That will I make before I let thee go.

*Glou.* Wert thou not banished on pain of  
death ?

*Q. Mar.* I was; but I do find more pain in  
banishment

Than death can yield me here by my abode.  
A husband and a son thou owest to me; 170

And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:  
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,  
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

*Glou.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,  
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with  
paper,

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,  
And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout  
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—  
His curses, then from bitterness of soul 179  
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;  
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody  
deed.

*Q. Eliz.* So just is God, to right the innocent,

*Hast.* O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,

And the most merciless, that ere was heard of !

*Riv.* Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

*Dor.* No man but prophesied revenge for it.

*Buck.* Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

*Q. Mar.* What, were you snarling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,  
And turn you all your hatred now on me? 190  
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,  
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,  
Could all but answer for that peevish brat ?  
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven ?  
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick  
curses !

If not by war, by surfeit die your king,  
As ours by murder, to make him a king !  
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,  
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,  
Die in his youth by like untimely violence ! 201  
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,  
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !  
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss ;  
And see another, as I see thee now,  
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !  
Long die thy happy days before thy death ;  
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,  
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !  
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by, 210  
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son  
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray  
him,

That none of you may live your natural age,  
But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

*Glou.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful  
wither'd hag !

*Q. Mar.* And leave out thee? stay, dog, for  
thou shalt hear me.



If heaven have any grievous plague in store  
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
 O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,  
 And then hurl down their indignation 220  
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !  
 The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul !  
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,  
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !  
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
 Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream  
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !  
 'Thou elfish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !  
 'Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity  
 The slave of nature and the son of hell ! 230  
 'Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb !  
 'Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins '  
 'Thou rag of honor ! thou detested—

*Glou.* Margaret.

*Q. Mar.* Richard !

*Glou.* Ha !

*Q. Mar.* I call thee not.

*Glou.* I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought  
 That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

*Q. Mar.* Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse !

*Glou.* 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

*Q. Eliz.* Thus have you breathed your curse  
 against yourself. 240

*Q. Mar.* Poor painted queen, vain flourish of  
 my fortune !

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,  
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?

Fool, fool ! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The time will come when thou shalt wish for  
 me

To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd  
 toad.

*Hast.* False-boding woman, end thy frantic  
 curse,

Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

*Q. Mar.* Foul shame upon you ! you have all  
 moved mine.

*Riv.* Were you well served, you would be taught  
your duty. 250

*Q. Mar.* To serve me well, you all should do  
me duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my sub-  
jects:

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty !

*Dor.* Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

*Q. Mar.* Peace, master marquess, you are mal-  
apert:

Your fire-new stamp of honor is scarce current.

O, that your young nobility could judge

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !

They that stand high have many blasts to shake  
them; 259

And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

*Glou.* Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it,  
marquess.

*Dor.* It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.

*Glou.* Yea, and much more: but I was born so  
high,

Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,

And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

*Q. Mar.* And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!

Witness my son, now in the shade of death;

Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath  
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.

270

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

*Buck.* Have done ! for shame, if not for charity.

*Q. Mar.* Urge neither charity nor shame to me:

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,

And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame;

And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage !

*Buck.* Have done, have done.

*Q. Mar.* O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy  
hand, 280

In sign of league and amity with thee:

Now fair befall thee and thy noble house !

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,

Nor thou within the compass of my curse,

*Buck.* Nor no one here; for curses never pass  
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

*Q. Mar.* I'll not believe but they ascend the  
sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace  
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!  
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,  
His venom tooth will rankle to the death: 291  
Have not to do with him, beware of him;  
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,  
And all their ministers attend on him.

*Glou.* What doth she say, my Lord of Buck-  
ingham?

*Buck.* Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

*Q. Mar.* What, dost thou scorn me for my  
gentle counsel?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?  
O, but remember this another day,  
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,  
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess! 301  
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,  
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

*Hast.* My hair doth stand on end to hear her  
curses.

*Riv.* And so doth mine: I muse why she's at  
liberty.

*Glou.* I cannot blame her: by God's holy  
mother,

She hath had too much wrong; and I repent  
My part thereof that I have done to her.

*Q. Eliz.* I never did her any, to my knowledge.

*Glou.* But you have all the vantage of her  
wrong. 310

I was too hot to do somebody good,  
That is too cold in thinking of it now.  
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;  
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains:  
God pardon them that are the cause of it!

*Riv.* A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,  
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

*Glou.* So do I ever: [*Aside*] being well advised;  
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself,

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cates.* Madam, his majesty doth call for you;  
And for your grace; and you, my noble lords. 321

*Q. Eliz.* Catesby, we come. Lords, will you  
go with us?

*Riv.* Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

*Glou.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.  
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad  
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.  
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,  
I do bewEEP to many simple gulls;  
Namely, to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham;  
And say it is the queen and her allies 330  
That stir the king against the duke my brother.  
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me  
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;  
But then I sigh: and, with a piece of scripture,  
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:  
And thus I clothe my naked villany  
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ;  
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

*Enter two Murderers.*

But, soft! here come my executioners.  
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates! 340  
Are you now going to despatch this deed?

*First Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to  
have the warrant,  
That we may be admitted where he is.

*Glou.* Well thought upon; I have it here about  
me. [Gives the warrant.]

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,  
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;  
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps  
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

*First Murd.* Tush! 350  
Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate;  
Talkers are no good doers: be assured

We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

*Glou.* Your eyes drop millstones, when fools'  
eyes drop tears:

I like you, lads: about your business straight;  
Go, go, despatch.

*First Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. The Tower.*

*Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.*

*Brak.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

*Clar.* O, I have pass'd a miserable night,  
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,  
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,  
So full of dismal terror was the time!

*Brak.* What was your dream? I long to hear  
you tell it.

*Clar.* Methought that I had broken from the  
Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy; 10  
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward Eng-  
land,

And cited up a thousand fearful times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
That had befall'n us. As we paced along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in  
falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20

O, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!  
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those  
holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, 30  
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death

To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

*Clar.* Methought I had; and often did I strive  
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood  
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air;  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk, 40  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

*Clar.* O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;

O, then began the tempest to my soul!  
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;  
Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury 50  
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'  
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,  
'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;  
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!'  
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise 60  
I trembling waked, and for a season after  
Could not believe but that I was in hell,  
Such terrible impression made the dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you;

I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* O Brakenbury, I have done those things,  
Which now bear evidence against my soul,  
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!  
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds, 70

Yet execute thy wrath in me alone,  
 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !  
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;  
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my lord: God give your grace  
 good rest ! *[Clarence sleeps.]*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,  
 Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.  
 Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
 An outward honor for an inward toil;  
 And, for unfelt imagination, 80  
 They often feel a world of restless cares:  
 So that, betwixt their titles and low names,  
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the two Murderers.*

*First Murd.* Ho ! who's here ?

*Brak.* In God's name what are you, and how  
 came you hither ?

*First Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and  
 I came hither on my legs.

*Brak.* Yea, are you so brief ?

*Sec. Murd.* O sir, it is better to be brief than  
 tedious. Show him our commission; talk no  
 more. *[Brakenbury reads it.]*

*Brak.* I am, in this, commanded to deliver  
 The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:  
 I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
 Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.  
 Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep:  
 I'll to the king; and signify to him  
 That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.

*First Murd.* Do so, it is a point of wisdom:  
 fare you well. *[Exit Brakenbury.]* 100

*Sec. Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps ?

*First Murd.* No; then he will say 'twas done  
 cowardly, when he wakes.

*Sec. Murd.* When he wakes ! why, fool, he  
 shall never wake till the judgment-day.

*First Murd.* Why, then he will say we stabbed  
 him sleeping.

*Sec. Murd.* The urging of that word 'judgment,'  
 hath bred a kind of remorse in me, 110

*First Murd.* What, art thou afraid?

*Sec. Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.

*First Murd.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

*Sec. Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

*First Murd.* Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

*Sec. Murd.* I pray thee stay awhile: I hope my holy humor will change; 'twas wout to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

*First Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

*Sec. Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

*First Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

*Sec. Murd.* 'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

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*First Murd.* Where is thy conscience now?

*Sec. Murd.* In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

*First Murd.* So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

*Sec. Murd.* Let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

*First Murd.* How if it come to thee again?

*Sec. Murd.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him; he cannot lie with his neighbor's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavors to trust to himself and to live without it.

*First Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke. 150

*Sec. Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.



*First Murd.* Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee.

*Sec. Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?

*First Murd.* Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the malmsey-butt in the next room. 161

*Sec. Murd.* O excellent device! make a sop of him.

*First Murd.* Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?

*Sec. Murd.* No, first let's reason with him.

*Clar.* Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

*Sec. Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

*Clar.* In God's name, what art thou?

*Sec. Murd.* A man, as you are. 170

*Clar.* But not, as I am, royal.

*Sec. Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

*Clar.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

*Sec. Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

*Clar.* How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

*Both.* To, to, to—

*Clar.* To murder me?

*Both.* Ay, ay.

*Clar.* You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, 180

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

*First Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

*Clar.* I shall be reconciled to him again.

*Sec. Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

*Clar.* Are you call'd forth from out a world of men

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where are the evidence that do accuse me?  
 What lawful quest have given their verdict up  
 Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced  
 The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death? 191  
 Before I be convict by course of law,  
 To threaten me with death is most unlawful.  
 I charge you, as you hope to have redemption  
 By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,  
 That you depart and lay no hands on me:  
 The deed you undertake is damnable.

*First Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

*Sec. Murd.* And he that hath commanded is the king.

*Clar.* Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings 200

Hath in the tables of his law commanded  
 That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou,  
 then,

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?  
 Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,  
 To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

*Sec. Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he  
 hurl on thee,

For false forswearing and for murder too:  
 Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,  
 To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

*First Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of  
 God, 210

Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous  
 blade

Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

*Sec. Murd.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish  
 and defend.

*First Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful  
 law to us,

When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

*Clar.* Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?  
 For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:  
 Why, sirs,

He sends ye not to murder me for this;  
 For in this sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be revenged for this deed,

O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:  
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;  
He needs no indirect nor lawless course  
To cut off those that have offended him.

*First Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody  
minister,

When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,  
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

*Clar.* My brother's love, the devil, and my  
rage.

*First Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and  
thy fault, 230

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

*Clar.* Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me;  
I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you be hired for meed, go back again,  
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,  
Who shall reward you better for my life  
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

*Sec. Murd.* You are deceived, your brother  
Gloucester hates you.

*Clar.* O, no, he loves me, and he holds me  
dear:

Go you to him from me.

*Both.* Ay, so we will. 240

*Clar.* Tell him, when that our princely father  
York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,  
And charged us from his soul to love each other,  
He little thought of this divided friendship:  
Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.

*First Murd.* Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us  
to weep.

*Clar.* O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

*First Murd.* Right,  
As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself:  
'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee.

*Clar.* It cannot be; for when I parted with him,  
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
That he would labor my delivery.

*Sec. Murd.* Why, so he doth, now he delivers  
thee  
From this world's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

*First Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

*Clar.* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,  
To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,  
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?  
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on 261  
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

*Sec. Murd.* What shall we do?

*Clar.* Relent, and save your souls.

*First Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

*Clar.* Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.  
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,  
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,  
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,  
Would not entreat for life?

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks; 270  
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,  
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,  
As you would beg, were you in my distress:  
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

*Sec. Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

*First Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this  
will not do, [Stabs him.  
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.

*Sec. Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!  
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous guilty murder done! 280

*Re-enter First Murderer.*

*First Murd.* How now! what mean'st thou,  
that thou help'st me not?  
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art!

*Sec. Murd.* I would he knew that I had saved  
his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;  
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

*First Murd.* So do not I: go, coward as thou art.

Now must I hide his body in some hole,  
Until the duke take order for his burial:  
And when I have my meed, I must away;  
For this will out, and here I must not stay. 290  
[*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD sick, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.*

*K. Edw.* Why, so: now have I done a good day's work:  
You peers, continue this united league:  
I every day expect an embassy  
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;  
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,  
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.  
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;  
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

*Riv.* By heaven, my heart is purged from  
grudging hate;  
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love. 10

*Hast.* So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

*K. Edw.* Take heed you dally not before your king;  
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings  
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award  
Either of you to be the other's end.

*Hast.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

*Riv.* And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

*K. Edw.* Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,

Nor your son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you;  
You have been factious one against the other. 20  
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;  
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

*Q. Eliz.* Here, Hastings; I will never more  
remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

*K. Edw.* Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love  
lord marquess.

*Dor.* This interchange of love, I here protest,  
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

*Hast.* And so swear I, my lord. [*They embrace.*]

*K. Edw.* Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou  
this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies, 30  
And make me happy in your unity.

*Buck.* Whenever Buckingham doth turn his  
hate

On you or yours [*to the Queen*], but with all  
duteous love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me  
With hate in those where I expect most love !

When I have most need to employ a friend,

And most assured that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,

Be he unto me ! this do I beg of God,

When I am cold in zeal to you or yours. 40

[*They embrace.*]

*K. Edw.* A pleasing cordial, princely Buck-  
ingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,

To make the perfect period of this peace.

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the noble  
duke.

*Enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glou.* Good morrow to my sovereign king and  
queen;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

*K. Edw.* Happy, indeed, as we have spent the  
day.

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;

Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate, 50

Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

*Glou.* A blessed labor, my most sovereign  
liege:

Amongst this princely heap, if any here,

By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe:

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,

Have aught committed that is hardly borne

By any in this présence, I desire  
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace:  
 'Tis death to me to be at enmity; 60  
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.  
 First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
 Which I will purchase with my duteous service;  
 Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,  
 If ever any grudge were lodged between us;  
 Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you;  
 That all without desert have frown'd on me;  
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.  
 I do not know that Englishman alive  
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds 70  
 More than the infant that is born to-night:  
 I thank my God for my humility.

*Q. Eliz.* A holy day shall this be kept hereafter;  
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded.  
 My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty  
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

*Glou.* Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,  
 To be so flouted in this royal presence?  
 Who knows not that the noble duke is dead?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corse. 80

*Riv.* Who knows not he is dead! who knows  
 he is?

*Q. Eliz.* All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

*Buck.* Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

*Dor.* Ay, my good lord; and no one in this  
 presence

But his red color hath forsook his cheeks.

*K. Edw.* Is Clarence dead? the order was re-  
 versed.

*Glou.* But he, poor soul, by your first order  
 died,

And that a winged Mercury did bear;  
 Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,  
 That came too lag to see him buried. 90  
 God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,  
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,  
 Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,  
 And yet go current from suspicion!

*Enter DERBY.*

*Der.* A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

*K. Edw.* I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

*Der.* I will not rise, unless your highness grant.

*K. Edw.* Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.

*Der.* The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman 100  
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

*K. Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom by brother's death,

And shall the same give pardon to a slave?

My brother slew no man; his fault was thought,  
And yet his punishment was cruel death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,  
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised?

Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me? 110

Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,

When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,

And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king'?

Who told me, when we both lay in the field

Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Even in his own garments, and gave himself,

All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind. 120

But when your carters or your waiting-vassals

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced

The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:

But for my brother not a man would speak,

Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself

For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all

Have been beholding to him in his life;

Yet none of you would once plead for his life. 130

O God, I fear thy justice will take hold



On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this !  
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh, poor  
Clarence ! [*Exeunt some with King and Queen.*]

*Glou.* This is the fruit of rashness ! Mark'd  
you not

How that the guilty kindred of the queen  
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence'  
death ?

O, they did urge it still unto the king !  
God will revenge it. But come, let us in,  
To comfort Edward with our company.

*Buck.* We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The palace.*

*Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, with the two children  
of CLARENCE.*

*Boy.* Tell me, good grandam, is our father  
dead ?

*Duch.* No, boy.

*Boy.* Why do you wring your hands, and beat  
your breast,

And cry, ' O Clarence, my unhappy son ! '

*Girl.* Why do you look on us, and shake your  
head,

And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,  
If that our noble father be alive ?

*Duch.* My pretty cousins, you mistake me  
much ;

I do lament the sickness of the king,  
As loath to lose him, not your father's death ; 10  
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

*Boy.* Then, grandam, you conclude that he is  
dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this :  
God will revenge it ; whom I will importune  
With daily prayers all to that effect.

*Girl.* And so will I.

*Duch.* Peace, children, peace ! the king doth  
love you well :

Incapable and shallow innocents,  
You cannot guess who caused your father's  
death.

*Boy.* Grandam, we can; for my good uncle  
Gloucester 20

Told me, the king, provoked by the queen,  
Devised impeachments to imprison him;  
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,  
And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my  
cheek;

Bade me rely on him as on my father,  
And he would love me dearly as his child.

*Duch.* Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle  
shapes,

And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!  
He is my son; yea, and therein my shame;  
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit. 30

*Son.* Think you my uncle did dissemble,  
grandam?

*Duch.* Ay, boy.

*Son.* I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, with her hair about her  
ears; RIVERS and DORSET after her.*

*Q. Eliz.* Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and  
weep,

To chide my fortune, and torment myself?  
I'll join with black despair against my soul,  
And to myself become an enemy.

*Duch.* What means this scene of rude impa-  
tience?

*Q. Eliz.* To make an act of tragic violence:  
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead. 40  
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?  
Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone?  
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,  
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;  
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him  
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

*Duch.* Ah, so much interest have I in thy sor-  
row

As I had title in thy noble husband!  
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
And lived by looking on his images: 50  
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance  
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,

And I for comfort have but one false glass,  
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.  
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:  
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine  
arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,  
Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,  
Thine being but a moiety of my grief, 60  
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries!

*Boy.* Good aunt, you wept not for our father's  
death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

*Girl.* Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;  
Your widow-dolor likewise be unwept!

*Q. Eliz.* Give me no help in lamentation;  
I am not barren to bring forth complaints;  
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,  
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the  
world! 70

Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

*Chil.* Oh for our father, for our dear lord  
Clarence!

*Duch.* Alas for both, both mine, Edward and  
Clarence!

*Q. Eliz.* What stay had I but Edward? and he's  
gone.

*Chil.* What stay had we but Clarence? and he's  
gone.

*Duch.* What stays had I but they? and they  
are gone.

*Q. Eliz.* Was never widow had so dear a  
loss!

*Chil.* Were never orphans had so dear a loss!

*Duch.* Was never mother had so dear a loss!

Alas, I am the mother of these moans! 80

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;

I for an Edward weep, so do they:

Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears ! I am your sorrow's nurse,  
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

*Dor.* Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeased

That you take with unthankfulness his doing: 90  
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,  
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt  
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;  
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,  
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

*Riv.* Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:  
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,  
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne. 100

*Enter* GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, and RATCLIFF.

*Glou.* Madam, have comfort: all of us have cause

To wail the dimming of our shining star;  
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.  
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;  
I did not see your grace: humbly on my knee  
I crave your blessing.

*Duch.* God bless thee; and put meekness in thy mind,  
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

*Glou.* [*Aside*] Amen; and make me die a good old man !

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing: 110  
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

*Buck.* You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,  
Now cheer each other in each other's love:  
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,  
We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
The broken rancor of your high-swoln hearts,  
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,  
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept:

Me seemeth good, that, with some little train, 120  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be  
fetch'd

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

*Riv.* Why with some little train, my Lord of  
Buckingham?

*Buck.* Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,  
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break  
out;

Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the estate is green and yet un-  
govern'd:

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
And may direct his course as please himself,  
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent, 130  
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

*Glou.* I hope the king made peace with all of us;  
And the compact is firm and true in me.

*Riv.* And so in me; and so, I think, in all:  
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put  
To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
Which haply by much company might be urged:  
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,  
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

*Hast.* And so say I. 140

*Glou.* Then be it so; and go we to determine  
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Lud-  
low.

Madam, and you, my mother, will you go  
To give your censures in this weighty business?

*Q. Eliz.* }  
*Duch.* } With all our hearts.

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.*]

*Buck.* My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,  
For God's sake, let not us two be behind;  
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,  
As index to the story we late talk'd of,  
To part the queen's proud kindred from the king

*Glou.* My other self, my counsel's consistory,  
My oracle, my prophet! My dear cousin,  
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.  
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *London. A street.**Enter two Citizens, meeting.**First Cit.* Neighbor, well met: whither away so fast?*Sec. Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:

Hear you the news abroad?

*First Cit.* Ay, that the king is dead.*Sec. Cit.* Bad news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:

I fear, I fear 'twill prove a troublous world.

*Enter another Citizen.**Third Cit.* Neighbors, God speed!*First Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.*Third Cit.* Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death?*Sec. Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!*Third Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.*First Cit.* No, no: by God's good grace his son shall reign. 10*Third Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!*Sec. Cit.* In him there is a hope of government, That in his nonage council under him, And in his full and ripen'd years himself, No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.*First Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth

Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

*Third Cit.* Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd

With politic grave counsel; then the king 20

Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

*First Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by the father and mother.*Third Cit.* Better it were they all came by the father,

Or by the father there were none at all;

For emulation now, who shall be nearest,  
 Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
 O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!  
 And the queen's sons and brothers haught and  
 proud:

And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,  
 'This sickly land might solace as before. 30

*First Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all  
 shall be well.

*Third Cit.* When clouds appear, wise men put  
 on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;  
 When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?  
 Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.  
 All may be well; but, if God sort it so,  
 'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

*Sec. Cit.* Truly, the souls of men are full of  
 dread:

Ye cannot reason almost with a man  
 That looks not heavily and full of fear. 40

*Third Cit.* Before the times of change, still is  
 it so:

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
 Ensuing dangers; as, by proof, we see  
 The waters swell before a boisterous storm.  
 But leave it all to God. Whither away?

*Sec. Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the jus-  
 tices.

*Third Cit.* And so was I: I'll bear you com-  
 pany. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *London. The palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS OF YORK.*

*Arch.* Last night, I hear, they lay at North-  
 ampton;

At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:  
 To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

*Duch.* I long with all my heart to see the  
 prince:

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

*Q. Eliz.* But I hear, no; they say my son of York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

*York.* Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

*Duch.* Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

*York.* Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper, 10

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More than my brother: 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloucester,

'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.'

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,  
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.

*Duch.* Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee:

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,

So long a-growing and so leisurely,

That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious.

*Arch.* Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is. 21

*Duch.* I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

*York.* Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,

To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

*Duch.* How, my pretty York? I pray thee let me hear it.

*York.* Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:

'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest. 30

*Duch.* I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this?

*York.* Grandam, his nurse.

*Duch.* His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wert born.

*York.* If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

*Q. Eliz.* A parlous boy: go to, you are too shrewd.



*Arch.* Good madam, be not angry with the child.

*Q. Eliz.* Pitchers have ears.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Arch.* Here comes a messenger. What news?

*Mess.* Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

*Q. Eliz.* How fares the prince?

*Mess.* Well, madam, and in health. 40

*Duch.* What is thy news then?

*Mess.* Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

*Duch.* Who hath committed them?

*Mess.* The mighty dukes Gloucester and Buckingham.

*Q. Eliz.* For what offence?

*Mess.* The sum of all I can, I have disclosed;  
Why or for what these nobles were committed  
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

*Q. Eliz.* Ay me, I see the downfall of our house!

The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind; 50  
Insulting tyranny begins to jet

Upon the innocent and aweless throne:

Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

*Duch.* Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,  
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!

My husband lost his life to get the crown;

And often up and down my sons were toss'd,

For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:

And being seated, and domestic broils 60

Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,

Make war upon themselves; blood against blood,

Self against self: O, preposterous

And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;

Or let me die, to look on death no more!

*Q. Eliz.* Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

*Duch.* I'll go along with you.

*Q. Eliz.* You have no cause.

*Arch.*

My gracious lady, go;  
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.  
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace 70  
The seal I keep: and so betide to me  
As well I tender you and all of yours!  
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *London. A street.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter the young PRINCE, the Dukes of GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, CATESBY, and others.*

*Buck.* Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

*Glou.* Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

*Prince.* No, uncle; but our crosses on the way  
Have made it tedious, wearisome and heavy:  
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

*Glou.* Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of  
your years -

Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit:  
Nor more can you distinguish of a man  
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,  
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart. 11

Those uncles which you want were dangerous;  
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,  
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:  
God keep you from them, and from such false  
friends!

*Prince.* God keep me from false friends! but  
they were none.

*Glou.* My lord, the mayor of London comes to  
greet you.

*Enter the Mayor, and his train.*

*May.* God bless your grace with health and  
happy days!

*Prince.* I thank you, good my lord; and thank  
you all.

I thought my mother, and my brother York, 20  
Would long ere this have met us on the way:  
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not  
To tell us whether they will come or no!

*Enter LORD HASTINGS.*

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

*Prince.* Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

*Hast.* On what occasion, God he knows, not I,  
The queen your mother, and your brother York,  
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince  
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,  
But by his mother was perforce withheld. 30

*Buck.* Fie, what an indirect and peevish course  
Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your grace  
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York  
Unto his princely brother presently?  
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,  
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Card.* My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak  
oratory  
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,  
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate  
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid 40  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land  
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

*Buck.* You are too senseless-obstinate, my  
lord,  
Too ceremonious and traditional:  
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,  
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.  
The benefit thereof is always granted  
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,  
And those who have the wit to claim the place:  
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it;  
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:  
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,  
You break no privilege nor charter there.  
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;  
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

*Card.* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind  
for once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

*Hast.* I go, my lord.

*Prince.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste  
you may. [*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.* 60

Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,  
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

*Glou.* Where it seems best unto your royal self.  
If I may counsel you, some day or two  
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:  
Then where you please, and shall be thought  
most fit

For your best health and recreation.

*Prince.* I do not like the Tower, of any place.  
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

*Buck.* He did, my gracious lord, begin that  
place, 70

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

*Prince.* Is it upon record, or else reported  
Successively from age to age, he built it?

*Buck.* Upon record, my gracious lord.

*Prince.* But say, my lord, it were not register'd,  
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,  
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,  
Even to the general all-ending day.

*Glou.* [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do  
never live long.

*Prince.* What say you, uncle? 80

*Glou.* I say, without characters, fame lives long.  
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,  
I moralize two meanings in one word.

*Prince.* That Julius Cæsar was a famous  
man;

With what his valor did enrich his wit,  
His wit set down to make his valor live:  
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;  
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.  
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

*Buck.* What, my gracious lord? 90

*Prince.* An if I live until I be a man,  
I'll win our ancient right in France again,  
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

*Glou.* [*Aside*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

*Enter young YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.*

*Buck.* Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

*Prince.* Richard of York ! how fares our loving brother ?

*York.* Well, my dread lord ; so must I call you now.

*Prince.* Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours : Too late he died that might have kept that title, Which by his death hath lost much majesty. 100

*Glou.* How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York ?

*York.* I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord, You said that idle weeds are fast in growth : The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

*Glou.* He hath, my lord.

*York.* And therefore is he idle ?

*Glou.* O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

*York.* Then is he more beholding to you than I.

*Glou.* He may command me as my sovereign ; But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

*York.* I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

*Glou.* My dagger, little cousin ? with all my heart. 111

*Prince.* A beggar, brother ?

*York.* Of my kind uncle, that I know will give ; And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

*Glou.* A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

*York.* A greater gift ! O, that's the sword to it.

*Glou.* Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

*York.* O, then, I see, you will part but with light gifts ;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

*Glou.* It is too heavy for your grace to wear.

*York.* I weigh it lightly, were it heavier. 121

*Glou.* What, would you have my weapon, little lord ?

*York.* I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

*Glou.* How?

*York.* Little.

*Prince.* My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

*York.* You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;

Because that I am little, like an ape, 130

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

*Buck.* With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself:

So cunning and so young is wonderful.

*Glou.* My lord, will't please you pass along?

Myself and my good cousin Buckingham

Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

*York.* What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord? 140

*Prince.* My lord protector needs will have it so.

*York.* I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

*Glou.* Why, what should you fear?

*York.* Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost; My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

*Prince.* I fear no uncles dead.

*Glou.* Nor none that live, I hope.

*Prince.* An if they live, I hope I need not fear. But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart, Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower. 150

[*A Sennet.* *Exeunt all but Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.*

*Buck.* Think you, my lord, this little prating York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother

To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

*Glou.* No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:

He is all the mother's from top to toe.

*Buck.* Well, let them rest. Come hither,  
Catesby.

Thou art sworn as deeply to affect what we intend  
As closely to conceal what we impart;  
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way;  
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter 161  
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

*Cate.* He for his father's sake so loves the  
prince,  
That he will not be won to aught against him.

*Buck.* What think'st thou, then, of Stanley?  
what will he?

*Cate.* He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

*Buck.* Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle  
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,  
How he doth stand affected to our purpose; 171  
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,  
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,  
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:  
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,  
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,  
And give us notice of his inclination:  
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,  
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd. 180

*Glou.* Commend me to Lord William: tell him,  
Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
'To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;  
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,  
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

*Buck.* Good Catesby, go, effect this business  
soundly.

*Cate.* My good lords both, with all the heed I  
may.

*Glou.* Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we  
sleep?

*Cate.* You shall, my lord.

*Glou.* At Crosby Place, there shall you find us  
both. [Exit Catesby. 190

*Buck.* Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

*Glou.* Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do:

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me

The earldom of Hereford, and the movables

Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

*Buck.* I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

*Glou.* And look to have it yielded with all willingness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some form. 200

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before Lord Hastings' house.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* What, ho! my lord!

*Hast.* [*Within*] Who knocks at the door?

*Mess.* A messenger from the Lord Stanley.

*Enter LORD HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* What is't o'clock?

*Mess.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Hast.* Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

*Mess.* So it should seem by that I have to say. First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

*Hast.* And then?

*Mess.* And then he sends you word 10  
He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm:  
Besides, he says there are two councils held;  
And that may be determined at the one  
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.  
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's  
pleasure,

If presently you will take horse with him,  
And with all speed post with him toward the north,  
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

*Hast.* Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;  
Bid him not fear the separated councils: 20



His honor and myself are at the one,  
And at the other is my servant Catesby;  
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us  
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.  
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:  
And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond  
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:  
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,  
Were to incense the boar to follow us  
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.  
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me; 31  
And we will both together to the Tower,  
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

*Mess.* My gracious lord, I'll tell him what you  
say. [Exit.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cate.* Many good morrows to my noble lord!

*Hast.* Good morrow, Catesby; you are early  
stirring:

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

*Cate.* It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;  
And I believe 'twill never stand upright  
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm. 40

*Hast.* How! wear the garland! dost thou  
mean the crown?

*Cate.* Ay, my good lord.

*Hast.* I'll have this crown of mine cut from  
my shoulders

Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

*Cate.* Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you  
forward

Upon his party for the gain thereof:

And thereupon he sends you this good news,  
That this same very day your enemies, 49  
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

*Hast.* Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
Because they have been still mine enemies:  
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,  
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,  
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

*Cate.* God keep your lordship in that gracious  
mind!

*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,  
That they who brought me in my master's hate,  
I live to look upon their tragedy.  
I tell thee, Catesby,—

60

*Cate.* What, my lord?

*Hast.* Ere a fortnight make me elder,  
I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

*Cate.* 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepared and look not for it.

*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls  
it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do  
With some men else, who think themselves as  
safe

As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear  
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

70

*Cate.* The princes both make high account of  
you;

[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

*Hast.* I know they do; and I have well de-  
served it.

*Enter LORD STANLEY.*

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear,  
man?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

*Stan.* My lord, good morrow; good morrow,  
Catesby:

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,  
I do not like these several councils, I.

*Hast.* My lord,  
I hold my life as dear as you do yours; 80  
And never in my life, I do protest,  
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:  
Think you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am?

*Stan.* The lords at Pomfret, when they rode  
from London,  
Were jocund, and supposed their state was sure.  
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;  
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.  
This sudden stab of rancor I misdoubt;

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward ! 90  
What, shall we toward the Tower ? the day is  
spent.

*Hast.* Come, come, have with you. Wot you  
what, my lord ?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

*Stan.* They, for their truth, might better wear  
their heads

Than some that have accused them wear their  
hats.

But come, my lord, let us away.

*Enter a Pursuivant.*

*Hast.* Go on before ; I'll talk with this good  
fellow. [*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*

How now, sirrah ! how goes the world with thee ?

*Purs.* The better that your lordship please to  
ask. 99

*Hast.* I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now  
Than when I met thee last where now we meet :  
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,  
By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;  
But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—  
This day those enemies are put to death,  
And I in better state than e'er I was.

*Purs.* God hold it, to your honor's good con-  
tent !

*Hast.* Gramercy, fellow : there, drink that for  
me. [*Throws him his purse.*

*Purs.* God save your lordship ! [*Exit.*

*Enter a Priest.*

*Priest.* Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see  
your honor. 110

*Hast.* I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my  
heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise ;

Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

[*He whispers in his ear.*

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*Buck.* What, talking with a priest, lord cham-  
berlain ?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:  
Your honor hath no shriving work in hand.

*Hast.* Good faith, and when I met this holy  
man,

Those men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower?

*Buck.* I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay:  
I shall return before your lordship thence. 121

*Hast.* 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

*Buck.* [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou  
know'st it not.

Come, will you go?

*Hast.* I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III. *Pomfret Castle.*

*Enter* SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF, *with halberds,*  
*carrying* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *to death.*

*Rat.* Come, bring forth the prisoners.

*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:  
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die  
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

*Grey.* God keep the prince from all the pack  
of you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Vaug.* You live that shall cry woe for this here-  
after.

*Rat.* Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.

*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody  
prison,

Fatal and ominous to noble peers! 10

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the Second here was hack'd to death;

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

*Grey.* Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our  
heads,

For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

*Riv.* Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed  
she Buckingham,

Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,  
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!

And for my sister and her princely sons, 20

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,  
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

*Rat.* Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

*Riv.* Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all  
embrace:

And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Tower of London.*

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, *the BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, with others, and take their seats at a table.*

*Hast.* My lords, at once: the cause why we  
are met

Is, to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak: when is the royal day?

*Buck.* Are all things fitting for that royal time?

*Der.* It is, and wants but nomination.

*Ely.* To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

*Buck.* Who knows the lord protector's mind  
herein?

Who is most inward with the royal duke?

*Ely.* Your grace, we think, should soonest  
know his mind.

*Buck.* Who, I, my lord! we know each other's  
faces, 10

But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine,  
Than I of yours;

Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

*Hast.* I thank his grace, I know he loves me  
well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lords, may name the time;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice, 20

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

*Enter* GLOUCESTER.

*Ely.* Now in good time, here comes the duke  
himself.

*Glou.* My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.

I have been long a sleeper; but, I hope,  
My absence doth neglect no great designs,  
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

*Buck.* Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,

William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—

I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

*Glou.* Than my Lord Hastings no man might  
be bolder; 30

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

*Hast.* I thank your grace.

*Glou.* My lord of Ely!

*Ely.* My lord?

*Glou.* When I was last in Holborn,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:  
I do beseech you send for some of them.

*Ely.* Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [Exit.

*Glou.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[Drawing him aside.

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,  
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,  
As he will lose his head ere give consent 40  
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,  
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

*Buck.* Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow you.

[Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following.

*Der.* We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden;  
For I myself am not so well provided  
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

*Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.*

*Ely.* Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.

*Hast.* His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day; 50

There's some conceit or other likes him well,

When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.  
 I think there's never a man in Christendom  
 That can less hide his love or hate than he;  
 For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

*Der.* What of his heart perceive you in his face  
 By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

*Hast.* Marry, that with no man here he is of-  
 fended;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

*Der.* I pray God he be not, I say. 60

*Re-enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM.*

*Glou.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve  
 That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
 Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd  
 Upon my body with their hellish charms?

*Hast.* The tender love I bear your grace, my  
 lord,

Makes me most forward in this noble presence  
 To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be:

I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Glou.* Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:  
 See how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm 70  
 Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
 Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,  
 That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Hast.* If they have done this thing, my gracious  
 lord,—

*Glou.* If! thou protector of this damned  
 strumpet,

Tell'st thou me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor:

Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,  
 I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done: 80

The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff, and Lovel.*]

*Hast.* Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this.

Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;

But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly:

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did  
 stumble,

And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,  
 As loathe to bear me to the slaughter-house.  
 O, now I want the priest that spake to me:  
 I now repent I told the pursuivant, 90  
 As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies,  
 How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,  
 And I myself secure in grace and favor.  
 O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse  
 Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

*Rat.* Despatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:

Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

*Hast.* O momentary grace of mortal men,  
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!  
 Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks,  
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast, 101  
 Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Lov.* Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

*Hast.* O bloody Richard! miserable England!  
 I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee  
 That ever wretched age hath looked upon.  
 Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:  
 They smile at me that shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE V. *The Tower-walls.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armor, marvellous ill-favored.*

*Glou.* Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy color,  
 Murder thy breath in the middle of a word,  
 And then begin again, and stop again,  
 As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

*Buck.* Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;  
 Speak and look back, and pry on every side,  
 Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
 Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks  
 Are at my service, like enforced smiles;  
 And both are ready in their offices, 10  
 At any time, to grace my stratagems,  
 But what, is Catesby gone?



*Glou.* He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

*Enter the Mayor and CATESBY.*

*Buck.* Lord mayor,—

*Glou.* Look to the drawbridge there!

*Buck.* Hark! a drum.

*Glou.* Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

*Buck.* Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—

*Glou.* Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

*Buck.* God and our innocency defend and guard us! 20

*Glou.* Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

*Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head.*

*Lov.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

*Glou.* So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature  
That breathed upon this earth a Christian;  
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded  
The history of all her secret thoughts:  
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,  
That, his apparent open guilt omitted, 30  
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,  
He lived from all attender of suspect.

*Buck.* Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

That ever lived.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,  
Were't not that, by great preservation,  
We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor  
This day had plotted, in the council-house,  
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

*May.* What, had he so? 40

*Glou.* What, think you we are Turks or infidels?  
Or that we would, against the form of law,  
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,  
But that the extreme peril of the case,  
The peace of England and our persons' safety,  
Enforced us to this execution?

*May.* Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;

And you my good lords, both have well proceeded,  
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

I never look'd for better at his hands, 50  
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

*Glou.* Yet had not we determined he should die,  
Until your lordship came to see his death;  
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,  
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:  
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard  
The traitor speak, and timorously confess  
The manner and the purpose of his treason;  
That you might well have signified the same  
Unto the citizens, who haply may 60

Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

*May.* But, my good lord, your grace's word  
shall serve,

As well as I had seen and heard him speak:  
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,  
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens  
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

*Glou.* And to that end we wish'd your lordship  
here,

To avoid the carping censures of the world.

*Buck.* But since you came too late of our in-  
tents,

Yet witness what you hear we did intend: 70  
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Mayor.*

*Glou.* Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.  
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:  
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,  
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:  
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,  
Only for saying he would make his son  
Heir to the crown; meaning indeed his house,  
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.  
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury, 80

And bestial appetite in change of lust;

Which stretched to their servants, daughters,  
wives,

Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,

Without control, listed to make his prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:  
Tell them, when that my mother went with  
child,

Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York  
My princely father then had wars in France;  
And, by just computation of the time,  
Found that the issue was not his begot; 90  
Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:  
But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;  
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

*Buck.* Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator,  
As if the golden fee for which I plead  
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

*Glou.* If you thrive well, bring them to Bay-  
nard's Castle;

Where you shall find me well accompanied 99  
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

*Buck.* I go; and towards three or four o'clock  
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit.*

*Glou.* Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;  
[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them  
both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Now will I in, to take some privy order,  
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;  
And to give notice, that no manner of person  
At any time have recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A street.*

*Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.*

*Scriv.* This is the indictment of the good Lord  
Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,  
That it may this day be read over in Paul's.  
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:  
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,  
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me;  
The precedent was full as long a-doing:

And yet within these five hours lived Lord Hastings,  
 Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.  
 Here's a good world the while! Why, who's so  
 gross, 10  
 That seeth not this palpable device?  
 Yet who's so blind, but says he sees it not?  
 Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,  
 When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.  
 [Exit.

SCENE VII. *Baynard's Castle.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, at several doors.*

*Glou.* How now, my lord, what say the citizens?

*Buck.* Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,  
 The citizens are mum, and speak not a word.

*Glou.* Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

*Buck.* I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,  
 And his contract by deputy in France;  
 The insatiate greediness of his desires,  
 And his enforcement of the city wives;  
 His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,  
 As being got, your father then in France, 10  
 And his resemblance, being not like the duke:  
 Withal I did infer your lineaments,  
 Being the right idea of your father,  
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind;  
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;  
 Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose  
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.  
 And when mine oratory grew to an end, 20  
 I bid them that did love their country's good  
 Cry, 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

*Glou.* Ah! and did they so?

*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake not a  
 word;  
 But, like dumb statues, or breathing stones,  
 Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale.

Which, when I saw, I reprehended them;  
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful  
silence:

His answer was, the people were not wont  
'To be spoke to but by the recorder. 30

Then he was urged to tell my tale again,  
'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd';  
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.

When he had done, some followers of mine own,  
At the lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,  
And some ten voices cried, 'God save King  
Richard!'

And thus I took the vantage of those few,  
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I;  
'This general applause and loving shout 39  
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard.'  
And even here brake off, and came away.

*Glou.* What tongueless blocks were they!  
would they not speak?

*Buck.* No, by my troth, my lord.

*Glou.* Will not the mayor then, and his brethren  
come?

*Buck.* The mayor is here at hand: intend some  
fear;

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:  
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,  
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord;  
For on that ground I'll build a holy descendant:  
And be not easily won to our request: 50  
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

*Glou.* I go; and if you plead as well for them  
As I can say nay to thee for myself,  
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

*Buck.* Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor  
knocks. [Exit Gloucester.

*Enter the Mayor and Citizens.*

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;  
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

*Enter CATESBY.*

Here comes his servant: how now, Catesby  
What says he?

*Cate.* My lord, he doth entreat your grace  
To visit him to-morrow or next day: 60  
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,  
Divinely bent to meditation;  
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,  
To draw him from his holy exercise.

*Buck.* Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again;  
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,  
In deep designs and matters of great moment,  
No less importing than our general good,  
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

*Cate.* I'll tell him what you say, my lord. 70  
[Exit.

*Buck.* Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an  
Edward !  
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,  
But on his knees at meditation;  
Not dallying with a brace of courtesans,  
But meditating with two deep divines:  
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,  
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:  
Happy were England, would this gracious prince  
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:  
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it. 80

*May.* Marry, God forbid his grace should say  
us nay !

*Buck.* I fear he will.

*Re-enter CATESBY.*

How now, Catesby, what says your lord ?

*Cate.* My lord,  
He wonders to what end you have assembled  
Such troops of citizens to speak with him,  
His grace not being warned thereof before:  
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

*Buck.* Sorry I am my noble cousin should  
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:  
By heaven, I come in perfect love to him; 90  
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[Exit Catesby.

When holy and devout religious men  
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,  
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOUCESTER aloft, between two Bishops.*

*CATESBY returns.*

*May.* See, where he stands between two clergy-  
men!

*Buck.* Two props of virtue for a Christian  
prince,

To stay him from the fall of vanity:

And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,

True ornaments to know a holy man.

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince, 100

Lend favorable ears to our request;

And pardon us the interruption

Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

*Glou.* My lord, there needs no such apology:

I rather do beseech you pardon me,

Who, earnest in the service of my God,

Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

*Buck.* Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God  
above,

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle. 110

*Glou.* I do suspect I have done some offence

That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,

And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

*Buck.* You have, my lord: would it might  
please your grace,

At our entreaties, to amend that fault!

*Glou.* Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian  
land?

*Buck.* Then know, it is your fault that you re-  
sign

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,

The scepter'd office of your ancestors,

Your state of fortune and your due of birth, 120

The lineal glory of your royal house,

To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:

Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,

Which here we waken to our country's good,

This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;

Her face defaced with scars of infamy,

Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,

And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf

Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.

Which to recure, we heartily solicit 130  
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
 And kingly government of this your land,  
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,  
 Or lowly factor for another's gain;  
 But as successively from blood to blood,  
 Your right of birth, your empery, your own.  
 For this, consorted with the citizens,  
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,  
 And by their vehement instigation,  
 In this just suit come I to move your grace. 140

*Glou.* I know not whether to depart in silence,  
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
 Best fitteth my degree or your condition:  
 If not to answer, you might haply think  
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded  
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,  
 Which fondly you would here impose on me;  
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,  
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.  
 Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first, 151  
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,  
 Definitively thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert  
 Unmeritable shuns your high request.  
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
 And that my path were even to the crown,  
 As my ripe revenue and due by birth;  
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
 So mighty and so many my defects, 160  
 As I had rather hide me from my greatness,  
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,  
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
 And in the vapor of my glory smother'd.  
 But, God be thanked, there's no need of me,  
 And much I need to help you, if need were;  
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
 Will well become the seat of majesty,  
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign. 170  
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,  
 The right and fortune of his happy stars:



Which God defend that I should wring from him !

*Buck.* My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
All circumstances well considered.

You say that Edward is your brother's son:

So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;

For first he was contract to Lady Lucy—

Your mother lives a witness to that vow— 180

And afterward by substitute betroth'd

To Bona, sister to the King of France.

These both put by, a poor petitioner,

A care-crazed mother of a many children,

A beauty-waning and distressed widow,

Even in the afternoon of her best days,

Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye,

Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts

To base declension and loathed bigamy:

By her, in his unlawful bed, he got 190

This Edward, whom our manners term the prince,

More bitterly could I expostulate,

Save that, for reverence to some alive,

I give a sparing limit to my tongue.

Then, good my lord, take to your royal self

This proffer'd benefit of dignity;

If not to bless us and the land withal,

Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry

From the corruption of abusing times,

Unto a lineal true-derived course. 200

*May.* Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat  
you.

*Buck.* Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd  
love.

*Cate.* O, make them joyful, grant their lawful  
suit !

*Glou.* Alas, why would you heap these cares on  
me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty:

I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

*Buck.* If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,  
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;

As well we know your tenderness of heart      210  
 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,  
 Which we have noted in you to your kin,  
 And egally indeed to all estates,—  
 Yet whether you accept our suit or no,  
 Your brother's son shall never reign our king;  
 But we will plant some other in the throne,  
 To the disgrace and downfall of your house:  
 And in this resolution here we leave you.—  
 Come, citizens: 'zounds! I'll entreat no more.

*Glou.* O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[*Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.*]

*Cate.* Call them again, my lord, and accept  
 their suit.      221

*Another.* Do, good my lord, lest all the land do  
 rue it.

*Glou.* Would you enforce me to a world of care?  
 Well, call them again. I am not made of stone,  
 But penetrable to your kind entreats,  
 Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,  
 Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
 To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,  
 I must have patience to endure the load:      230  
 But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach  
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me  
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof;  
 For God he knows, and you may partly see,  
 How far I am from the desire thereof.

*May.* God bless your grace! we see it, and  
 will say it.

*Glou.* In saying so, you shall but say the  
 truth.

*Buck.* Then I salute you with this kingly title:  
 Long live Richard, England's royal king!      240

*May. and Cit.* Amen.

*Buck.* To-morrow will it please you to be  
 crown'd?

*Glou.* Even when you please, since you will  
 have it so.

*Buck.* To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

*Glou.* Come, let us to our holy task again.  
Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *Before the Tower.*

*Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and MARQUESS OF DORSET; on the other, ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young Daughter.*

*Duch.* Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet  
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?  
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,  
On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.  
Daughter, well met.

*Anne.* God give your graces both  
A happy and a joyful time of day!

*Q. Eliz.* As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

*Anne.* No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there. 10

*Q. Eliz.* Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together.

*Enter BRAKENBURY.*

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.  
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,  
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

*Brak.* Right well, dear madam. By your patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them;  
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.

*Q. Eliz.* The king! why, who's that?

*Brak.* I cry you mercy: I mean the lord protector.

*Q. Eliz.* The Lord protect him from that kingly  
title! 20

Hath he set bonds betwixt their love and me?  
I am their mother; who should keep me from  
them?

*Duch.* I am their father's mother; I will see  
them.

*Anne.* Their aunt I am in law, in love their  
mother:

Then bring me to their sights: I'll bear thy blame,  
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

*Brak.* No, madam, no: I may not leave it so:  
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter LORD STANLEY.*

*Stan.* Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour  
hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother, 30  
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.

[*To Anne*] Come, madam, you must straight to  
Westminster,

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

*Q. Eliz.* O, cut my lace in sunder, that my  
pent heart

May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon  
With this dead-killing news!

*Anne.* Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

*Dor.* Be of good cheer: mother, how fares  
your grace?

*Q. Eliz.* O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee  
hence!

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels; 40  
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,  
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:  
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,  
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;  
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,  
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

*Stan.* Full of wise care is this your counsel,  
madam.

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;

You shall have letters from me to my son 50  
To meet you on the way, and welcome you.  
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

*Duch.* O ill-dispersing wind of misery !  
O my accursed womb, the bed of death !  
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,  
Whose unavowed eye is murderous.

*Stan.* Come, madam, come; I in all haste was  
sent.

*Anne.* And I in all unwillingness will go.  
I would to God that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal that must round my brow 60  
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,  
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen !

*Q. Eliz.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;  
To feed my humor, wish thyself no harm.

*Anne.* No ! why ? When he that is my hus-  
band now

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,  
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his  
hands

Which issued from my other angel husband  
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;  
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face, 71  
This was my wish: 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accursed,  
For making me, so young, so old a widow !  
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;  
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—

As miserable by the life of thee  
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !'

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words 80  
And proved the subject of my own soul's curse,  
Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest;  
For never yet one hour in his bed  
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,  
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.  
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;  
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

*Q. Eliz.* Poor heart, adieu ! I pity thy com-  
plaining.

*Anne.* No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

*Q. Eliz.* Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory ! 90

*Anne.* Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it !

*Duch.* [*To Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee !

[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee !

[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee !

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !  
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen

*Q. Eliz.* Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes  
Whom envy hath immured within your walls !

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones ! 102

Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow

For tender princes, use my babies well !

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *London. The palace.*

*Sennet.* Enter RICHARD, in pomp, crowned;  
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

*K. Rich.* Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham !

*Buck.* My gracious sovereign ?

*K. Rich.* Give me thy hand. [*Here he ascendeth his throne.*] Thus high, by thy advice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:

But shall we wear these honors for a day ?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

*Buck.* Still live they and forever may they last !

*K. Rich.* O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To try if thou be current gold indeed:

Young Edward lives: think now what I would say.

*Buck.* Say on, my loving lord. II

*K. Rich.* Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

*Buck.* Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

*K. Rich.* Ha ! am I king ? 'tis so : but Edward lives.

*Buck.* True, noble prince.

*K. Rich.* O bitter consequence,  
That Edward still should live ! 'True, noble prince !'

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull ;  
Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;  
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What sayest thou ? speak suddenly ; be brief. 20

*Buck.* Your grace may do your pleasure.

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth :

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die ?

*Buck.* Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,

Before I positively speak herein :

I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit.*

*Cate.* [*Aside to a stander by*] The king is angry :  
see, he bites the lip.

*K. Rich.* I will converse with iron-witted fools

And unrespective boys : none are for me

That look into me with considerate eyes : 30

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy !

*Page.* My lord ?

*K. Rich.* Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death ?

*Page.* My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,

Whose humble means match not his haughty mind :

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing. 39

*K. Rich.* What is his name ?

*Page.* His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

*K. Rich.* I partly know the man: go, call him  
hither. [*Exit Page.*]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham  
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsel:  
Hath he so long held out with me untired,  
And stops he now for breath?

*Enter STANLEY.*

How now! what news with you?

*Stan.* My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's  
fled

To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea  
Where he abides. [*Stands apart.*]

*K. Rich.* Catesby!

*Cate.* My lord? 50

*K. Rich.* Rumor it abroad

That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die:  
I will take order for her keeping close.  
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,  
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:  
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.  
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out  
That Anne my wife is sick and like to die:  
About it; for it stands me much upon, 59  
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.  
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!  
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in  
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:  
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

*Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.*

Is thy name Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* James Tyrrel, and your most obedient  
subject.

*K. Rich.* Art thou, indeed?

*Tyr.* Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

*K. Rich.* Darest thou resolve to kill a friend  
of mine? 70

*Tyr.* Ay, my lord;  
But I had rather kill two enemies.



*K. Rich.* Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers  
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:  
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

*Tyr.* Let me have open means to come to them,  
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

*K. Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark  
come hither, Tyrrel:

Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear: 8*e*  
[*Whispers*

There is no more but so: say it is done,  
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

*Tyr.* 'Tis done, my gracious lord.

*K. Rich.* Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere  
we sleep?

*Tyr.* Ye shall, my lord. [Exit.

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*Buck.* My lord, I have consider'd in my mind  
The late demand that you did sound me in.

*K. Rich.* Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to  
Richmond.

*Buck.* I hear that news, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, he is your wife's son: well,  
look to it. 9*o*

*Buck.* My lord, I claim your gift, my due by  
promise,

For which your honor and your faith is pawn'd;  
The earldom of Hereford and the movables  
The which you promised I should possess.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, look to your wife: if she  
convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

*Buck.* What says your highness to my just de-  
mand?

*K. Rich.* As I remember, Henry the Sixth  
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,  
When Richmond was a little peevish boy. 100  
A king, perhaps, perhaps,—

*Buck.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* How chance the prophet could not at  
that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

*Buck.* My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

*K. Rich.* Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,  
And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started  
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,  
I should not live long after I saw Richmond. 110

*Buck.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* Ay, what's o'clock?

*Buck.* I am thus bold to put your grace in mind  
Of what you promised me.

*K. Rich.* Well, but what's o'clock?

*Buck.* Upon the stroke of ten.

*K. Rich.* Well, let it strike.

*Buck.* Why let it strike?

*K. Rich.* Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st  
the stroke

Between thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

*Buck.* Why, then resolve me whether you will  
or no. 120

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut,

Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham.*]

*Buck.* Is it even so? rewards he my true service  
With such contempt? made I him king for this?  
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone  
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III. *The same.*

*Enter TYRREL.*

*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,  
The most arch act of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,  
Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody  
dogs,  
Meiting with tenderness and kind compassion  
Wept like two children in their death's sad stories,

'Lo, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes:'

'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another  
Within their innocent alabaster arms: 11

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.

A book of prayers on their pillow lay;  
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my  
mind;

But O! the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;  
Whilst Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered  
The most replenished sweet work of nature,  
'That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'  
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse;  
They could not speak; and so I left them both,  
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.  
And here he comes.

*Enter KING RICHARD.*

All hail, my sovereign liege!

*K. Rich.* Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

*Tyr.* If to have done the thing you gave in  
charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
For it is done, my lord.

*K. Rich.* But didst thou see them dead?

*Tyr.* I did; my lord.

*K. Rich.* And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* The chaplain of the Tower hath buried  
them;

But how or in what place I do not know. 30

*K. Rich.* Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after  
supper,

And thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,  
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till soon.

*[Exit Tyrrel.]*

The son of Clarence have I pent up close;  
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;  
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,  
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.  
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims 40  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,

And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown,  
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cate.* My lord !

*K. Rich.* Good news or bad, that thou comest  
in so bluntly ?

*Cate.* Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

*K. Rich.* Ely with Richmond troubles me more  
near

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army. 50

Come, I have heard that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !

Come, muster men: my counsel is my shield;

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

*[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE IV. *Before the palace.*

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET.*

*Q. Mar.* So, now prosperity begins to mellow

And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,

To watch the waning of mine adversaries.

A dire induction am I witness to,

And will to France, hoping the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.

Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes  
here ?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS  
OF YORK.*

*Q. Eliz.* Ah, my young princes ! ah, my tender  
babes !

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets ! 10

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air

And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,  
 Hover about me with your airy wings,  
 And hear your mother's lamentation !

*Q. Mar.* Hover about her; say, that right for  
 right

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

*Duch.* So many miseries have crazed my voice,  
 That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb.  
 Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

*Q. Mar.* Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.  
 Edward for Edward pays a dying debt. 21

*Q. Eliz.* Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle  
 lambs,  
 And throw them in the entrails of the wolf ?  
 When didst thou sleep when such a deed was  
 done ?

*Q. Mar.* When holy Harry died, and my sweet  
 son.

*Duch.* Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living  
 ghost,  
 Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life  
 usurp'd,  
 Brief abstract and record of tedious days,  
 Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*  
 Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood ! 30

*Q. Eliz.* O, that thou wouldst as well afford a  
 grave

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat !  
 Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.  
 O, who hath any cause to mourn but I ?

[*Sitting down by her.*  
*Q. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverend,  
 Give mine the benefit of seniory,  
 And let my woes frown on the upper hand.  
 If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sitting down with them.*  
 Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:  
 I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him; 40  
 I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:  
 Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd  
 him;  
 Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

*Duch.* I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;

I had a Rutland, too, thou holp'st to kill him.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept  
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:  
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,  
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood, 50  
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,  
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,  
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,  
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.  
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,  
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur  
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,  
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan !

*Duch.* O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes !  
God witness with me, I have wept for thine. 60

*Q. Mar.* Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.  
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;  
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;  
Young York he is but boot, because both they  
Match not the high perfection of my loss:  
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward;  
And the beholders of this tragic play,  
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,  
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. 70  
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,  
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls  
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,  
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:  
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,  
To have him suddenly convey'd away.  
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
That I may live to say, The dog is dead !

*Q. Eliz.* O, thou didst prophesy the time would come

That I should wish for thee to help me curse 80  
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd  
toad !

*Q. Mar.* I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;  
 The presentation of but what I was;  
 The flattering index of a direful pageant:  
 One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below;  
 A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes;  
 A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,  
 A sign of dignity, a garish flag,  
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot; 90  
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.  
 Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?

Where are thy children? wherein dost thou joy?  
 Who sues to thee and cries 'God save the queen'?  
 Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?  
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?  
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art:  
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow;  
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name;  
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care; 100  
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;  
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;  
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;  
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.  
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,  
 And left thee but a very prey to time;  
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,  
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.  
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not  
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow? 110  
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke,

From which even here I slip my weary neck,  
 And leave the burthen of it all on thee.  
 Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:  
 These English woes will make me smile in France.

*Q. Eliz.* O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

*Q. Mar.* Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the day;

Compare dead happiness with living woe;

Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,  
 And he that slew them fouler than he is: 121  
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:  
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

*Q. Eliz.* My words are dull; O, quicken them  
 with thine!

*Q. Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and  
 pierce like mine. [Exit.

*Duch.* Why should calamity be full of words?

*Q. Eliz.* Windy attorneys to their client  
 woes,

Airy succeeders of intestate joys,

Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they do impart  
 Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart. 131

*Duch.* If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with  
 me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother  
 My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smoth-  
 er'd.

I hear his drum: be copious in exclaims.

*Enter KING RICHARD, marching, with drums and  
 trumpets.*

*K. Rich.* Who intercepts my expedition?

*Duch.* O, she that might have intercepted thee,  
 By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
 From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast  
 done!

*Q. Eliz.* Hidest thou that forehead with a golden  
 crown, 140

Where should be graven, if that right were right,  
 The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,  
 And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?  
 Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

*Duch.* Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy  
 brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

*Q. Eliz.* Where is kind Hastings, Rivers,  
 Vaughan, Grey?

*K. Rich.* A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum,  
 drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women



Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say ! 150  
 [Flourish. Alarums.

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,  
 Or with the clamorous report of war  
 Thus will I drown your exclamations.

*Duch.* Art thou my son ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, I thank God, my father and yourself.

*Duch.* Then patiently hear my impatience.

*K. Rich.* Madam, I have a touch of your condition,

Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

*Duch.* O, let me speak !

*K. Rich.* Do, then; but I'll not hear. 159.

*Duch.* I will be mild and gentle in my speech.

*K. Rich.* And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

*Duch.* Art thou so hasty ? I have stay'd for thee,

God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

*K. Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you ?

*Duch.* No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,

Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous, 170

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever graced me in thy company ?

*K. Rich.* Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace

To breakfast once forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Strike up the drum.

*Duch.* I prithee, hear me speak.

*K. Rich.* You speak too bitterly.

*Duch.* Hear me a word; 180  
For I shall never speak to thee again.

*K. Rich.* So.

*Duch.* Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,  
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,  
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish  
And never look upon thy face again.  
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;  
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more  
Than all the complete armor that thou wear'st!  
My prayers on the adverse party fight; 190  
And there the little souls of Edward's children  
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies  
And promise them success and victory.  
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;  
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*

*Q. Eliz.* Though far more cause, yet much less  
spirit to curse  
Abides in me; I say amen to all.

*K. Rich.* Stay, madam; I must speak a word  
with you.

*Q. Eliz.* I have no more sons of the royal blood  
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,  
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;  
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

*K. Rich.* You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,  
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

*Q. Eliz.* And must she die for this? O, let  
her live,  
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;  
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;  
Throw over her the veil of infamy:  
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter  
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

*K. Rich.* Wrong not her birth, she is of royal  
blood.

*Q. Eliz.* To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

*K. Rich.* Her life is only safest in her birth.

*Q. Eliz.* And only in that safety died her  
brothers,

*K. Rich.* Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

*Q. Eliz.* No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

*K. Rich.* All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

*Q. Eliz.* True, when avoided grace makes destiny:

My babes were destined to a fairer death,  
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life. 220

*K. Rich.* You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

*Q. Eliz.* Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.  
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,  
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:  
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt  
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,  
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.  
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,  
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;  
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,  
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,  
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

*K. Rich.* Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise  
And dangerous success of bloody wars,  
As I intend more good to you and yours  
Than ever you or yours were by me wrong'd!

*Q. Eliz.* What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good? 240

*K. Rich.* The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

*Q. Eliz.* Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

*K. Rich.* No, to the dignity and height of honor,

The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

*Q. Eliz.* Flatter my sorrows with report of it;  
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honor,  
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

*K. Rich.* Even all I have; yea, and myself and all,  
 Will I withal endow a child of thine;  
 So in the Lethe of thy angry soul 250  
 Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs  
 Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

*Q. Eliz.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness  
 Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

*K. Rich.* Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

*Q. Eliz.* My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

*K. Rich.* What do you think?

*Q. Eliz.* That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:  
 So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers; 259

And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

*K. Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,  
 And mean to make her queen of England.

*Q. Eliz.* Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

*K. Rich.* Even he that makes her queen: who should be else?

*Q. Eliz.* What, thou?

*K. Rich.* I, even I: what think you of it, madam?

*Q. Eliz.* How canst thou woo her?

*K. Rich.* That would I learn of you,  
 As one that are best acquainted with her humor.

*Q. Eliz.* And wilt thou learn of me?

*K. Rich.* Madam, with all my heart. 270

*Q. Eliz.* Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave  
 Edward and York; then haply she will weep:  
 Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret  
 Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood, —  
 A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain  
 The purple sap from her sweet brother's body.

And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.  
 If this inducement force her not to love,  
 Send her a story of thy noble acts; 280  
 Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,  
 Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,  
 Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt  
 Anne.

*K. Rich.* Come, come, you mock me; this is  
 not the way  
 To win your daughter.

*Q. Eliz.* There is no other way;  
 Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,  
 And not be Richard that hath done all this.

*K. Rich.* Say that I did all this for love of her.

*Q. Eliz.* Nay, then indeed she cannot choose  
 but hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil. 290

*K. Rich.* Look, what is done cannot be now  
 amended:

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
 Which after hours give leisure to repent.  
 If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
 To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.  
 If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,  
 To quicken your increase, I will beget  
 Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:  
 A grandam's name is little less in love  
 Than is the doting title of a mother; 300  
 They are as children but one step below,  
 Even of your mettle, of your very blood;  
 Of all one pain, save for a night of groans  
 Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.  
 Your children were vexation to your youth,  
 But mine shall be a comfort to your age.  
 The loss you have is but a son being king,  
 And by that loss your daughter is made queen.  
 I cannot make you what amends I would,  
 Therefore accept such kindness as I can. 310  
 Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul  
 Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,  
 This fair alliance quickly shall call home  
 To high promotions and great dignity:  
 The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;  
 Again shall you be mother to a king,  
 And all the ruins of distressful times  
 Repair'd with double riches of content.  
 What ! we have many goodly days to see: 320  
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed  
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,  
 Advantaging their loan with interest  
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.  
 Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go;  
 Make bold her bashful years with your experi-  
 ence;

Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;  
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame  
 Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess  
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys: 330  
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised  
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,  
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come  
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;  
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,  
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

*Q. Eliz.* What were I best to say ? her father's  
 brother

Would be her lord ? or shall I say, her uncle ?  
 Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles ?  
 Under what title shall I woo for thee, 340  
 That God, the law, my honor and her love,  
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

*K. Rich.* Infer fair England's peace by this  
 alliance.

*Q. Eliz.* Which she shall purchase with still  
 lasting war.

*K. Rich.* Say that the king, which may com-  
 mand, entreats.

*Q. Eliz.* That at her hands which the king's  
 King forbids.

*K. Rich.* Say, she shall be a high and mighty  
 queen.

*Q. Eliz.* To wail the title, as her mother doth.

*K. Rich.* Say, I will love her everlastingly.

*Q. Eliz.* But how long shall that title 'ever'  
 last ? 350

*K. Rich.* Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

*Q. Eliz.* But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

*K. Rich.* So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

*Q. Eliz.* So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

*K. Rich.* Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

*Q. Eliz.* But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

*K. Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

*Q. Eliz.* An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

*K. Rich.* Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

*Q. Eliz.* Plain and not honest is too harsh a style. 360

*K. Rich.* Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

*Q. Eliz.* O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.

*K. Rich.* Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

*Q. Eliz.* Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

*K. Rich.* Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

*Q. Eliz.* Profaned, dishonor'd, and the third usurp'd.

*K. Rich.* I swear—

*Q. Eliz.* By nothing; for this is no oath:  
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honor;  
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;  
The crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory.  
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,  
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

*K. Rich.* Now, by the world,—

*Q. Eliz.* 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

*K. Rich.* My father's death—

*Q. Eliz.* Thy life hath that dishonor'd.

*K. Rich.* Then, by myself—

*Q. Eliz.* Thyself thyself misusest.

*K. Rich.* Why, then, by God—

*Q. Eliz.* God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,  
The unity the king thy brother made  
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain: 380  
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,  
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,  
Had graced the tender temples of my child,  
And both the princes had been breathing here,  
Which, now, two tender playfellows for dust,  
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.  
What canst thou swear by now?

*K. Rich.* The time to come.

*Q. Eliz.* That thou hast wronged in the time  
o'erpast;

For I myself have many tears to wash 389  
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.  
The children live, whose parents thou hast  
slaughter'd,  
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;  
The parents live, whose children thou hast  
butcher'd,

Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.  
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast  
Misused ere this, by time misused o'erpast.

*K. Rich.* As I intend to prosper and repent,  
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt  
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!  
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours! 400  
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!  
Be opposite all planets of good luck  
To my proceedings, if with pure heart's love,  
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,  
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!  
In her consists my happiness and thine;  
Without her, follows to this land and me,  
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,  
Death, desolation, ruin and decay:  
It cannot be avoided but by this; 410  
It will not be avoided but by this;  
Therefore, good mother,—I must call you so—



Be the attorney of my love to her:  
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been;  
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:  
 Urge the necessity and state of times,  
 And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I forget myself to be myself?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong  
 yourself. 421

*Q. Eliz.* But thou didst kill my children.

*K. Rich.* But in your daughter's womb I bury  
 them:

Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed  
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

*K. Rich.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

*Q. Eliz.* I go. Write to me very shortly,  
 And you shall understand from me her mind.

*K. Rich.* Bear her my true love's kiss; and so,  
 farewell. [*Exit Queen Elizabeth.* 430

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

*Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.*

How now! what news?

*Rat.* My gracious sovereign, on the western  
 coast

Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore  
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,  
 Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back:  
 'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;  
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
 Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

*K. Rich.* Some light-foot friend post to the  
 Duke of Norfolk: 440

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?

*Cate.* Here, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Fly to the duke: [*To Ratcliff*] Post  
 thou to Salisbury:

When thou comest thither,—[*To Catesby*] Dull,  
 unmindful villain,

Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the  
 duke?

*Cate.* First, mighty sovereign, let me know your mind,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

*K. Rich.* O, true, good Catesby: bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meet me presently at Salisbury. 450

*Cate.* I go.

[*Exit.*

*Rat.* What is't your highness' pleasure I shall do  
At Salisbury?

*K. Rich.* Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

*Rat.* Your highness told me I should post before.

*K. Rich.* My mind is changed, sir, my mind is changed.

*Enter LORD STANLEY.*

How now, what news with you?

*Stan.* None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

*K. Rich.* Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad! 460

Why dost thou run so many mile about,  
When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?  
Once more, what news?

*Stan.* Richmond is on the seas.

*K. Rich.* There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

*Stan.* I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

*K. Rich.* Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?

*Stan.* Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,

He makes for England, there to claim the crown.

*K. Rich.* Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd? 470

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea?

*Stan.* Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

*K. Rich.* Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.  
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

*Stan.* No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

*K. Rich.* Where is thy power, then, to beat him back? 480

Where are thy tenants and thy followers?  
Are they not now upon the western shore,  
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

*Stan.* No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

*K. Rich.* Cold friends to Richard: what do they in the north,  
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

*Stan.* They have not been commanded, mighty sovereign:

Please it your majesty to give me leave,  
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace  
Where and what time your majesty shall please.

*K. Rich.* Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond: 491

I will not trust you, sir.

*Stan.* Most mighty sovereign,  
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:

I never was nor never will be false.

*K. Rich.* Well,  
Go muster men; but, hear you, leave behind  
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,  
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

*Stan.* So deal with him as I prove true to you.  
[Exit.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire, 500  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate  
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,  
With many moe confederates, are in arms.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sec. Mess.* My liege, in Kent the Guildfords  
are in arms;  
And every hour more competitors  
Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Third Mess.* My lord, the army of the Duke of  
Buckingham—

*K. Rich.* Out on you, owls! nothing but songs  
of death? *[He striketh him.]*

Take that, until thou bring me better news. 510

*Third Mess.* The news I have to tell your  
majesty

Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd;  
And he himself wander'd away alone,  
No man knows whither.

*K. Rich.* I cry thee mercy:  
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.  
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd  
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

*Third Mess.* Such proclamation hath been  
made, my liege.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Fourth Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord  
Marquis Dorset, 520

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.  
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,  
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest:  
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat  
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks  
If they were his assistants, yea or no;  
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham  
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,  
Hoised sail, and made away for Brittany.

*K. Rich.* March on, march on, since we are up  
in arms; 530

If not to fight with foreign enemies,  
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

*Re-enter CATESBY.*

*Cate.* My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is  
taken;

That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond  
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,  
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

*K. Rich.* Away towards Salisbury! while we  
reason here,  
A royal battle might be won and lost:  
Some one take order Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury: the rest march on with me. 540  
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Lord Derby's house.*

*Enter DERBY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.*

*Der.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from  
me:  
That in the sty of this most bloody boar  
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:  
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;  
The fear of that withholds my present aid.  
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

*Chris.* At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in  
Wales.

*Der.* What men of name resort to him?

*Chris.* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;  
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley; 10  
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,  
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;  
And many moe of noble fame and worth:  
And towards London they do bend their course,  
If by the way they be not fought withal.

*Der.* Return unto thy lord; commend me to  
him:  
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented  
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.  
These letters will resolve him of my mind.  
Farewell. [*Exeunt.* 20

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Salisbury. An open place.*

*Enter the Sheriff, and BUCKINGHAM, with halberds,  
led to execution.*

*Buck.* Will not King Richard let me speak with  
him?

*Sher.* No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

*Buck.* Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers,  
Grey,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,  
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried  
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,  
If that your moody discontented souls  
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,  
Even for revenge mock my destruction!  
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not? 10

*Sher.* It is, my lord.

*Buck.* Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's  
doomsday.

This is the day that, in King Edward's time,  
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found  
False to his children or his wife's allies;  
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall  
By the false faith of him I trusted most;  
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul  
Is the determined respite of my wrongs:  
That high All-Seer that I dallied with 20  
Hath turn'd my feign'd prayer on my head,  
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.  
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men  
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:  
Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head;  
'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with  
sorrow,  
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'  
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;  
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of  
blame. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The camp near Tamworth.*

*Enter* RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, HERBERT, *and*  
*others, with drum and colors.*

*Richm.* Fellows in arms, and my most loving  
friends,

Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we march'd on without impediment.  
And here receive we from our father Stanley

Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.  
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,  
 That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful  
     vines,  
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his  
     trough  
 In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine 10  
 Lies now even in the centre of this isle,  
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:  
 From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.  
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,  
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

*Oxf.* Every man's conscience is a thousand  
     swords,

To fight against that bloody homicide.

*Herb.* I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

*Blunt.* He hath no friends but who are friends  
     for fear, 20

Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

*Richm.* All for our vantage. Then, in God's  
     name, march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;  
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *Bosworth field.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD *in arms, with* NORFOLK, *the*  
 EARL OF SURREY, *and others.*

*K. Rich.* Here pitch our tents, even here in  
     Bosworth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

*Sur.* My heart is ten times lighter than my  
     looks.

*K. Rich.* My Lord of Norfolk,—

*Nor.* Here, most gracious liege.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha!  
     must we not?

*Nor.* We must both give and take, my gracious  
     lord.

*K. Rich.* Up with my tent there! here will I  
     lie to-night;

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.  
Who hath descried the number of the foe?

*Nor.* Six or seven thousand is their utmost  
power. 10

*K. Rich.* Why, our battalion trebles that account:  
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,  
Which they upon the adverse party want.  
Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,  
Let us survey the vantage of the field;  
Call for some men of sound direction:  
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;  
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR  
WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and others. Some  
of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.*

*Richm.* The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
And, by the bright track of his fiery car, 20  
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.  
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.  
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:  
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,  
Limit each leader to his several charge,  
And part in just proportion our small strength.  
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,  
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.  
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:  
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,  
And by the second hour in the morning 31  
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:  
Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou  
go'st,

Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?

*Blunt.* Unless I have mista'en his colors much,  
Which well I am assured I have not done,  
His regiment lies half a mile at least  
South from the mighty power of the king.

*Richm.* If without peril it be possible, 39  
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him  
And give him from me this most needful scroll.

*Blunt.* Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake  
it;  
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night,



*Richm.* Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,  
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business:  
In to our tent; the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

*Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, CATESBY, and others.*

*K. Rich.* What is't o'clock?

*Cate.* It's supper time, my lord;  
It's nine o'clock.

*K. Rich.* I will not sup to-night.  
Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was? 50  
And all my armor laid into my tent?

*Cate.* It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

*K. Rich.* Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;  
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

*Nor.* I go, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

*Nor.* I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*K. Rich.* Catesby!

*Cate.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Send out a pursuivant at arms  
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power  
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall 61  
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.  
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.  
Look that my staves be sound and not too heavy,  
Ratcliff!

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord  
Northumberland?

*Rat.* Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,  
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop  
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

*K. Rich.* So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl  
of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.  
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

*Rat.* It is, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Bid my guard watch; leave me.  
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent  
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

[*Exeunt Ratcliff and the other Attendants.*]

*Enter DERBY to RICHMOND in his tent, Lords and others attending.*

*Der.* Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

*Richm.* All comfort that the dark night can  
afford 80

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

*Der.* I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,  
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:  
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.  
In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—  
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,  
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement  
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war. 90

I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—

With best advantage will deceive the time,  
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:

But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,  
Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time

Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love

And ample interchange of sweet discourse,

Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon;

God give us leisure for these rites of love! 110

Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!

*Richm.* Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:  
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,  
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,  
When I should mount with wings of victory:  
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt all but Richmond.*]

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,  
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;

Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath, 110  
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall  
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries !  
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,  
 That we may praise thee in the victory !  
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:  
 Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still ! [*Sleeps.*]

*Enter the Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to HENRY the Sixth.*

*Ghost.* [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy  
 soul to-morrow !  
 Think, how thou stabb'st me in my prime of youth  
 At Tewsbury: despair, therefore, and die ! 120  
 [*To Richmond*] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the  
 wronged souls  
 Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:  
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

*Enter the Ghost of HENRY the Sixth.*

*Ghost.* [*To Richard*] When I was mortal, my  
 anointed body  
 By thee was punched full of deadly holes:  
 Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die !  
 Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die !  
 [*To Richmond*] Virtuous and holy, be thou con-  
 queror !  
 Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,  
 Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and flourish !

*Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE.*

*Ghost.* [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy  
 soul to-morrow ! 131  
 I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,  
 Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death !  
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
 And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die !—  
 [*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of  
 Lancaster,  
 The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee:  
 Good angels guard thy battle ! live, and flourish !

*Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN.*

*Ghost of R. [To Richard]* Let me sit heavy on  
thy soul to morrow,

Rivers, that died at Pomfret ! despair, and die !

*Ghost of G. [To Richard]* Think upon Grey,  
and let thy soul despair ! 141

*Ghost of V. [To Richard]* Think upon Vaughan,  
and, with guilty fear,

Let fall thy lance: despair, and die !

*All. [To Richmond]* Awake, and think out  
wrongs in Richard's bosom

Will conquer him ! awake, and win the day !

*Enter the Ghost of HASTINGS.*

*Ghost. [To Richard]* Bloody and guilty, guilt-  
ily awake,

And in a bloody battle end thy days !

Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die !

*[To Richmond]* Quiet untroubled soul, awake,  
awake !

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

*Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.*

*Ghosts. [To Richard]* Dream on thy cousins  
smother'd in the Tower: 151

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die !

*[To Richmond]* Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace,  
and wake in joy;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !

Live, and beget a happy race of kings !

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*'Enter the Ghost of LADY ANNE.*

*Ghost. [To Richard]* Richard, thy wife, that  
wretched Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee, 160

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die !

*[To Richmond]* Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a  
quiet sleep;

Dream of success and happy victory !  
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

*Enter the Ghost of BUCKINGHAM.*

*Ghost.* [*To Richard*] The first was I that  
helped thee to the crown;  
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:  
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,  
And die in terror of thy guiltiness ! 170  
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:  
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath !  
[*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend  
thee aid:

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd;  
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;  
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts  
out of his dream.*]

*K. Rich.* Give me another horse: bind up my  
wounds.

Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ! I did but dream.  
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !  
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.  
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
What do I fear ? myself ? there's none else by:  
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.  
Is there a murderer here ? No. Yes, I am:  
Then fly. What, from myself ? Great reason  
why:

Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself ?  
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good  
That I myself have done unto myself ?  
O, no ! alas, I rather hate myself  
For hateful deeds committed by myself ! 190  
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.  
Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.  
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain.  
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;  
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;  
All several sins, all used in each degree,  
Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty ! guilty !

I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;  
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me: 201  
 Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself  
 Find in myself no pity to myself?  
 Methought the souls of a'l that I had murder'd  
 Came to my tent; and every one did threat  
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

*Enter RATCLIFF.*

*Rat.* My lord!

*K. Rich.* 'Zounds! who is there?

*Rat.* Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early vil-  
 lage-cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn; 210  
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armor.

*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful  
 dream!

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all  
 true?

*Rat.* No doubt, my lord.

*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

*Rat.* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of  
 shadows.

*K. Rich.* By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard  
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers  
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.  
 It is not yet near day. Come, go with me; 220  
 Under our tents I'll play the eavesdropper,  
 To see if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the Lords to RICHMOND, sitting in his tent.*

*Lords.* Good morrow, Richmond!

*Richm.* Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentle-  
 men,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

*Lords.* How have you slept, my lord?

*Richm.* The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding  
 dreams

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,

Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard  
 murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cried on victory:  
 I promise you, my soul is very jocund  
 In the remembrance of so fair a dream.  
 How far into the morning is it, lords?

*Lords.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Richm.* Why, then 'tis time to arm and give  
 direction.

*His oration to his soldiers.*

More than I have said, loving countrymen,  
 The leisure and enforcement of the time  
 Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,  
 God and our good cause fight upon our side; 240  
 The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,  
 Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;  
 Richard except, those whom we fight against  
 Had rather have us win than him they follow:  
 For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,  
 A bloody tyrant and a homicide;  
 One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;  
 One that made means to come by what he hath,  
 And slaughter'd those that were the means to help  
 him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil 250  
 Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;  
 One that hath ever been God's enemy:  
 Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
 God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;  
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;  
 If you do fight against your country's foes,  
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;  
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;  
 If you do free your children from the sword, 261  
 Your children's children quit it in your age.  
 Then, in the name of God and all these rights,  
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.  
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold  
 face;

But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt  
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.

Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully:  
God and Saint George ! Richmond and victory !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter* KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants*  
*and Forces.*

*K. Rich.* What said Northumberland as touching Richmond ?

*Rat.* That he was never trained up in arms.

*K. Rich.* He said the truth: and what said Surrey then ?

*Rat.* He smiled and said, 'The better for our purpose.'

*K. Rich.* He was in the right: and so indeed it is. [Clock striketh.

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.

Who saw the sun to-day ?

*Rat.* Not I, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Then he disdains to shine; for by the book

He should have braved the east an hour ago:

A black day will it be to somebody. 280

Ratcliff !

*Rat.* My lord ?

*K. Rich.* The sun will not be seen to-day:  
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.  
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.  
Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me  
More than to Richmond ? for the selfsame heaven  
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

*Enter* NORFOLK.

*Nor.* Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

*K. Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle; caparison my horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain, 291

And thus my battle shall be ordered:

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst:

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,



Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.  
 'They thus directed, we will follow  
 In the main battle, whose puissance on either side  
 Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse. 300  
 'This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st  
 thou, Norfolk?

*Nor.* A good direction, warlike sovereign.  
 This found I on my tent this morning.

[*He showeth him a paper.*]

*K. Rich.* [*Reads*] 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not  
 too bold,  
 For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'  
 A thing devised by the enemy.  
 Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:  
 Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:  
 Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
 Devised at first to keep the strong in awe: 310  
 Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our  
 law.  
 March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;  
 If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

*His oration to his army.*

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?  
 Remember whom you are to cope withal:  
 A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,  
 A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,  
 Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth  
 To desperate ventures and assured destruction.  
 You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest; 320  
 You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,  
 They would restrain the one, distain the other.  
 And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,  
 Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?  
 A milk-sop, one that never in his life  
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?  
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;  
 Lash hence these overweening rags of France,  
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;  
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit, 330  
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them-  
 selves:  
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,

And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers  
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and  
thump'd,

And in record, left them the heirs of shame.

Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?  
Ravish our daughters? [*Drum afar off.*] Hark!

I hear their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yoemen!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves! 34

*Enter a Messenger.*

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

*Mess.* My lord, he doth deny to come.

*K. Rich.* Off with his son George's head!

*Nor.* My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:  
After the battle let George Stanley die.

*K. Rich.* A thousand hearts are great within  
my bosom:

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons! 35

Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum: excursions. Enter NORFOLK and forces  
fighting; to him CATESBY.*

*Cate.* Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue,  
rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger:

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.

Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

*Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD.*

*K. Rich.* A horse! a horse! my kingdom for  
a horse!

*Cate.* Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a  
horse.

*K. Rich.* Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,  
 And I will stand the hazard of the die;  
 I think there be six Richmonds in the field;  
 Five have I slain to-day instead of him.  
 A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND; they fight. RICHARD is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter RICHMOND, DERBY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.*

*Richm.* God and your arms be praised, victorious friends;  
 The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

*Der.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty  
 From the dead temples of this bloody wretch  
 Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;  
 Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

*Richm.* Great God of heaven, say Amen to all !  
 But, tell me, is young George Stanley living ?

*Der.* He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town; 10  
 Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

*Richm.* What men of name are slain on either side ?

*Der.* John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,  
 Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

*Richm.* Inter their bodies as becomes their births:

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled  
 That in submission will return to us:  
 And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,  
 We will unite the white rose and the red:  
 Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction, 20  
 That long have frown'd upon their enmity !  
 What traitor hears me, and says not amen ?  
 England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,  
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire :  
All this divided York and Lancaster,  
Divided in their dire division.

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
The true succeeders of each royal house, 30  
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !  
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,  
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced  
peace,

With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days !  
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,  
That would reduce these bloody days again,  
And make poor England weep in streams of  
blood !

Let them not live to taste this land's increase  
That would with treason wound this fair land's  
peace !

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:  
That she may long live here, God say amen !

*[Exeunt.]*

THE  
FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF  
KING HENRY VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Eighth.  
CARDINAL WOLSEY.  
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.  
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor  
Charles V.  
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.  
DUKE OF NORFOLK.  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.  
EARL OF SURREY.  
Lord Chamberlain.  
Lord Chancellor.  
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.  
Bishop of Lincoln.  
LORD ABERGAVENNY.  
LORD SANDS.  
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.  
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.  
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.  
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.  
Secretaries to Wolsey.  
CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.  
GRIFFITH, Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.  
Three gentlemen.  
DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.  
Garter King-at-arms.  
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.  
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-arms.  
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and  
his Man.  
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.  
QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry, after-  
wards divorced.  
ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honor, afterwards  
Queen.  
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.  
PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.  
Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows;  
Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes,  
Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.  
Spirits.

SCENE—*London; Westminster; Kimbolton.*

## THE PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
We now present. Those that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;  
The subject will deserve it. Such as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too. Those that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree 10  
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,  
I'll undertake may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours. Only they  
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,  
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,  
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, besides forfeiting  
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,  
To make that only true we now intend, 21  
Will leave us never an understanding friend.  
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are  
known  
The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see  
The very persons of our noble story  
As they were living; think you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat  
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery: 30  
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say  
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door; at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.*

*Buck.* Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done  
Since last we saw in France?

*Nor.* I thank your grace,  
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

*Buck.* An untimely ague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when  
Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,  
Met in the vale of Andren.

*Nor.* 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:  
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;  
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung  
In their embracement, as they grew together; so  
Which had they, what four throned ones could  
have weigh'd  
Such a compounded one?

*Buck.* All the whole time  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.* Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory: men might say,  
Till this time pomp was single, but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,  
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they  
Made Britain India: every man that stood 21  
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As cherubims, all gilt: the madams too,  
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them, that their very labor  
Was to them as a painting: now this masque  
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night  
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,

Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
 As presence did present them; him in eye, 30  
 Still him in praise: and, being present both,  
 'Twas said they saw but one; and no discerners  
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these  
 suns—

For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds chal-  
 lenged

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
 Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous  
 story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
 That Bevis was believed.

*Buck.* O, you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship and affect  
 In honor honesty, the tract of every thing 40  
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;  
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,  
 Order gave each thing view; the office did  
 Distinctly his full function.

*Buck.* Who did guide,  
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
 Of this great sport together, as you guess?

*Nor.* One, certes, that promises no element  
 In such a business.

*Buck.* I pray you, who, my lord?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discre-  
 tion 50  
 Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

*Buck.* The devil speed him! no man's pie is  
 freed

From his ambitious finger. What had he  
 To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder  
 That such a keech can with his very bulk  
 Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun  
 And keep it from the earth.

*Nor.* Surely, sir,  
 There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;  
 For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace  
 Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon 60  
 For high feats done to the crown; neither allied  
 To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,



Out of 's self-drawing web, he gives us note  
 The force of his own merit makes his way;  
 A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
 A place next to the king.

*Aber.* I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him,—let some graver  
 eye

Pierce into that; but I can see his pride  
 Peep through each part of him: whence has he that,  
 If not from hell? the devil is a niggard, 70  
 Or has given all before, and he begins  
 A new hell in himself.

*Buck.* Why the devil,

Upon this French going out, took he upon him,  
 Without the privy o' the king, to appoint  
 Who should attend on him? He makes up the file  
 Of all the gentry; for the most part such  
 To whom as great a charge as little honor  
 He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,  
 The honorable board of council out,  
 Must fetch him in he papers.

*Aber.* I do know 80

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
 By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
 They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.* O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em  
 For this great journey. What did this vanity  
 But minister communication of  
 A most poor issue?

*Nor.* Grievingly I think,

The peace between the French and us not values  
 The cost that did conclude it.

*Buck.* Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was 90  
 A thing inspired; and, not consulting, broke  
 Into a general prophecy; That this tempest,  
 Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
 The sudden breach on't.

*Nor.* Which is budded out;

For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath  
 attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.

*Aber.* Is it therefore  
The ambassador is silenced?  
*Nor.* Marry, is't.  
*Aber.* A proper title of a peace; and purchased  
At a superfluous rate!  
*Buck.* Why, all this business  
Our reverend cardinal carried.  
*Nor.* Like ~~in~~ your grace, 100  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal I advise you—  
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honor and plenteous safety—that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together; to consider further that  
What his high hatred would effect wants not  
A minister in his power. You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful, and I know his sword  
Hath a sharp edge: it's long and, 't may be said,  
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend, 111  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,  
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that  
rock  
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter* CARDINAL WOLSEY, the purse borne before  
him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries  
with papers. The CARDINAL in his passage  
fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKING-  
HAM, on him, both full of disdain.

*Wol.* The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?  
Where's his examination?

*First Secr.* Here, so please you.

*Wol.* Is he in person ready?

*First Secr.* Ay, please your grace.

*Wol.* Well, we shall then know more; and  
Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Wolsey and his train.*]

*Buck.* This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,  
and I

120

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
Outworths a noble's blood.

*Nor.* What, are you chafed ?  
Ask God for temperance, that's the appliance only  
Which your disease requires.

*Buck.* I read in's looks  
Matter against me; and his eye reviled  
Me, as his abject object: at this instant  
He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the  
king;  
I'll follow and out-stare him.

*Nor.* Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question  
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills 131  
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like  
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England  
Can advise me like you: be to yourself  
As you would to your friend.

*Buck.* I'll to the king;  
And from a mouth of honor quite cry down  
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim  
There's difference in no persons.

*Nor.* Be advised;  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140  
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not,  
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:  
I say again, there is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself,  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Buck.* Sir,  
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along 150  
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,  
Whom from the flow of gall I name not but  
From sincere motions, by intelligence,  
And proofs as clear as founts in July when  
We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.* Say not 'treasonous.'

*Buck.* To the king I'll say't; and make my  
vouch as strong

As shore o' rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
 Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous  
 As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160  
 As able to perform't; his mind and place  
 Infecting one another, yea, riciprocally—  
 Only to show his pomp as well in France  
 As here at home, suggests the king our master  
 To this last costly treaty, the interview,  
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
 Did break i' the rinsing.

*Nor.* Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.* Pray, give me favor, sir. This cunning  
 cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew  
 As himself pleased; and they were ratified 170  
 As he cried 'Thus let be:' to as much end  
 As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-car-  
 dinal

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,  
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—  
 Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
 To the old dam, treason,—Charles the emperor,  
 Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,—  
 For 'twas indeed his color, but he came  
 To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation:  
 His fears were, that the interview betwixt 180  
 England and France might, through their amity,  
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league  
 Peep'd harms that menaced him: he privily  
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—  
 Which I do well; for I am sure the emperor  
 Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted  
 Ere it was ask'd; but when the way was made,  
 And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,  
 That he would please to alter the king's course,  
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,  
 As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal 191  
 Does buy and sell his honor as he pleases,  
 And for his own advantage.

*Nor.* I am sorry

To hear this of him; and could wish he were  
 Something mistaken in't.

*Buck.* No, not a syllable;

I do pronounce him in that very shape  
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON, a Sergeant-at-arms before him,  
and two or three of the Guard.*

*Bran.* Your office, sergeant; execute it.

*Serg.* Sir,  
My lord, the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl  
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I 200  
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
Of our most sovereign king.

*Buck.* Lo, you, my lord,  
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish  
Under devise and practice.

*Bran.* I am sorry  
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present: 'tis his highness' pleasure  
You shall to the Tower.

*Buck.* It will help me nothing  
To plead my innocence; for that die is on me  
Which makes my whitest part black. The will  
of heaven  
Be done in this and all things! I obey. 210  
O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company. The  
king [To Abergavenny.  
Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know  
How he determines further.

*Aber.* As the duke said,  
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure  
By me obey'd!

*Bran.* Here is a warrant from  
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the  
bodies  
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,  
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

*Buck.* So, so; 219  
These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope.

*Bran.* A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buck.* O, Nicholas Hopkins?

*Bran.* He.

*Buck.* My surveyor is false; the o'er-great  
cardinal

Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:  
 I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,  
 Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
 By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The council-chamber.*

*Cornets. Enter the KING, leaning on the CARDINAL'S shoulder, the Nobles, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL; the CARDINAL places himself under the KING'S feet on his right side.*

*King.* My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
 Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the  
 level

Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks  
 To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us  
 That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person  
 I'll hear him his confessions justify;  
 And point by point the treasons of his master  
 He shall again relate.

*A noise within, crying, 'Room for the Queen!'*  
*Enter QUEEN KATHARINE, ushered by the DUKE*  
*OF NORFOLK, and the DUKE OF SUFFOLK: she*  
*kneels. The KING riseth from his state, takes*  
*her up, kisseth and placeth her by him.*

*Q. Kath.* Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a  
 suitor.

*King.* Arise, and take place by us: half your  
 suit 10

Never name to us; you have half our power:  
 The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;  
 Repeat your will and take it.

*Q. Kath.* Thank your majesty.  
 That you would love yourself, and in that love  
 Not unconsider'd leave your honor, nor  
 The dignity of your office, is the point  
 Of my petition.

*King.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Q. Kath.* I am solicited, not by a few,  
 And those of true condition, that your subjects  
 Are in great grievance: there have been commis-  
 sions 20

Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart

Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,  
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter on  
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—  
Whose honor heaven shield from soil!—even he  
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

*Nor.* Not almost appears,  
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations, 30  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
And danger serves among them.

*King.* Taxation!  
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,  
You that are blamed for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?

*Wol.* Please, you, sir, 40  
I know but of a single part, in aught  
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file  
Where others tell steps with me.

*Q. Kath.* No, my lord,  
You know no more than others; but you frame  
Things that are known alike; which are not  
wholesome  
To those which would not know them, and yet  
must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,  
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say 50  
'They are devised by you; or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

*King.* Still exaction!  
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,  
Is this exaction?

*Q. Kath.* I am much too venturous  
 In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd  
 Under your promised pardon. The subjects'  
     grief  
 Comes through commissions, which compel from  
     each  
 The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
 Without delay; and the pretence for this  
 Is named, your wars in France: this makes bold  
     mouths: 60  
 Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts  
     freeze  
 Allegiance in them; their curses now  
 Live where their prayers did: and it's come to  
     pass,  
 This tractable obedience is a slave  
 To each incensed will. I would your highness  
 Would give it quick consideration, for  
 There is no primer business.

*King.* By my life,  
 This is against our pleasure.  
*Wol.* And for me,  
 I have no further gone in this than by  
 A single voice; and that not pass'd me but 70  
 By learned approbation of the judges. If I am  
 Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither  
     know  
 My faculties nor person, yet will be  
 The chronicles of my doing, let me say  
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
 Our necessary actions, in the fear  
 To cope malicious censurers; which ever,  
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
 That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further 80  
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
 By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is  
 Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,  
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
 State-statues only,



*King.* Things done well,  
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;  
 Things done without example, in their issue 90  
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.  
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?  
 A trembling contribution! Why, we take  
 From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber;  
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
 The air will drink the sap. To every county  
 Where this is question'd send our letters, with  
 Free pardon to each man that has denied 100  
 The force of this commission: pray, look to't;  
 I put it to your care.

*Wol.* A word with you.  
 [To the Secretary.  
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved  
 commons  
 Hardly conceive of me; let it be noised  
 That through our intercession this revokement  
 And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you  
 Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

*Enter Surveyor.*

*Q. Kath.* I am sorry that the Duke of Bucking-  
 ham  
 Is run in your displeasure.

*King.* It grieves many: 110  
 The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;  
 To nature none more bound; his training such,  
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
 And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,  
 When these so noble benefits shall prove  
 Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,  
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
 Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,  
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
 Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find 120  
 His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,  
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
 That once were his, and is become as black

As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—

This was his gentleman in trust—of him  
Things to strike honor sad. Bid him recount  
The fore-recited practices; whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wol.* Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate  
what you,  
Most like a careful subject, have collected 130  
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

*King.* Speak freely.

*Surv.* First, it was usual with him, every day  
It would infect his speech, that if the king  
Should without issue die, he'll carry it so  
'To make the sceptre his: these very words  
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
Lord Abergavenny; to whom by oath he menaced  
Revenge upon the cardinal.

*Wol.* Please your highness, note  
This dangerous conception in this point.  
Not friended by his wish, to your high person 140  
His will is most malignant; and it stretches  
Beyond you, to your friends.

*Q. Kath.* My learn'd lord cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*King.* Speak on:  
How grounded he his title to the crown,  
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak aught?

*Surv.* He was brought to this  
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

*King.* What was that Hopkins?

*Surv.* Sir, a Chartreux friar  
His confessor; who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

*King.* How know'st thou this? 150

*Surv.* Not long before your highness sped to  
France,

The duke being at the Rose, within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey: I replied,  
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,

To the king's danger. Presently the duke  
 Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted  
 'Twould prove the verity of certain words  
 Spoke by a holy monk; 'that oft,' says he, 160  
 'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
 John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour  
 To hear from him a matter of some moment:  
 Whom after under the confession's seal  
 He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke  
 My chaplain to no creature living, but  
 To me, should utter, with demure confidence  
 This pausingly ensued: Neither the king nor's  
 heirs,

Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive  
 To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke  
 Shall govern England.'

*Q. Kath.* If I know you well, 171  
 You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
 On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed  
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person  
 And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed:  
 Yes, heartily beseech you,

*King.* Let him on.  
 Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
 I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
 The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas  
 dangerous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until 180  
 It forged him some design, which, being believed,  
 It was much like to do: he answer'd, 'Tush,  
 It can do me no damage;' adding further,  
 'That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
 The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
 Should have gone off.

*King.* Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!  
 There's mischief in this man: canst thou say  
 further?

*Surv.* I can, my liege.

*King.* Proceed.

*Surv.* Being at Greenwich,  
 After your highness had reproved the duke  
 About Sir William Blomer,—

*King.* I remember 190  
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,  
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

*Surv.* 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been com-  
mitted,  
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,  
As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him.'

*King.* A giant traitor!  
*Wol.* Now, madam, may his highness live in  
freedom, 200  
And this man out of prison?

*Q. Kath.* God mend all!

*King.* There's something more would out of  
thee; what say'st?

*Surv.* After 'the duke his father,' with 'the  
knife,'  
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dag-  
ger,  
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor  
Was,—were he evil used, he would outgo  
His father by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

*King.* There's his period,  
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd; 210  
Call him to present trial: if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,  
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night,  
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber in the palace.*

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD SANDS.*

*Cham.* Is't possible the spells of France should  
juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries?

*Sands.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;  
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly  
'Their very noses had been counsellors  
'To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 10

*Sands.* They have all new legs, and lame ones;  
one would take it,  
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin  
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

*Cham.* Death! my lord,  
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

*Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

*Lov.* Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

*Cham.* What is't for?

*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

*Cham.* I'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray  
our monsieurs 21

To think an English courtier may be wise,  
And never see the Louvre.

*Lov.* They must either,  
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants  
Of fool and feather that they got in France,  
With all their honorable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,  
Abusing better men than they can be,  
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,  
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men;  
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,  
They may, 'cum privilegio,' wear away  
The lag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd at.

*Sands.* 'Tis time to give 'em physick, their  
diseases  
Are grown so catching.

*Cham.* What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities !

*Lov.* Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies; 40  
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

*Sands.* The devil fiddle 'em ! I am glad they  
are going,  
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-  
song

And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,  
Held current music too.

*Cham.* Well said, Lord Sands;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

*Sands.* No, my lord;  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Cham.* Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a-going ?

*Lov.* To the cardinal's: 50  
Your lordship is a guest too.

*Cham.* O, 'tis true:  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many lords and ladies; there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous mind  
indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;  
His dews fall everywhere.

*Cham.* No doubt he's noble;  
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

*Sands.* He may, my lord; 'has wherewithal: in  
him  
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:  
Men of his way should be most liberal; 61  
They are set here for examples.

*Cham.* True, they are so;  
But few now give so great ones. My barge  
stays;  
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir  
Thomas,  
We shall be late else; which I would not be,

For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford  
This night to be comptrollers.

*Sands.* I am your lordship's. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *A Hall in York Place.*

*Hautboys.* *A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, a longer table for the guests. Then enter ANNE BULLEN and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one door; at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.*

*Guild.* Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates  
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her  
One care abroad; he would have all as merry  
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,  
Can make good people. O, my lord, you're tardy:

*Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS, and  
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

*Cham.* You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

*Sands.* Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal to  
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,  
I think would better please 'em: by my life,  
'They are a sweet society of fair ones.

*Lov.* O, that your lordship were but now confessor  
To one or two of these!

*Sands.* I would I were;  
They should find easy penance.

*Lov.* Faith, how easy?

*Sands.* As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir  
Harry, 19  
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:  
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;  
Two women placed together makes cold weather:  
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;  
Pray, sit between these ladies,

*Sands.* By my faith,  
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet  
ladies:

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;  
I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir?

*Sands.* O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love  
too:

But he would bite none; just as I do now,  
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*

*Cham.* Well said, my lord. 30  
So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys.* Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, and takes  
*his state.*

*Wol.* You're welcome, my fair guests: that  
noble lady,  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;  
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*

*Sands.* Your grace is noble:  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,  
And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My lord Sands, 40  
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbors.  
Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this?

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have  
'em  
Talk us to silence.

*Anne.* You are a merry gamester,  
My Lord Sands.

*Sands.* Yes, if I make my play.  
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,  
For 'tis to such a thing,—

*Anne.* You cannot show me.

*Sands.* I told your grace they would talk anon.  
[*Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*



*Wol.* What's that?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of ye.

[*Exit Servant.*

*Wol.* What warlike voice, 50  
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;  
By all the laws of war you're privileged.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Cham.* How now! what is't?

*Serv.* A noble troop of strangers;  
For so they seem: they've left their barge and  
landed;  
And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign princes.

*Wol.* Good lord chamberlain,  
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French  
tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em  
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and  
tables removed.*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend  
it. 61

A good digestion to you all; and once more  
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the KING and others, as mas-  
quers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the LORD  
CHAMBERLAIN. They pass directly before the  
CARDINAL, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

*Cham.* Because they speak no English, thus  
they pray'd  
To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,  
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair con-  
duct, 70

Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat  
An hour of revels with 'em.

*Wol.* Say, lord chamberlain,

They have done my poor house grace; for which  
I pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their  
pleasures.

[*They choose Ladies for the dance. The King  
chooses Anne Bullen.*]

*King.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O  
beauty,

Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*]

*Wol.* My lord!

*Cham.* Your grace?

*Wol.* Pray, tell 'em thus much from me;  
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty 80  
I would surrender it.

*Cham.* I will, my lord.

[*Whispers the masquers.*]

*Wol.* What say they?

*Cham.* Such a one, they all confess,  
There is indeed; which they would have your  
grace

Find out, and he will take it.

*Wol.* Let me see, then.

By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll  
make

My royal choice.

*King.* Ye have found him, cardinal:

[*Unmasking.*]

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:  
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,  
I should judge now unhappily.

*Wol.* I am glad

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

*King.* My lord chamberlain, 90  
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

*Cham.* An't please your grace, Sir Thomas  
Bullen's daughter,—

The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness'  
women.

*King.* By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweet-  
heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,

And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen !  
Let it go round.

*Wol.* Sir 'Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready  
I' the privy chamber ?

*Low.* Yes, my lord.

*Wol.* Your grace,  
I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100

*King.* I fear, too much.

*Wol.* There's fresher air, my lord,  
In the next chamber.

*King.* Lead in your ladies, every one: sweet  
partner,

I must not yet forsake you: let's be merry:  
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream  
Who's best in favor. Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Westminster. A street.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

*First Gent.* Whither away so fast ?

*Sec. Gent.* O, God save ye !  
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

*First Gent.* I'll save you  
That labor, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

*Sec. Gent.* Were you there ?

*First Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

*Sec. Gent.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.

*First Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

*Sec. Gent.* Is he found guilty ?

*First Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd  
upon't.

*Sec. Gent.* I am sorry for't.

*First Gent.* So are a number more.

*Sec. Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it ? 10

*First Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great  
duke

Came to the bar; where to his accusations  
 He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged  
 Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
 The king's attorney on the contrary  
 Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
 Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired  
 To have brought *vivâ voce* to his face:  
 At which appear'd against him his surveyor;  
 Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,  
 Confessor to him; with that devil-monk, 21  
 Hopkins, that made this mischief.

*Sec. Gent.* That was he  
 That fed him with his prophecies?

*First Gent.* The same.  
 All these accused him strongly; which he fain  
 Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he  
 could not:

And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
 Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
 He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all  
 Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

*Sec. Gent.* After all this, how did he bear him-  
 self? 30

*First Gent.* When he was brought again to the  
 bar, to hear  
 His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd  
 With such an agony, he sweat extremely,  
 And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:  
 But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
 In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

*Sec. Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

*First Gent.* Sure, he does not;  
 He never was so womanish; the cause  
 He may a little grieve at.

*Sec. Gent.* Certainly  
 The cardinal is the end of this.

*First Gent.* 'Tis likely, 40  
 By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,  
 Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,  
 Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
 Lest he should help his father.

*Sec. Gent.* That trick of state  
 Was a deep envious one,

*First Gent.* At his return  
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,  
And generally, whoever the king favors,  
The cardinal instantly will find employment,  
And far enough from court too.

*Sec. Gent.* All the commons  
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience, 50  
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much  
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buck-  
ingham,  
The mirror of all courtesy;—

*First Gent.* Stay there, sir,  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; tip-  
staves before him; the axe with the edge towards  
him; halberds on each side: accompanied with  
SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR  
WILLIAM SANDS, and common people.*

*Sec. Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

*Buck.* All good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear  
witness,  
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 60  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!  
The law I bear no malice for my death;  
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:  
But those that sought it I could wish more Chris-  
tians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:  
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;  
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.  
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies 70  
More than I dare make faults. You few that  
loved me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying,

Go with me, like good angels, to my end;  
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
 And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's  
 name.

*Lov.* I do beseech your grace, for charity,  
 If ever any malice in your heart 80  
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you  
 As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;  
 There cannot be those numberless offences  
 'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black  
 envy

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace;  
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him  
 You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers  
 Yet are the king's; and till my soul forsake,  
 Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live 90  
 Long than I have time to tell his years!  
 Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!  
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!

*Lov.* To the water side I must conduct your  
 grace;  
 Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,  
 Who undertakes you to your end.

*Vaux.* Prepare there,  
 The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;  
 And fit it with such furniture as suits  
 The greatness of his person.

*Buck.* Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100  
 Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.  
 When I came hither, I was lord high constable  
 And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward  
 Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
 That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;  
 And with that blood will make 'em one day groan  
 for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
 Who first raised head against usurping Richard,  
 Flying for succor to his servant Banister,  
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, 110

And without trial fell; God's peace be with him !  
 Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
 Restored me to my honors, and, out of ruins,  
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
 Henry the Eighth, life, honor, name, and all  
 'That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 Forever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes  
 me

A little happier than my wretched father: 120  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most;  
 A most unnatural and faithless service !  
 Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,  
 'This from a dying man receive as certain:  
 Where you are liberal of your loves and councils  
 Be sure you be not loose; for those you make  
 friends

And give your hearts to, when thy once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again 130  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye: the last  
 hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,  
 Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive  
 me !

[*Exeunt Duke and train.*]

*First Gent.* O, this is full of pity ! Sir, it calls,  
 I fear, too many curses on their heads  
 That were the authors.

*Sec. Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,  
 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling 140  
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
 Greater than this.

*First Gent.* Good angels keep it from us !  
 What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith,  
 sir ?

*Sec. Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill re-  
 quire  
 A strong faith to conceal it

*First Gent.* Let me have it;  
I do not talk much.

*Sec. Gent.* I am confident;  
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing of a separation  
Between the king and Katharine?

*First Gent.* Yes, but it held not:  
For when the king once heard it, out of anger 150  
He sent command to the lord mayor straight  
To stop the rumor, and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

*Sec. Gent.* But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now: for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain  
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
That will undo her: to confirm this too,  
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately; 160  
As all think, for this business.

*First Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;  
And merely to revenge him on the emperor  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

*Sec. Gent.* I think you have hit the mark: but  
is't not cruel  
That she should feel the smart of this? The  
cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall.

*First Gent.* 'Tis woful.  
We are too open here to argue this;  
Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *An ante-chamber in the palace.*

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, reading a letter.*

*Cham.* 'My lord, the horses your lordship sent  
for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen,  
ridden, and furnished. They were young and  
handsome, and of the best breed in the north.  
When they were ready to set out for London, a  
man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and  
main power, took 'em from me; with this reason:



His master would be served before a subject, if  
not before the king: which stopped our mouths,  
sir. 10

I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them:  
He will have all, I think.

*Enter, to the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN, *the* DUKES OF  
NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

*Nor.* Well met, my lord chamberlain.

*Cham.* Good day to both your graces.

*Suf.* How is the king employ'd?

*Cham.* I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Nor.* What's the cause?

*Cham.* It seems the marriage with his brother's  
wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

*Suf.* No, his conscience  
Has crept too near another lady.

*Nor.* 'Tis so:

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal: 20  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he lists. The king will know him  
one day.

*Suf.* Pray God he do! he'll never know him-  
self else.

*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business!  
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the  
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great  
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs; and all these for his mar-  
riage:

And out of all these to restore the king, 30

He counsels a divorce; a loss of her

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;

Of her that loves him with that excellence

That angels love good men with; even of her

That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,

Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?

*Cham.* Heaven keep me from such counsel!  
 'Tis most true  
 These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks  
 'em,  
 And every true heart weeps for't: all that dare 40  
 Look into these affairs see this main end,  
 The French king's sister. Heaven will one day  
 open  
 The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
 This bold bad man.

*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray,  
 And heartily, for our deliverance:  
 Or this imperious man will work us all  
 From princes into pages: all men's honors  
 Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
 Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my lords, 50  
 I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:  
 As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
 If the king please; his curses and his blessings  
 Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe  
 in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him  
 To him that made him proud, the pope.

*Nor.* Let's in;  
 And with some other business put the king  
 From these sad thoughts, that work too much  
 upon him:

My lord, you'll bear us company?

*Cham.* Excuse me:  
 The king hath sent me otherwhere: besides, 60  
 You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:  
 Health to your lordships.

*Nor.* Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws  
 the curtain, and sits reading pensively.*]

*Suf.* How sad he looks! sure, he is much af-  
 flicted.

*King.* Who's there, ha?

*Nor.* Pray God he be not angry.

*King.* Who's there, I say? How dare you  
 thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

*Nor.* A gracious king that pardons all offences  
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this  
way

Is business of estate; in which we come 70  
To know your royal pleasure.

*King.* Ye are too bold:  
Go to: I'll make ye know your times of business;  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha ?

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS, with a commission.*

Who's there ? my good lord cardinal ? O my  
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience;  
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Camp.*]

You're welcome,  
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:  
Use us and it. [*To Wol.*] My good lord, have  
great care

I be not found a talker.

*Wol.* Sir, you cannot.  
I would your grace would give us but an hour 80  
Of private conference.

*King.* [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy; go.

*Nor.* [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride  
in him ?

*Suf.* [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of:  
I would not be so sick though for his place:  
But this cannot continue.

*Nor.* [*Aside to Suf.*] If it do,  
I'll venture one have-at him.

*Suf.* [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.

[*Exeunt Nor. and Suf.*]

*Wol.* Your grace has given a precedent of  
wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:  
Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?  
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favor to her, 90  
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms

Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;  
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

*King.* And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,  
And thank the holy conclave for their loves: 100  
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

*Cam.* Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,  
You are so noble. To your highness' hand  
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,  
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord  
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant  
In the impartial judging of this business.

*King.* Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted

Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

*Wol.* I know your majesty has always loved her 110

So dear in heart, not to deny her that  
A woman of less place might ask by law:  
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

*King.* Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favor

To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,  
Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:  
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*]

*Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.*

*Wol.* [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand;  
much joy and favor to you;  
You are the king's now.

*Gard.* [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded  
Forever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

*King.* Come hither, Gardiner. 121  
[*Walks and whispers.*]

*Cam.* My Lord of York, was not one Doctor  
Pace  
In this man's place before him?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man?

*Wol.* Yes, surely.

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How! of me?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say you envied him,

And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him,

That he ran mad and died.

*Wol.* Heaven's peace be with him!

That's Christian care enough: for living mur-  
murers

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There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;  
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment:  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*King.* Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of  
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord, 141  
Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-  
science!

O, 'tis a tender place; and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber of the Queen's  
apartments.*

*Enter ANNE BULLEN and an Old Lady.*

*Anne.* Not for that neither: here's the pang that  
pinches:

His highness having lived so long with her, and  
she

So good a lady that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonor of her; by my life,

She never knew harm-doing: O, now, after  
 So many courses of the sun enthroned,  
 Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which  
 To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than  
 'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,  
 To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity 10  
 Would move a monster.

*Old L.* Hearts of most hard temper  
 Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* O, God's will ! much better  
 She ne'er had known pomp: though't be tem-  
 poral,  
 Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce  
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging  
 As soul and body severing.

*Ola L.* Alas, poor lady !  
 She's a stranger now again.

*Anne.* So much the more  
 Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
 I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
 And range with humble livers in content, 20  
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
 And wear a golden sorrow.

*Old L.* Our content  
 Is our best having.

*Anne.* By my troth and maidenhead,  
 I would not be a queen.

*Old L.* Beshrew me, I would,  
 And venture maidenhead for't; and so would  
 you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy:  
 You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
 Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet  
 Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;  
 Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which  
 gifts, 30

Saving your mincing, the capacity  
 Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,  
 If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth.

*Ola L.* Yes, troth, and troth; you would not  
 be a queen?

*Anne.* No, not for all the riches under heaven.

*Old L.* 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,  
 Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,  
 What think you of a duchess? have you limbs  
 'To bear that load of title?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little; 40

I would not be a young count in your way,  
 For more than blushing comes to: if your back  
 Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak  
 Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen  
 For all the world.

*Old L.* In faith, for little England  
 You'd venture an emballing: I myself  
 Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long'd  
 No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes  
 here?

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, ladies. What were't  
 worth to know 50  
 The secret of your conference?

*Anne.* My good lord,  
 Not your demand; it values not your asking:  
 Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*Cham.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
 The action of good women: there is hope  
 All will be well.

*Anne.* Now, I pray God, amen!

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly  
 blessings  
 Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
 Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's 59  
 Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty  
 Commends his good opinion of you, and  
 Does purpose honor to you no less flowing  
 Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title  
 A thousand pound a year, annual support,  
 Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know

What kind of my obedience I should tender;  
 More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers  
 Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
 More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and  
 wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, 70  
 Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,  
 As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;  
 Whose health and royalty I pray for.

*Cham.* Lady,  
 I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit  
 The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perused  
 her well;

Beauty and honor in her are so mingled  
 That they have caught the king: and who knows  
 yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem  
 To lighten all this isle? I'll to the king,  
 And say I spoke with you.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*Anne.* My honor'd lord. 80

*Old L.* Why, this it is; see, see!  
 I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
 Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could  
 Come pat betwixt too early and too late  
 For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!  
 A very fresh-fish here—fie, fie, fie upon  
 This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd  
 up.

Before you open it.

*Anne.* This is strange to me.

*Old L.* How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,  
 no.

There was a lady once, 'tis an old story, 90  
 That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
 For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old L.* With your theme, I could  
 O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pem-  
 broke!

A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!  
 No other obligation! By my life,  
 That promises moe thousands: honor's train



Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time  
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

*Anne.* Good lady, 100

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,  
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver  
What here you've heard to her.

*Old L.* What do you think me?  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A hall in Black-Friars.*

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY alone; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two CARDINALS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The KING takes place under the cloth of state; the two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place some distance from the KING. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

*Wol.* Whilst our commission from Rome is  
read,

Let silence be commanded.

*King.* What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,

And on all sides the authority allow'd;  
You may, then, spare that time.

*Vol.* Be't so. Proceed.

*Scribe.* Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Henry King of England, &c.

*King.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court. II

*Crier.* Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

*Q. Kath.* Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;

And to bestow your pity on me: for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions; having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,  
In what have I offended you? what cause  
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure, 20  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me? Heaven  
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable;  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry  
As I saw it inclined: when was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your  
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew 30  
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine  
That had to him derived your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you: if, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,

My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, 40  
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
 The king, your father, was reputed for  
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
 And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,  
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one  
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many  
 A year before: it is not to be question'd 50  
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I  
 humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
 Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel  
 I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,  
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

*Wol.* You have here, lady,  
 And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men  
 Of singular integrity and learning,  
 Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled 60  
 To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless  
 That longer you desire the court; as well  
 For your own quiet, as to rectify  
 What is unsettled in the king.

*Cam.* His grace  
 Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,  
 It's fit this royal session do proceed;  
 And that, without delay, their arguments  
 Be now produced and heard.

*Q. Kath.* Lord cardinal,  
 To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam ?

*Q. Kath.* Sir,  
 I am about to weep; but, thinking that 70  
 We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain  
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet.

*Q. Kath.* I will, when you are humble; nay,  
 before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
 Induced by potent circumstances, that  
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge  
 You shall not be my judge: for it is you  
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;  
 Which God's dew quench ! Therefore I say again,  
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul 81  
 Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,  
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
 At all a friend to truth.

*Vol.*

I do profess

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet  
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects  
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do  
 me wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice  
 For you or any: how far I have proceeded, 90  
 Or how far further shall, is warranted  
 By a commission from the consistory,  
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge  
 me

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:  
 The king is present: if it be known to him  
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
 And worthily, my falsehood ! yea, as much  
 As you have done my truth. If he know  
 That I am free of your report, he knows  
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him 100  
 It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to  
 Remove these thoughts from you: the which before  
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking  
 And to say so no more.

*Q. Kath.*

My lord, my lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weak  
 To oppose your cunning. You're meek and hum-  
 ble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
 With meekness and humility; but your heart  
 Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride. 110  
 You have, by fortune and his highness' favors,  
 Gone slightly o'er low steps and now are mounted

Where powers are your retainers, and your words,  
 Domestics to you, serve your will as't please  
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
 You tender more your person's honor than  
 Your high profession spiritual: that again  
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,  
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, 120  
 And to be judged by him.

*[She courtesies to the King, and offers to depart.*

*Cam.* The queen is obstinate,  
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
 Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.  
 She's going away.

*King.* Call her again.

*Crier.* Katharine Queen of England, come into  
 the court.

*Grif.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Q. Kath.* What need you note it? pray you,  
 keep your way:

When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord help,  
 They vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass  
 on: 130

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more  
 Upon this business my appearance make  
 In any of their courts.

*[Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.]*

*King.* Go thy ways, Kate:  
 That man i' the world who shall report he has  
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
 For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,  
 If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
 Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts 139  
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,  
 The queen of earthly queens: she's noble born;  
 And, like her true nobility, she has  
 Carried herself towards me.

*Wol.* Most gracious sir,  
 In humblest manner I require your highness,  
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
 Of all these ears,—for where I am robb'd and  
 bound,

There must I be unloosed, although not there  
 At once and fully satisfied,—whether ever I  
 Did broach this business to your highness; or  
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might 150  
 Induce you to the question on't? or ever  
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such  
 A royal lady, spake one the least word that might  
 Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
 Or touch of her good person?

*King.* My lord cardinal  
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honor,  
 I free you from't. You are not to be taught  
 That you have many enemies, that know not  
 Why they are so, but, like to village-curs,  
 Bark when their fellows do: by some of these 160  
 The queen is put in anger. You're excused:  
 But will you be more justified? you ever  
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never  
 desired

It to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
 The passages made toward it: on my honor,  
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,  
 And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me  
 to't,

I will be bold with time and your attention:  
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; give  
 heed to't:

My conscience first received a tenderness, 170  
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
 By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French am-  
 bassador;

Who had been hither sent on the debating  
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
 Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this busi-  
 ness,

Ere a determinate resolution, he,  
 I mean the bishop, did require a respite;  
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate, 179  
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook  
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble

The region of my breast; which forced such way,  
 That many mazed considerings did throng  
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought  
 I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had  
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,  
 If it conceived a male child by me, should  
 Do no more offices of life to't than 190  
 The grave does to the dead; for her male issue  
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
 This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought,  
 This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,  
 Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not  
 Be gladdened in't by me; then follows, that  
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
 By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me  
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer 200  
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
 Now present here together; that's to say,  
 I mean to rectify my conscience,—which  
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
 By all the reverend fathers of the land  
 And doctors learn'd: first I began in private  
 With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember  
 How under my oppression I did reek,  
 When I first moved you.

*Lin.* Very well, my liege.

*King.* I have spoke long: be pleased yourself  
 to say 210

How far you satisfied me.

*Lin.* So please your highness,  
 The question did at first so stagger me,  
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't  
 And consequence of dread, that I committed  
 The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;  
 And did entreat your highness to this course  
 Which you are running here.

*King.* I then moved you,  
 My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave  
 To make this present summons; unsolicited  
 I left no reverend person in this court; 220  
 But by particular consent proceeded  
 Under your hands and seals; therefore, go on;

For no dislike i' the world against the person  
 Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
 Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:  
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
 And kingly dignity, we are contented  
 To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
 Katharine our queen, before the primest creature  
 That's paragon'd o' the world.

*Cam.* So please your highness, 230  
 The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
 That we adjourn this court till further day:  
 Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
 Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
 She intends unto his holiness.

*King.* [*Aside*] I may perceive  
 These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor  
 This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.  
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,  
 Prithee, return: with thy approach, I know,  
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court:  
 I say, set on. 241

[*Exeunt in manner as they entered*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. The QUEEN'S apartments.*

*Enter the QUEEN and her women, as at work.*

*Q. Kath.* Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows  
 sad with troubles;  
 Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave work-  
 ing.

#### SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
 And the mountain tops that freeze,  
 Bow themselves when he did sing:  
 To his music plants and flowers  
 Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
 There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,  
 Even the billows of the sea, 10  
 Hung their heads, and then lay by



In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Q. Kath.* How now !

*Gent.* An't please your grace, the two great  
cardinals

Wait in the presence.

*Q. Kath.* Would they speak with me ?

*Gent.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Q. Kath.* Pray their graces  
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their  
business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favor ?  
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,  
They should be good men; their affairs as right-  
eous:

But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness !

*Q. Kath.* Your graces find me here part of a  
housewife,

I would be all, against the worst may happen.  
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords ?

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam, to with-  
draw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Q. Kath.* Speak it here;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,  
Deserves a corner: would all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !

My lords, I care not, so much I am happy  
Above a number, if my actions  
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,  
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,  
I know my life so even. If your business  
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

*Wol.* Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina  
serenissima,—

*Q. Kath.* O good my lord, no Latin;  
 I am not such a truant since my coming,  
 As not to know the language I have lived in:  
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,  
 suspicious;  
 Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank  
 you,  
 If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;  
 Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord car-  
 dinal,  
 The willing'st sin I ever yet committed  
 May be absolved in English.

*Vol.* Noble lady, 50  
 I am sorry my integrity should breed,  
 And service to his majesty and you,  
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.  
 We come not by the way of accusation,  
 To taint that honor every good tongue blesses,  
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,  
 You have too much, good lady; but to know  
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
 Between the king and you; and to deliver,  
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions 60  
 And comforts to your cause.

*Cam.* Most honor'd madam,  
 My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,  
 Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,  
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
 Both of his truth and him, which was too far,  
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
 His service and his counsel.

*Q. Kath.* [*Aside*] To betray me.—  
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;  
 Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove  
 so !

But how to make ye suddenly an answer, 70  
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honor,—  
 More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,  
 And to such men of gravity and learning,  
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
 Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking  
 Either for such men or such business.  
 For her sake that I have been,—for I feel

The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,  
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:  
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless ! 80

*Vol.* Madam, you wrong the king's love with  
these fears:

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Q. Kath.* In England  
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleas-  
ure,

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
They that must weigh out my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:  
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence 90  
In mine own country, lords.

*Cam.* I would your grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Q. Kath.* How, sir?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the king's pro-  
tection;

He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much  
Both for your honor better and your cause;

For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,

You'll part away disgraced.

*Vol.* He tells you rightly.

*Q. Kath.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—  
my ruin:

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!  
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge 100  
That no king can corrupt.

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Q. Kath.* The more shame for ye: holy men  
I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;  
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:

Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your  
comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?

I will not wish ye half my miseries:

I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;

Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at  
once 110

The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

*Wol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction;  
You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Q. Kath.* Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon  
ye  
And all such false professors! would you have  
me—

If you have any justice, any pity;  
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits—  
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?  
Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,  
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords, 120  
And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
Is only my obedience. What can happen  
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies  
Make me a curse like this.

*Cam.* Your fears are worse.

*Q. Kath.* Have I lived thus long—let me speak  
myself,  
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true  
one?

A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,  
Never yet branded with suspicion?  
Have I with all my full affections  
Still met the king? loved him next heaven? obey'd  
him? 130

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honor, a great patience.

*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good we  
aim at.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, I dare not make myself so  
guilty,  
To give up willingly that noble title 140  
Your master wed me to: nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.* Pray, hear me.

*Q. Kath.* Would I had never trod this English earth,  
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !  
 Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.  
 What will become of me now, wretched lady !  
 I am the most unhappy woman living.  
 Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes !  
 Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
 No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;  
 Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily, 151  
 That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,  
 I'll hang my head and perish.

*Vol.* If your grace  
 Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
 You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,  
 Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas, our places,  
 The way of our profession is against it:  
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.  
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do;  
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly 160  
 Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
 So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits  
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.  
 I know you have a gentle, noble temper,  
 A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us  
 Those we profess, peacemakers, friends, and servants.

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong  
 your virtues  
 With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,  
 As yours was put into you, ever casts 170  
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king  
 loves you;  
 Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please  
 To trust us in your business, we are ready  
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Q. Kath.* Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray  
 forgive me,  
 If I have used myself unmannerly;

You know I am a woman, lacking wit  
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
 Pray, do my service to his majesty:  
 He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers  
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend  
                   fathers, 181

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,  
 That little thought, when she set footing here,  
 She should have bought her dignities so dear.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Ante-chamber to the KING's apartment.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your complaints,  
 And force them with a constancy, the cardinal  
 Cannot stand under them: if you omit  
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise  
 But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,  
 With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful  
 To meet the least occasion that may give me  
 Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
 To be revenged on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
 Have uncondemn'd gone by him, or at least 10  
 Strangely neglected? when did he regard  
 The stamp of nobleness in any person  
 Out of himself?

*Cham.* My lords, you speak your pleasures:  
 What he deserves of you and me I know;  
 What we can do to him, though now the time  
 Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot  
 Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
 Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft  
 Over the king in's tongue.

*Nor.* O, fear him not;  
 His spell in that is out: the king hath found 20  
 Matter against him that forever mars  
 The honey of his language. No, he's settled,  
 Not to come off, in his displeasure.

*Sur.* Sir,  
I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*Nor.* Believe it, this is true:  
In the divorce his contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears  
As I would wish mine enemy.

*Sur.* How came  
His practices to light?

*Suf.* Most strangely.

*Sur.* O, how, how?

*Suf.* The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,  
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was  
read,

How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if  
It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive  
My king is tangled in affection to  
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

*Sur.* Has the king this?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work?

*Cham.* The king in this perceives him, how he  
coasts  
And hedges his own way. But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic  
After his patient's death: the king already  
Hath married the fair lady.

*Sur.* Would he had!

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my lord!  
For, I profess, you have it.

*Sur.* Now, all my joy  
Trace the conjunction!

*Suf.* My amen to't!

*Nor.* All men's!

*Suf.* There's order given for her coronation:  
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and complete  
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memorized.

*Sur.* But, will the king  
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?  
The Lord forbid!

*Nor.* Marry, amen!

*Suf.* No, no;  
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Cam-  
peius

Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;  
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and  
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you 60  
The king cried Ha! at this.

*Cham.* Now, God incense him,  
And let him cry Ha! louder!

*Nor.* But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer?

*Suf.* He is return'd in his opinions; which  
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation. Katharine no more  
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager 70  
And widow to Prince Arthur.

*Nor.* This same Cranmer's  
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
In the king's business.

*Suf.* He has; and we shall see him  
For it an archbishop.

*Nor.* So I hear.

*Suf.* 'Tis so.  
The cardinal!

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.*

*Nor.* Observe, observe, he's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, Cromwell,  
Gave't you the king?

*Crom.* To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

*Wol.* Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

*Crom.* Presently  
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,  
He did it with a serious mind; a heed 80



Was in his countenance. You he bade  
Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.*

Is he ready

To come abroad ?

*Crom.*

I think, by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me awhile.

[*Exit Cromwell.*]

[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,  
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.  
Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:  
There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen !  
No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish  
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pem-  
broke !

90

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.*

May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.*

Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice !

*Wol.* [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman,  
a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !  
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;  
Then out it goes. What though I know her vir-  
tuous

And well deserving ? yet I know her for  
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of 100  
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up  
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one  
Hath crawl'd into the favor of the king,  
And is his oracle.

*Nor.*

He is vex'd at something.

*Sur.* I would 'twere something that would fret  
the string,

The master-cord on's heart !

*Enter the KING, reading of a schedule, and LOVELL.*

*Suf.*

The king, the king !

*King.* What piles of wealth hath he accumu-  
lated

To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour  
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of  
thrift,

Does he rake this together ! Now, my lords, 110  
Saw you the cardinal ?

*Nor.* My lord, we have  
Stood here observing him: some strange commo-  
tion

Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight  
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,  
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts  
His eye against the moon: in most strange pos-  
tures

We have seen him set himself.

*King.* It may well be;  
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning 120  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I required: and wot you what I found  
There,—on my conscience, put unwittingly ?  
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing:  
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which  
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks  
Possession of a subject.

*Nor.* It's heaven's will:  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
To bless your eye withal.

*King.* If we did think 130  
His contemplation were above the earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still  
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid  
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
His serious considering.

[*King takes his seat; whispers Lovell, who  
goes to the Cardinal.*]

*Wol.* Heaven forgive me !  
Ever God bless your highness !

*King.* Good my lord,  
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the in-  
ventory

Of your best graces in your mind; the which  
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time  
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span 140  
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that

I deem you an ill husband, and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

*Vol.*

*Sir,*

For holy offices I have a time; a time  
To think upon the part of business which  
I bear i' the state; and nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which perforce  
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
Must give my tendence to.

*King.*

You have said well.

*Vol.* And ever may your highness yoke to-  
gether,

150

As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
With my well saying !

*King.*

'Tis well said again;

And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well;  
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved  
you:

He said he did; and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone  
Employ'd you where high profits might come  
home,

But pared my present havings, to bestow  
My bounties upon you.

*Vol.* [*Aside*] What should this mean ? 160

*Sur.* [*Aside*] The Lord increase this business !

*King.*

Have I not made you

The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,  
If what I now pronounce you have found true:  
And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
If you are bound to us or no. What say you ?

*Vol.* My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could  
My studied purposes requite; which went  
Beyond all man's endeavors: my endeavors  
Have ever come too short of my desires, 170  
Yet filled with my abilities: mine own ends  
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed  
To the good of your most sacred person and  
The profit of the state. For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,

My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,  
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,  
Till death, that winter, kill it.

*King.*

Fairly answer'd;

A loyal and obedient subject is 180

Therein illustrated: the honor of it

Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,

The foulness is the punishment. I presume

That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,

My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honor,  
more

On you than any; so your hand and heart,

Your brain, and every function of your power,

Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,

As 'twere in love's particular, be more

To me, your friend, than any.

*Wol.*

I do profess 190

That for your highness' good I ever labor'd

More than mine own; that am, have, and will be—

Though all the world should crack their duty to  
you,

And throw it from their soul; though perils did

Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and

Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,

As doth a rock against the chiding flood,

Should the approach of this wild river break,

And stand unshaken yours.

*King.*

'Tis nobly spoken:

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, 200

For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this;

[*Giving him papers.*]

And after, this: and then to breakfast with

What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey:  
the Nobles throng after him, smiling and  
whispering.*]

*Wol.*

What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;

Then makes him nothing. I must read this  
paper;

I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;  
 This paper has undone me: 'tis the account 210  
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,  
 And see my friends in Rome. O negligence!  
 Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil  
 Made me put this main secret in the packet  
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
 No new device to beat this from his brains?  
 I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know  
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
 Will bring me off again. What's this? 'To the  
 Pope!' 220

The letter, as I live, with all the business  
 I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell!  
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;  
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter to WOLSEY, the DUKES OF NORFOLK and  
 SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD  
 CHAMBERLAIN.*

*Nor.* Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who  
 commands you  
 To render up the great seal presently  
 Into our hands; and to confine yourself 230  
 To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,  
 Till you hear further from his highness.

*Wol.* Stay:  
 Where's your commission, lords? words cannot  
 carry  
 Authority so weighty.

*Suf.* Who dare cross 'em,  
 Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

*Wol.* Till I find more than will or words to do  
 it,  
 I mean your malice, know, officious lords,  
 I dare and must deny it. Now I feel  
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy:  
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240

As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton  
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !  
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
 You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no  
 doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,  
 You ask with such a violence, the king,  
 Mine and your master, with his own hand gave  
 me;

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honors,  
 During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,  
 Tied it by letters-patent: now, who'll take it ?

*Sur.* The king, that gave it.

*Wol.* It must be himself, then. 251

*Sur.* Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

*Wol.* Proud lord, thou liest:  
 Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
 Have burnt that tongue than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
 Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:  
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals,  
 With thee and all thy best parts bound together,  
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !  
 You sent me deputy for Ireland; 260  
 Far from his succor, from the king, from all  
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest  
 him;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
 Absolved him with an axe.

*Wol.* This, and all else  
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
 I answer is most false. The duke by law  
 Found his deserts: how innocent I was  
 From any private malice in his end,  
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
 If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you  
 You have as little honesty as honor, 271  
 That in the way of loyalty and truth  
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,  
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
 And all that love his follies.

*Sur.*

By my soul,

Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?

And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, 280  
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,  
And dare us with his cap like larks.

*Wol.* All goodness  
Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness  
Of gleanings all the land's wealth into one,  
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;  
The goodness of your intercepted packets  
You writ to the pope against the king: your good-  
ness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.  
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,  
As you respect the common good, the state . 290  
Of our despised nobility, our issues,  
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,  
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
Collected from his life. I'll startle you  
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown  
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How much, methinks, I could despise this  
man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!

*Nor.* Those articles, my lord, are in the king's  
hand:

But, this much, they are foul ones.

*Wol.* So much fairer 300  
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,  
When the king knows my truth.

*Sur.* This cannot save you:  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles; and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,' cardinal,  
You'll show a little honesty.

*Wol.* Speak on, sir;  
I dare your worse objections: if I blush,  
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I had rather want those than my head.  
Have at you !

First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,  
You wrought to be a legate; by which power 311  
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

*Nor.* Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex meus'  
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the  
king

To be your servant.

*Suf.* Then that, without the knowledge  
Either of king or council, when you went  
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

*Sur.* Item, you sent a large commission 320  
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,  
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

*Suf.* That, out of mere ambition, you have  
caused  
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

*Sur.* Then that you have sent innumerable sub-  
stance—  
By what means got, I leave to your own con-  
science—

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are; 330  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cham.* O my lord,  
Press not a falling man too far ! 'tis virtue:  
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure  
is,  
Because all those things you have done of late,  
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,  
Fall into the compass of a præmunire, 340  
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,



Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer  
About the giving back the great seal to us,  
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank  
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal. 349 .

*[Exeunt all but Wolsey.]*

*Wol.* So farewell to the little good you bear me !  
Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory, 360  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride,  
At length broke under me, and now has left me  
Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:  
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin, 369  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

*Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.*

Why, how now, Cromwell !

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.* What, amazed

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder  
A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,  
I am fall'n indeed.

*Crom.* How does your grace ?

*Wol.* Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell,

I know myself now; and I feel within me  
 A peace above all earthly dignities,  
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured  
 me, 380

I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
 A load would sink a navy, too much honor:  
 O, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen  
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

*Crom.* I am glad your grace has made that  
 right use of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have; I am able now, methinks,  
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
 To endure more miseries and greater far  
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. 390  
 What news abroad ?

*Crom.* The heaviest and the worst  
 Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.* God bless him !

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is  
 chosen  
 Lord chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden:  
 But he's a learned man. May he continue  
 Long in his highness' favor, and do justice  
 For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,  
 When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,  
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !  
 What more ? 400

*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,  
 Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the Lady Anne,  
 Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
 This day was view'd in open as his queen,  
 Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
 Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* That was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,  
 The king has gone beyond me: all my glories  
 In that one woman I have lost forever: 410  
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,

Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Crom-  
well;

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
'To be thy lord and master: seek the king:  
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told  
him

What, and how true thou art: he will advance  
thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him—

I know his noble nature—not to let 419

Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,

Neglect him not; make use now, and provide

For thine own future safety.

*Crom.*

O my lord,

Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego

So good, so noble, and so true a master?

Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.

The king shall have my service; but my prayers

Forever and forever shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me, 430

Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom-  
well;

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention

Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee,

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in:

A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.

Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me. 440

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:

By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate  
thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O  
 Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;  
 And,—pritheee, lead me in: 451  
 There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,  
 And my integrity to heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
 I served my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewell  
 The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do  
 dwell. [Exeunt. 460

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *A street in Westminster.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.*

*First Gent.* You're well met once again.

*Sec. Gent.* So are you.

*First Gent.* You come to take your stand here,  
 and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last  
 encounter,

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

*First Gent.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd  
 sorrow;

This, general joy.

*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis well: the citizens,  
 I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—  
 As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever for-  
 ward—

In celebration of this day with shows, 10  
 Pageants and sights of honor.

*First Gent.* Never greater,  
 Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

*Sec. Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that con-  
 tains,  
 That paper in your hand?

*First Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list  
Of those that claim their offices this day  
By custom of the coronation.  
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be high-steward; next the Duke of Norfolk,  
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

*Sec. Gent.* I thank you, sir: had I not known  
those customs, 20  
I should have been beholding to your paper.  
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,  
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

*First Gent.* That I can tell you too. The  
Archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Ampthill where the princess lay; to which  
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:  
And, to be short, for not appearance and 30  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorced,  
And the late marriage made of none effect:  
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now sick.

*Sec. Gent.* Alas, good lady!

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is  
coming. [*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively flourish of Trumpets.*
2. Then, two Judges.
3. Lord Chancellor, *with the purse and mace before him.*
4. Choristers, *singing.* [*Music.*
5. Mayor of London, *bearing the mace.* Then  
Garter, *in his coat of arms, and on his head  
a gilt copper crown.*
6. Marquess DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold,  
on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With  
him, the Earl of SURREY, bearing the rod  
of silver with the dove, crowned with an  
earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*

7. Duke of SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
9. *The old Duchess of NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
10. *Certain Ladies, or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

*They pass over the stage in order and state.*  
*Sec. Gent.* A royal train, believe me. These I know:

Who's that that bears the sceptre?

*First Gent.* Marquess Dorset:  
 And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

*Sec. Gent.* A bold, brave gentleman. That should be

40

The Duke of Suffolk?

*First Gent.* 'Tis the same: high-steward.

*Sec. Gent.* And that my Lord of Norfolk?

*First Gent.* Yes.

*Sec. Gent.* Heaven bless thee!

[*Looking on the Queen.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

*First Gent.* They that bear  
 The cloth of honor over her, are four barons  
 Of the Cinque-ports.

*Sec. Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are  
 all are near her.

50

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

*First Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

*Sec. Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed;  
And sometimes falling ones.

*First Gent.* No more of that.  
[*Exit procession, and then a great flourish of trumpets.*]

*Enter a third gentleman.*

*First Gent.* God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?

*Third Gent.* Among the crowd i' the Abbey;  
where a finger

Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled  
With the mere rankness of their joy.

*Sec. Gent.* You saw  
The ceremony?

*Third Gent.* That I did.

*First Gent.* How was it? 60

*Third Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

*Sec. Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

*Third Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich  
stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen  
'To a prepared place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her; while her grace sat down  
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man; which when the people 70  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—  
Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such  
joy

I never saw before. Great-bellied women,  
That had not half a week to go, like rams  
In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living  
Could say 'This is my wife' there; all were woven  
So strangely in one piece.

*Sec. Gent.* But, what follow'd? 81

*Third Gent.* At length her grace rose, and  
 with modest paces  
 Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saint-  
 like  
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly.  
 Then rose again and bow'd her to the people:  
 When by the Archbishop of Canterbury  
 She had all the royal makings of a queen;  
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
 Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir, 90  
 With all the choicest music of the kingdom,  
 Together sung 'Te Deum.' So she parted,  
 And with the same full state paced back again  
 To York-place, where the feast is held.

*First Gent.* Sir,  
 You must no more call it York-place, that's past;  
 For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:  
 'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

*Third Gent.* I know it;  
 But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name  
 Is fresh about me.

*Sec. Gent.* What two reverend bishops  
 Were those that went on each side of the queen?

*Third Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of  
 Winchester, 101  
 Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,  
 The other, London.

*Sec. Gent.* He of Winchester  
 Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,  
 The virtuous Cranmer.

*Third Gent.* All the land knows that:  
 However, yet there is no great breach; when it  
 comes,  
 Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from  
 him.

*Sec. Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

*Third Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;  
 A man in much esteem with the king, and truly  
 A worthy friend. The king has made him master  
 O' the jewel house, 111  
 And one, already, of the privy council.

*Sec. Gent.* He will deserve more.



*Third Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.  
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:  
Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Kimbolton.*

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between GRIFFITH, her gentleman usher, and PATIENCE, her woman.*

*Grif.* How does your grace?

*Kath.* O Griffith, sick to death!  
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,  
Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair:  
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.  
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,  
That the great child of honor, Cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead?

*Grif.* Yes, madam; but I think your grace,  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

*Kath.* Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he  
died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily 10  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam:  
For after the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,  
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill  
He could not sit his mule.

*Kath.* Alas, poor man!

*Grif.* At last, with easy roads, he came to  
Leicester,  
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,  
With all his convent, honorably received him; 19  
To whom he gave these words, 'O, father abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  
Give him a little earth for charity!'  
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness  
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,

About the hour of eight, which he himself  
 Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,  
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
 He gave his honors to the world again, 29  
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

*Kath.* So may he rest; his faults lie gently on  
 him !

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
 And yet with charity. He was a man  
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
 Himself with princes; one that, by suggestion,  
 Tied all the kingdom; simony was fair-play;  
 His own opinion was his law: i' the presence  
 He would say untruths; and be ever double  
 Both in his words and meaning: he was never,  
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful: 40  
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing:  
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
 The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
 Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues  
 We write in water. May it please your highness  
 To hear me speak his good now ?

*Kath.* Yes, good Griffith;  
 I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This cardinal,  
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly 49  
 Was fashion'd to much honor from his cradle.  
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  
 Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:  
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;  
 But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
 Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,  
 He was most princely: ever witness for him  
 Those twins of learning that he raised in you,  
 Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,  
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it; 60  
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;  
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
 And found the blessedness of being little:  
 And, to add greater honors to his age  
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

*Kath.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
 No other speaker of my living actions, 70  
 To keep mine honor from corruption,  
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
 With thy religious truth and modesty,  
 Now in his ashes honor: peace be with him!  
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:  
 I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,  
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
 I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
 On that celestial harmony I go to. 80

[*Sad and solemn music.*]

*Grif.* She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down  
 quiet,  
 For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

*The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent courtesies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.*

*Kath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye  
 all gone,  
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

*Grif.* Madam, we are here.

*Kath.* It is not you I call for:  
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

*Grif.* None, madam.

*Kath.* No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?

They promised me eternal happiness; 90

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams

Possess your fancy.

*Kath.* Bid the music leave,  
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

*Pat.* Do you note  
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,  
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!

*Grif.* She is going, wench: pray, pray.

*Pat.* Heaven comfort her!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* An't like your grace,—

*Kath.* You are a saucy fellow: 100  
Deserve we no more reverence?

*Grif.* You are to blame,  
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behavior; go to, kneel.

*Mess.* I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

*Kath.* Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*]

*Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.*

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,  
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. 110

*Cap.* Madam, the same; your servant.

*Kath.* O, my lord,  
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely  
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray  
you,  
What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,  
The king's request that I would visit you;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Kath.* O my good lord, that comfort comes  
too late; 120  
'Tis like a pardon after execution:  
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;  
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.  
How does his highness?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Kath.* So may he ever do! and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor  
name  
Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,  
I caused you write, yet sent away?

*Pat.* No, madam.

[Giving it to Katharine.]

*Kath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the king.

*Cap.* Most willing, madam. 130

*Kath.* In which I have commended to his good-  
ness  
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;  
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—  
She is young and of a noble modest nature,  
I hope she will deserve well,—and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,  
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor peti-  
tion

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long 140  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
And now I should not lie, but will deserve,

For virtue and true beauty of the soul,  
 For honesty and decent carriage,  
 A right good husband, let him be a noble:  
 And, sure, those men are happy that shall have  
     'em.

The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,  
 But poverty could never draw 'em from me; 149  
 That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,  
 And something over to remember me by:  
 If heaven had pleased to have given me longer  
     life

And abler means, we had not parted thus.  
 These are the whole contents: and, good my  
     lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,  
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the  
     king

To do me this last right.

*Cap.* By heaven, I will,  
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

*Kath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember  
     me 160

In all humility unto his highness:  
 Say his long trouble now is passing  
 Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,  
 For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,  
 My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,  
 You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;  
 Call in more women. When I am dead, good  
     wench,

Let me be used with honor: strew me over  
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
 I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me, 170  
 Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like  
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
 I can no more.

[*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A gallery in the palace.*

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

*Gar.* It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

*Boy.* It hath struck.

*Gar.* These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir  
Thomas!

Whither so late?

*Lov.* Came you from the king, my lord?

*Gar.* I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero  
With the Duke of Suffolk.

*Lov.* I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

*Gar.* Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the  
matter? 10

It seems you are in haste: an if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business: affairs, that  
walk,

As they say spirits do, at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature than the business  
That seeks despatch by day.

*Lov.* My lord, I love you;  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in  
labor,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd  
She'll with the labor end.

*Gar.* The fruit she goes with 20  
I pray for heartily, that it may find  
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks I could  
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gar.* But, sir, sir,  
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman  
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,  
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me, 30  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

*Lov.* Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Crom-  
well,

Beside that of the jewel house, is made master  
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further,  
sir,

Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,  
With which the time will load him. The arch-  
bishop

Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare  
speak

One syllable against him?

*Gar.* Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,  
There are that dare; and I myself have ventured  
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,  
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have  
Incensed the lords o' the council, that he is,  
For so I know he is, they know he is,  
A most arch heretic, a pestilence

That does infect the land: with which they moved  
Have broken with the king; who hath so far  
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace  
And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded 50  
To-morrow morning to the council-board  
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,  
And we must root him out. From your affairs  
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

*Lov.* Many good nights, my lord: I rest your  
servant. [Exeunt Gardiner and Page.

*Enter the KING and SUFFOLK.*

*King.* Charles, I will play no more to-night;  
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I did never win of you before,

*King.* But little, Charles;



Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play. 60  
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me, but by her woman  
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks  
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your high-  
ness

Most heartily to pray for her.

*King.* What say'st thou, na?  
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

*Lov.* So said her woman; and that her suffer-  
ance made

Almost each pang a death.

*King.* Alas, good lady!

*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burthen, and  
With gentle travail, to the gladding of 71  
Your highness with an heir!

*King.* 'Tis midnight, Charles;  
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember  
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me  
alone;

For I must think of that which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your highness  
A quiet night; and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*King.* Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*]

*Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.*

Well, sir, what follows?

*Den.* Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-  
bishop, 80

As you commanded me.

*King.* Ha! Canterbury?

*Den.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

*Den.* He attends your highness' pleasure.

*King.* Bring him to us.  
[*Exit Denny.*]

*Lov.* [*Aside*] This is about that which the  
bishop spake:

I am happily come hither.

*Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.*

*King.* Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*]

Ha! I have said. Be gone.

What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]

*Cran.* [*Aside*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

*King.* How now, my lord! you do desire to know 90

Wherefore I sent for you.

*Cran.* [*Kneeling*] It is my duty  
To attend your highness' pleasure.

*King.* Pray you, arise,  
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;  
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me  
your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you; which, being con-  
sider'd, 100

Have moved us and our council, that you shall  
This morning come before us; where, I know,  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till further trial in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower: you a brother  
of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*Cran.* [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your high-  
ness;

And am right glad to catch this good occasion 110  
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly as under: for, I know,  
There's none stands under more calumnious  
tongues

Than I myself, poor man.

*King.* Stand up, good Canterbury;  
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted

In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:  
 Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,  
 What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd  
 You would have given me your petition, that  
 I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
 Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard  
 you,

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Without endurance, further.

*Cran.* Most dread liege,  
 The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:  
 If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
 Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,  
 Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
 What can be said against me.

*King.* Know you not  
 How your state stands i' the world, with the  
 whole world?

Your enemies are many, and not small; their  
 practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not ever 130  
 The justice and the truth o' the question carries  
 The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease  
 Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
 To swear against you? such things have been  
 done.

You are potently opposed; and with a malice  
 Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,  
 I mean, in perjured witness, than your Master,  
 Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived  
 Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;  
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger, 140  
 And woo your own destruction.

*Cran.* God and your majesty  
 Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
 The trap is laid for me!

*King.* Be of good cheer;  
 They shall no more prevail than we give way to.  
 Keep comfort to you; and this morning see  
 You do appear before them: if they shall chance,  
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
 The best persuasions to the contrary  
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
 The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties 150

Will render you no remedy, this ring  
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
 There make before them. Look, the good man  
 weeps !

He's honest, on mine honor. God's blest mother !  
 I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul  
 None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,  
 And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*] He  
 has strangled  
 His language in his tears.

*Enter Old Lady, Lovell following.*

*Gent.* [*Within*] Come back: what mean you ?

*Old L.* I'll not come back; the tidings that I  
 bring 160

Will make my boldness manners. Now, good  
 angels,

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
 Under their blessed wings !

*King.* Now, by thy looks  
 I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd ?  
 Say, ay; and of a boy.

*Old L.* Ay, ay, my liege;  
 And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven  
 Both now and ever bless her ! 'tis a girl,  
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
 Desires your visitation, and to be 169  
 Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you  
 As cherry is to cherry.

*King.* Lovell !

*Lov.* Sir ?

*King.* Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the  
 queen. [*Exit.*]

*Old L.* An hundred marks ! By this light, I'll  
 ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.  
 I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
 Said I for this, the girl was like to him ?  
 I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,  
 While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the Council-Chamber.**Pursuivants, Pages, &c., attending.**Enter* CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Cran.* I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,  
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means  
this? Ho!  
Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

*Enter* Keeper.

*Keep.* Yes, my lord;  
But yet I cannot help you.  
*Cran.* Why?

*Enter* DOCTOR BUTTS.

*Keep.* Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.  
*Cran.* So.  
*Butts.* [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad  
I came this way so happily: the king  
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*  
*Cran.* [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts, 10  
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!  
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For  
certain,  
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—  
God turn their hearts! I never sought their  
malice—  
To quench mine honor: they would shame to  
make me  
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,  
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their  
pleasures  
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the KING and BUTTS at a window above.**Butts.* I'll show your grace the strangest sight—*King.* What's that, Butts? 20

*Butts.* I think your highness saw this many a day.

*King.* Body o' me, where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord:  
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;  
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and footboys.

*King.* Ha! 'tis he, indeed:  
Is this the honor they do one another?  
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought  
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,  
At least good manners, as not thus to suffer  
A man of his place, and so near our favor, 30  
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,  
And at the door too, like a post with packets.  
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:  
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close:  
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *The Council-Chamber.*

*Enter LORD CHANCELLOR; places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for CANTERBURY'S seat. DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORFOLK, SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.*

*Chan.* Speak to the business, master secretary:  
Why are we met in council?

*Crom.* Please your honors,  
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

*Gar.* Has he had knowledge of it?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there?

*Keep.* Without, my noble lords?

*Gar.* Yes.

*Keep.* My lord archbishop;  
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*Keep.* Your grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table.*]

*Chan.* My good lord archbishop, I'm very  
sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold  
That chair stand empty; but we all are men, 10  
In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty  
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach  
us,

Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,  
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching and your  
chaplains,

For so we are inform'd, with new opinions,  
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious. 19

*Gar.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses  
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and  
spur 'em,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,  
Out of our easiness and childish pity  
To one man's honor, this contagious sickness,  
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?  
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neigh-  
bors,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the prog-  
ress

Both of my life and office, I have labor'd,  
And with no little study, that my teaching  
And the strong course of my authority  
Might go one way, and safely; and the end  
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living,  
I speak it with a single heart, my lords,  
A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
Both in his private conscience, and his place, 40  
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.  
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart  
With less allegiance in it! Men that make  
Envy and crooked malice nourishment

Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my lord,  
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,  
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you. 50

*Gar.* My lord, because we have business of  
more moment,  
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'  
pleasure,  
And our consent, for better trial of you,  
From hence you be committed to the Tower;  
Where, being but a private man again,  
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cran.* Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I  
thank you;  
You are always my good friend; if you will  
pass,  
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror, 60  
You are so merciful: I see your end;  
'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord,  
Become a churchman better than ambition:  
Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience  
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*Gar.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary, 70  
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss dis-  
covers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness.

*Crom.* My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
By your good favor, too sharp; men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty  
To load a falling man.

*Gar.* Good master secretary,  
I cry your honor mercy; you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord?



*Gar.* Do not I know you for a favorer      80  
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

*Crom.*      Not sound?

*Gar.* Not sound, I say.

*Crom.*      Would you were half so honest!  
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their  
fears.

*Gar.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Crom.*      Do.  
Remember your bold life too.

*Chan.*      This is too much;  
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gar.*      I have done.

*Crom.*      And I.

*Chan.* Then thus for you, my lord: it stands  
agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;  
There to remain till the king's further pleasure  
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords? 91

*All.* We are.

*Cran.*      Is there no other way of mercy  
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

*Gar.*      What other  
Would you expect? you are strangely trouble-  
some.

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Enter Guard.*

*Cran.*      For me?  
Must I go like a traitor thither?

*Gar.*      Receive him,  
And see him safe i' the Tower.

*Cran.*      Stay, good my lords,  
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords:  
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause  
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100  
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

*Cham.* This is the king's ring.

*Sur.*      'Tis no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all  
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,  
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

*Nor.* Do you think, my lords,  
The king will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd?

*Chan.* 'Tis now too certain:  
How much more is his life in value with him?  
Would I were fairly out on't!

*Crom.* My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales and informations 110  
Against this man, whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at,  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye; now have at ye!

*Enter KING, frowning on them, takes his seat.*

*Gar.* Dread Sovereign, how much are we bound  
to heaven  
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;  
Not only good and wise, but most religious:  
One that, in all obedience, makes the church  
The chief aim of his honor; and, to strengthen  
That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgment comes to hear 120  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*King.* You were ever good at sudden commen-  
dations,  
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not  
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;  
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.  
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;  
But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I'm sure  
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.  
[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me  
see the proudest, 130

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:  
By all that's holy, he had better starve  
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

*Sur.* May it please your grace,—

*King.* No, sir, it does not please me.  
I had thought I had had men of some understand-  
ing

And wisdom of my council; but I find none.  
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—

This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy 139  
 At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?  
 Why, what a shame was this! Did my commis-  
 sion

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye  
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,  
 Not as a groom: there's some of ye, I see,  
 More out of malice than integrity,  
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;  
 Which ye shall never have while I live.

*Chan.* Thus far,  
 My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace  
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed  
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather, 150  
 If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,  
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice,  
 I'm sure, in me.

*King.* Well, well, my lords, respect him;  
 Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.  
 I will say thus much for him, if a prince  
 May be beholding to a subject, I  
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:  
 Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of  
 Canterbury, 160

I have a suit which you must not deny me;  
 That is, a fair young maid, that yet wants bap-  
 tism,

You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may  
 glory

In such an honor: how may I deserve it,  
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

*King.* Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your  
 spoons: you shall have two noble partners with  
 you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Mar-  
 quess Dorset: will these please you? 170  
 Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,  
 Embrace and love this man.

*Gar.* With a true heart  
 And brother-love I do it.

*Cran.* And let heaven  
 Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

*King.* Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart:

The common voice, I see, is verified  
Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my Lord of Canterbury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend forever.'

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long  
To have this young one made a Christian. 180

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;

So I grow stronger, you more honor gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. *The palace yard.*

*Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.*

*Port.* You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

*Port.* Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals? 11

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible—

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—

To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep

On May-day morning; which will never be:

We may as well push against Powle's, as stir 'em.

*Port.* How got they in, and be hang'd?

*Man.* Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—

You see the poor remainder—could distribute, 20  
I made no spare, sir.

*Port.* You did nothing, sir.

*Man.* I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,

To mow 'em down before me: but if I spared any  
That had a head to hit, either young or old,

He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,  
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;  
And that I would not for a cow, God save her !

[*Within*] Do you hear, master porter ?

*Port.* I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah. 30

*Man.* What would you have me do ?

*Port.* What would you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us ? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door ! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand ; here will be father, godfather, and all together. 39

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose ; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance : that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me ; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman ; who cried out 'Clubs !' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succor, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on ; I made good my place : at length they came to the broom-staff to me ; I defied 'em still : when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honor in, and let 'em win the work : the devil was amongst 'em, I think surely.

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum,

and there they are like to dance these three days;  
besides the running banquet of two beadles that  
is to come. 70

*Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

*Cham.* Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here !  
They grow still too; from all parts they are com-  
ing,

As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these por-  
ters,

These lazy knaves ? Ye have made a fine hand,  
fellows:

There's a trim rabble let in: are all these  
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs ? We shall  
have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,  
When they pass back from the christening.

*Port.* An't please your honor,  
We are but men; and what so many may do,  
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done: 80  
An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cham.* As I live,  
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all  
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads  
Clap round fines for neglect: ye are lazy knaves;  
And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when  
Ye should do service. Hark ! the trumpets  
sound;

They're come already from the christening:  
Go, break among the press, and find a way out  
To let the troops pass fairly; or I'll find  
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two  
months. 90

*Port.* Make way there for the princess.

*Man.* You great fellow,  
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

*Port.* You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;  
I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [Excunt.]

SCENE V. *The palace.*

*Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, LORD MAYOR, GARTER, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the MARCHIONESS DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and GARTER speaks.*

*Gart.* Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

*Flourish. Enter KING and Guard.*

*Cran.* [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,  
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye!

*King.* Thank you, good lord archbishop:  
What is her name?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*King.* Stand up, lord. 10  
[*The King kisses the child.*

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!  
Into whose hand I give thy life.

*Cran.* Amen.

*King.* My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

*Cran.* Let me speak, sir,  
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.  
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings, 20

Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be—  
 But few now living can behold that goodness—  
 A pattern to all princes living with her,  
 And all that shall succeed: Saba was never  
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue  
 Than this pure soul shall be; all princely graces  
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
 With all the virtues that attend the good,  
 Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse  
                   her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her: 30  
 She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall bless  
                   her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
 And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows  
                   with her:

In her days every man shall eat in safety,  
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing  
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors:  
 God shall be truly known; and those about her  
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,  
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when  
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, 41  
 Her ashes new create another heir,  
 As great in admiration as herself;  
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
 When heaven shall call her from this cloud of  
                   darkness,

Who from the sacred ashes of her honor  
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
 And so stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth,  
                   terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him: 50  
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
 His honor and the greatness of his name  
 Shall be, and make new nations; he shall flourish,  
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
 To all the plains about him: our children's chil-  
                   dren

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

*King.*

Thou speakest wonders,



*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it. 59  
Would I had know no more! but she must die,  
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*King.* O lord archbishop,  
Thou hast made me now a man! never, before  
This happy child, did I get any thing:  
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,  
That when I am in heaven I shall desire  
To see what this child does, and praise my  
Maker.

I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor, 70  
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;  
I have received much honor by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,  
lords:

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank  
ye,

She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
Has business at his house; for all shall stay:  
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

### EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please  
All that are here: some come to take their ease,  
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,  
We have frightened with our trumpets; so, 'tis  
clear,

They'll say 'tis nought: others, to hear the city  
Abused extremely, and to cry 'That's witty!'  
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,  
All the expected good we're like to hear  
For this play at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women; 10  
For such a one we show'd 'em; if they smile,  
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while  
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,  
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.



THE WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK  
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# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM, king of Troy.

HECTOR,  
TROILUS,  
PARIS,  
DEIPHOBUS, } his sons.  
HELENUS, }

MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.

ÆNEAS,  
ANTENOR, } Trojan commanders.

CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the  
Greeks.

PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general.

MENELAUS, his brother.

ACHILLES,  
AJAX,  
ULYSSES,  
NESTOR,  
DIOMEDES,  
PATROCLUS, } Grecian princes.

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, wife to Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam, a prophetess.

CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Troy, and the Grecian camp before it.*

## PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of  
Greece

The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore  
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made  
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures

The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
 With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel  
 To Tenedos they come; 11

And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge  
 Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains  
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
 Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,  
 Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,  
 And Antenorides, with massy staples  
 And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,  
 Sperr up the sons of Troy.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits, 20  
 On one and other side, 'Trojan and Greek,  
 Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come  
 A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence  
 Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited  
 In like conditions as our argument,  
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play  
 Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,  
 Beginning in the middle, starting thence away  
 To what may be digested in a play.  
 Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are: 30  
 Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *Troy. Before Priam's palace.*

*Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.*

*Tro.* Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again:  
 Why should I war without the walls of Troy,  
 That find such cruel battle here within?  
 Each Trojan that is master of his heart,  
 Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

*Pan.* Will this gear ne'er be mended?

*Tro.* The Greeks are strong and skilful to their  
 strength,  
 Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant;  
 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance, 10  
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
 And skillless as unpractised infancy.

*Pan.* Well, I have told you enough of this;



for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the bolting, but you must tarry the leavening. 20

*Tro.* Still have I tarried.

*Pan.* Ay, to the leavening; but here's in the word 'hereafter' the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

*Tro.* Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be, Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—  
So, traitor! 'When she comes!' When is she  
thence? 31

*Pan.* Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

*Tro.* I was about to tell thee:—when my heart,  
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,  
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,  
I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,  
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:  
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,  
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness. 40

*Pan.* An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's—well, go to—there were no more comparison between the women: but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her: but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

*Tro.* O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—  
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,  
Reply not in how many fathoms deep 50  
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad  
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st 'she is fair;'  
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart

Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,  
 Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,  
 In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
 Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure  
 The cygnet's down is harsh and spirit of sense  
 Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou tell'st  
 me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her; 60  
 But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,  
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me  
 The knife that made it.

*Pan.* I speak no more than truth.

*Tro.* Thou dost not speak so much.

*Pan.* Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be  
 as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an  
 she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

*Tro.* Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus?

*Pan.* I have had my labor for my travail; ill-  
 thought on of her and ill-thought on of you; gone  
 between and between, but small thanks for my  
 labor.

*Tro.* What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what,  
 with me?

*Pan.* Because she's kin to me, therefore she's  
 not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me,  
 she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on  
 Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she  
 were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me. 80

*Tro.* Say I she is not fair?

*Pan.* I do not care whether you do or no. She's  
 a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the  
 Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see  
 her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more  
 i' the matter.

*Tro.* Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Not I.

*Tro.* Sweet Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Pray you, speak no more to me: I will  
 leave all as I found it, and there an end. 91

[*Exit Pandarus. An alarum.*]

*Tro.* Peace, you ungracious clamors! peace,  
 rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,

When with your blood you daily paint her thus.  
 I cannot fight upon this argument;  
 It is too starved a subject for my sword.  
 But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me !  
 I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;  
 And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,  
 As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. 100  
 Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,  
 What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?  
 Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:  
 Between our Ilium and where she resides,  
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,  
 Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar  
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

*Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* How now, prince Troilus ! wherefore  
 not afield.

*Tro.* Because not there: this woman's answer  
 sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence. 110  
 What news, Æneas, from the field to-day ?

*Æne.* That Paris is returned home and hurt.

*Tro.* By whom, Æneas ?

*Æne.* Troilus, by Menelaus.

*Tro.* Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn:  
 Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

*Æne.* Hark, what good sport is out of town to-  
 day !

*Tro.* Better at home, if 'would I might' were  
 'may.'

But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither ?

*Æne.* In all swift haste.

*Tro.* Come, go we then together.  
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

*Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.*

*Cres.* Who were those went by ?

*Alex.* Queen Hecuba and Helen.

*Cres.* And whither go they ?

*Alex.* Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,  
 To see the battle. Hector, whose patience  
 Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was moved:  
 He chid Andromache and struck his armorer,  
 And, like as there were husbandry in war,  
 Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,  
 And to the field goes he; where every flower  
 Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw 10  
 In Hector's wrath.

*Cres.* What was his cause of anger?

*Alex.* The noise goes, this: there is among the  
 Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;  
 They call him Ajax.

*Cres.* Good; and what of him?

*Alex.* They say he is a-very man per se,  
 And stands alone.

*Cres.* So do all men, unless they are drunk,  
 sick, or have no legs.

*Alex.* This man, lady, hath robbed many  
 beasts of their particular additions; he is as  
 valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as  
 the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so  
 crowded humors that his valor is crushed into  
 folly, his folly sauced with discrection: there is no  
 man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of,  
 nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain  
 of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry  
 against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing,  
 but every thing so out of joint that he is a gouty  
 Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind  
 Argus, all eyes and no sight. 31

*Cres.* But how should this man, that makes me  
 smile, make Hector angry?

*Alex.* They say he yesterday coped Hector in  
 the battle and struck him down, the disdain and  
 shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting  
 and waking.

*Cres.* Who comes here?

*Alex.* Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Cres.* Hector's a gallant man.

*Alex.* As may be in the world, lady.

*Pan.* What's that? what's that?

*Cres.* Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

*Pan.* Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander. How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

*Cres.* This morning, uncle.

*Pan.* What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she? 50

*Cres.* Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

*Pan.* Even so: Hector was stirring early.

*Cres.* That were we talking of, and of his anger.

*Pan.* Was he angry?

*Cres.* So he says here.

*Pan.* True, he was so: I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too. 61

*Cres.* What, is he angry too?

*Pan.* Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

*Cres.* O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

*Pan.* What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

*Cres.* Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

*Pan.* Well, I say Troilus is Troilus. 70

*Cres.* Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

*Pan.* No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

*Cres.* 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

*Pan.* Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

*Cres.* So he is.

*Pan.* Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

*Cres.* He is not Hector. 81

*Pan.* Himself! no, he's not himself: would a' were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end: well, Troilus, well: I would

my heart were in her body. No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

*Cres.* Excuse me.

*Pan.* He is elder.

*Cres.* Pardon me, pardon me. 89

*Pan.* Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

*Cres.* He shall not need it, if he have his own.

*Pan.* Nor his qualities.

*Cres.* No matter.

*Pan.* Nor his beauty.

*Cres.* 'Twould not become him; his own's better.

*Pan.* You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore, th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favor—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

*Cres.* No, but brown.

*Pan.* 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

*Cres.* To say the truth, true and not true.

*Pan.* She praised his complexion above Paris.

*Cres.* Why, Paris hath color enough.

*Pan.* So he has. 109

*Cres.* Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his, he having color enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

*Pan.* I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

*Cres.* Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

*Pan.* Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,—

*Cres.* Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

*Pan.* Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

*Cres.* Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?

*Pan.* But to prove to you that Helen loves him: she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—

*Cres.* Juno have mercy ! how came it cloven ?

*Pan.* Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

*Cres.* O, he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Does he not ?

*Cres.* O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn. 139

*Pan.* Why, go to, then: but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

*Cres.* Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

*Pan.* Troilus ! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

*Cres.* If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

*Pan.* I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin: indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,— 151

*Cres.* Without the rack.

*Pan.* And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

*Cres.* Alas, poor chin ! many a wart is richer.

*Pan.* But there was such laughing ! Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o'er.

*Cres.* With mill-stones.

*Pan.* And Cassandra laughed.

*Cres.* But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too ?

*Pan.* And Hector laughed.

*Cres.* At what was all this laughing ?

*Pan.* Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

*Cres.* An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

*Pan.* They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

*Cres.* What was his answer ? 170

*Pan.* Quoth she, 'Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

*Cres.* This is her question.

*Pan.* That's true; make no question of that. 'Two and fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he, 'pluck't out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

*Cres.* So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

*Pan.* Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

*Cres.* So I do.

*Pan.* I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. 189

*Cres.* And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*]

*Pan.* Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.

*Cres.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest. 200

*Cres.* Speak not so loud.

*ÆNEAS passes.*

*Pan.* That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

*ANTENOR passes.*

*Cres.* Who's that?

*Pan.* That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.



*Cres.* Will he give you the nod?

*Pan.* You shall see.

*Cres.* If he do, the rich shall have more.

*HECTOR passes.*

*Pan.* That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

*Cres.* O, a brave man! 220

*Pan.* Is a' not? it does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

*Cres.* Be those with swords?

*Pan.* Swords! anything, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris. 230

*PARIS passes.*

Look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.

*HELENUS passes.*

*Cres.* Who's that?

*Pan.* That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus. 240

*Cres.* Can Helenus fight, uncle?

*Pan.* Helenus? no. Yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus'? Helenus is a priest.

*Cres.* What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

*TROILUS passes.*

*Pan.* Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis

Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

*Cres.* Peace, for shame, peace! 250

*Pan.* Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and I warrant, Helen, to change would give an eye to boot. 260

*Cres.* Here come more.

*Forces pass.*

*Pan.* Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look: the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

*Cres.* There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus. 269

*Pan.* Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

*Cres.* Well, well.

*Pan.* 'Well, well!' Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

*Cres.* Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out. 281

*Pan.* You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

*Cres.* Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

*Pan.* Say one of your watches. 290

*Cres.* Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

*Pan.* You are such another!

*Enter* TROILUS's Boy.

*Boy.* Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

*Pan.* Where? 299

*Boy.* At your own house; there he unarms him.

*Pan.* Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*]  
I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

*Cres.* Adieu, uncle.

*Pan.* I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

*Cres.* To bring, uncle?

*Pan.* Ay, a token from Troilus.

*Cres.* By the same token, you are a bawd.

[*Exit Pandarus.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,  
He offers in another's enterprise:

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see 310

'Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:

Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.

That she beloved knows nought that knows not  
this:

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

That she was never yet that ever knew

Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:

Then though my heart's content firm love doth  
bear, 320

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.*

*Sennet. Enter* AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,  
MENELAUS, and others.

*Agam.* Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?  
 The ample proposition that hope makes  
 In all designs begun on earth below  
 Fails in the promised largeness: checks and dis-  
 asters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,  
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
 Infect the sound pine and divert his grain  
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.  
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us 10  
 That we come short of our suppose so far  
 That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;  
 Sith every action that hath gone before,  
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,  
 And that unbodied figure of the thought  
 That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you  
 princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,  
 And call them shames? which are indeed nought  
 else

But the protracted trials of great Jove 20  
 To find persistive constancy in men:  
 The fineness of which metal is not found  
 In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,  
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,  
 The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:  
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,  
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;  
 And what hath mass or matter, by itself  
 Lies rich in virtue and unmingled. 30

*Nest.* With due observance of thy godlike seat,  
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply  
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance  
 Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth  
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
 Upon her patient breast, making their way  
 With those of nobler bulk!

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
 The gentle Thetis, and anon behold  
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains  
 cut, 40

Bounding between the two moist elements,  
 Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat  
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
 Co-rivall'd greatness? Either to harbor fled,  
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
 Doth valor's show and valor's worth divide  
 In storms of fortune; for in her ray and bright-  
 ness

The herd hath more annoyance by the brize  
 Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind  
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, 50  
 And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing  
 of courage

As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize,  
 And with an accent tuned in selfsame key  
 Retorts to chiding fortune.

*Ulyss.*

*Agamemnon,*

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,  
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,  
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
 Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.  
 Besides the applause and approbation  
 The which, [*To Agamemnon*] most mighty for thy  
 place and sway, 60  
 [*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend for thy  
 stretch'd out life

I give to both your speeches, which were such  
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
 Should hold up high in brass, and such again  
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,  
 Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree  
 On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears  
 To his experienced tongue, yet let it please both,  
 Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

*Agam.* Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of  
 less expect 70

That matter needless, of importless burden,  
 Divide thy lips, than we are confident,  
 When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,  
 We shall hear music, wit and oracle.

*Ulyss.* Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,  
 And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master  
 But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:  
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand  
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions,  
 When that the general is not like the hive 81  
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,  
 What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
 The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.  
 The heavens themselves, the planets and this  
 centre

Observe degree, priority and place,  
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
 Office and custom, in all line of order;  
 And therefore is the glorious planet Sol  
 In noble eminence enthroned and sphered 90  
 Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye  
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
 Sans check to good and bad: but when the planets  
 In evil mixture to disorder wander,  
 What plagues and what portents! what mutiny!  
 What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!  
 Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, hor-  
 rors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
 The unity and married calm of states 100  
 Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is  
 shaken,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
 Then enterprise is sick! How could communities,  
 Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,  
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
 The primogenitive and due of birth,  
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?  
 Take but degree away, untune that string,  
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing  
 meets 110

In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters  
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores  
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:  
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:  
 Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,

Between whose endless jar justice resides,  
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
Then every thing includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite; 120  
And appetite, an universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,  
Must make perforce an universal prey,  
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree it is  
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose  
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd  
By him one step below, he by the next, 130  
That next by him beneath; so every step,  
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick  
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
Of pale and bloodless emulation:  
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

*Nest.* Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd  
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

*Agam.* The nature of the sickness found,  
Ulysses, 140  
What is the remedy?

*Ulyss.* The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns  
The sinew and the forehead of our host,  
Having his ear full of his airy fame,  
Grows dainty of his worth and in his tent  
Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus  
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day  
Breaks scurril jests,  
And with ridiculous and awkward action,  
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls, 150  
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
Thy topless deputation he puts on,  
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit  
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—  
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming  
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,

'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquared,  
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,  
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff 161  
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;  
Cries 'Excellent ! 'tis Agamemnon just.  
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,  
As he being drest to some oration.'

That's done, as near as the extremest ends  
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife:  
Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent !  
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,  
Arming to answer in a night alarm.' 171

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age  
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,  
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,  
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport  
Sir Valor dies; cries, 'O, enough, Patroclus;  
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all  
In pleasure of my spleen !' And in this fashion,  
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
Severals and generals of grace exact, 180  
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
Success or loss, what is, or is not, serves  
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

*Nest.* And in the imitation of these twain—  
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns  
With an imperial voice—many are infect.  
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head  
In such a rein, in full as proud a place  
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him; 190  
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,  
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,  
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,  
To match us in comparisons with dirt,  
To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

*Ulyss.* They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,  
Count wisdom as no member of the war,  
Forestall prescience and esteem no act  
But that of hand: the still and mental parts, 200



'That do contrive how many hands shall strike,  
 When fitness calls them on, and know by measure  
 Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—  
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:  
 They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;  
 So that the ram that batters down the wall,  
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,  
 They place before his hand that made the engine,  
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls  
 By reason guide his execution. 210

*Nest.* Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [*A tucket.*

*Agam.* What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

*Men.* From Troy.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Agam.* What would you 'fore our tent?

*Æne.* Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray  
 you?

*Agam.* Even this.

*Æne.* May one, that is a herald and a prince,  
 Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

*Agam.* With surety stronger than Achilles'  
 arm, 220

'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice  
 Call Agamemnon head and general.

*Æne.* Fair leave and large security. How may  
 A stranger to those most imperial looks  
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?

*Agam.*

How!

*Æne.* Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,  
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush  
 Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
 The youthful Phœbus:

230

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

*Agam.* This Trojan scorns us; or the men of  
 Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

*Æne.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,  
 As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:  
 But when they would seem soldiers, they have  
 galls,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's  
accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,  
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips! 240  
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,  
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth:  
But what the repining enemy commends,  
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,  
transcends.

*Agam.* Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself  
Æneas?

*Æne.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.

*Agam.* What's your affair, I pray you?

*Æne.* Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

*Agam.* He hears nought privately that comes  
from Troy.

*Æne.* Nor I from Troy come not to whisper  
him: 250

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,  
To set his sense on the attentive bent,  
And then to speak.

*Agam.* Speak frankly as the wind;  
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:  
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,  
He tells thee so himself.

*Æne.* Trumpet, blow loud,  
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;  
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,  
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy 260  
A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his father,—  
Who in this dull and long-continued truce  
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,  
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!  
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece  
That holds his honor higher than his ease,  
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,  
That knows his valor, and knows not his fear,  
That loves his mistress more than in confession,  
With truant vows to her own lips he loves, 270  
And dare avow her beauty and her worth  
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,  
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.  
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,  
 And to-morrow with his trumpet call  
 Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,  
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:  
 If any come, Hector shall honor him; 280  
 If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,  
 The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth  
 The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

*Agam.* This shall be told our lovers, lord  
 Æneas;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,  
 We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;  
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love!  
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be, 289  
 That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

*Nest.* Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man  
 When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;  
 But if there be not in our Grecian host  
 One noble man that hath one spark of fire,  
 To answer for his love, tell him from me  
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver  
 And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,  
 And meeting him will tell him that my lady  
 Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste  
 As may be in the world: his youth in flood, 300  
 I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

*Æne.* Now heavens forbid such scarcity of  
 youth!

*Ulyss.* Amen.

*Agam.* Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your  
 hand:

To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.  
 Achilles shall have word of this intent;  
 So shall each lord of Greece from tent to tent:  
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go  
 And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*]

*Ulyss.* Nestor!

310

*Nest.* What says Ulysses?

*Ulyss.* I have a young conception in my brain;  
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is't?

*Ulyss.* This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride  
That hath to this maturity blown up  
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,  
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,  
To overbulk us all.

*Nest.* Well, and how? 320

*Ulyss.* This challenge that the gallant Hector  
sends,

However it is spread in general name,  
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:  
And, in the publication, make no strain,  
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,  
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose 330  
Pointing on him.

*Ulyss.* And wake him to the answer, think you?

*Nest.* Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you else  
oppose,

That can from Hector bring his honor off,  
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,  
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;  
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
With their finest palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,  
Our imputation shall be oddly poised  
In this wild action; for the success,

Although particular, shall give a scantling 340  
Of good or bad unto the general;

And in such indexes, although small pricks  
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen  
The baby figure of the giant mass  
Of things to come at large. It is supposed  
He that meets Hector issues from our choice;  
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,  
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,

As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd 350  
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,  
What heart receives from hence the conquering  
part,  
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?  
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,  
In no less working than are swords and bows  
Directive by the limbs.

*Ulyss.* Give pardon to my speech:  
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.  
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,  
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not, 360  
The lustre of the better yet to show,  
Shall show the better. Do not consent  
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;  
For both our honor and our shame in this  
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

*Nest.* I see them not with my old eyes: what  
are they?

*Ulyss.* What glory our Achilles shares from  
Hector,  
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:  
But he already is too insolent;  
And we were better parch in Afric sun 370  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,  
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,  
Why then, we did our main opinion crush  
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;  
And, by devise, let blockish Ajax draw  
The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves  
Give him allowance for the better man;  
For that will physic the great Myrmidon  
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall  
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends. 380  
If the dull brainless Ajax comes safe off,  
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,  
Yet go we under our opinion still  
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,  
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:  
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

*Nest.* Ulysses,  
Now I begin to relish thy advice;  
And I will give a taste of it forthwith

To Agamemnon: go we to him straight. 390  
 Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone  
 Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A part of the Grecian camp.*

*Enter AJAX and THERSITES.*

*Ajax.* Thersites !

*Ther.* Agamemnon, how if he had boils ? full,  
 all over, generally ?

*Ajax.* Thersites !

*Ther.* And those boils did run ? say so: did  
 not the general run then ? were not that a botchy  
 core ?

*Ajax.* Dog !

*Ther.* Then would come some matter from  
 him ; I see none now. 10

*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not  
 hear ? [*Beating him*] Feel, then.

*Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou  
 mongrel beef-witted lord !

*Ajax.* Speak then, thou vinewedst leaven, speak :  
 I will beat thee into handsomeness.

*Ther.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holi-  
 ness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an  
 oration than thou learn a prayer without book.  
 Thou canst strike, canst thou ? a red murrain o'  
 thy jade's tricks ! 21

*Ajax.* Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

*Ther.* Dost thou think I have no sense, thou  
 strikest me thus ?

*Ajax.* The proclamation !

*Ther.* Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

*Ajax.* Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers  
 itch.

*Ther.* I would thou didst itch from head to  
 foot and I had the scratching of thee ; I would  
 make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When  
 thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as  
 slow as another.

*Ajax.* I say, the proclamation !

*Ther.* Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

*Ajax.* Mistress Thersites !

*Ther.* Thou should strike him. 40

*Ajax.* Cobloaf !

*Ther.* He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

*Ajax.* [*Beating him*] You whoreson cur !

*Ther.* Do, do.

*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch !

*Ther.* Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord ! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: thou scurvy-valiant ass ! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou !

*Ajax.* You dog !

*Ther.* You scurvy lord !

*Ajax.* [*Beating him*] You cur !

*Ther.* Mars his idiot ! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do. 59

*Enter* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

*Achil.* Why, how now, Ajax ! wherefore do you thus ? How now, Thersites ! what's the matter, man ?

*Ther.* You see him there, do you ?

*Achil.* Ay; what's the matter ?

*Ther.* Nay, look upon him.

*Achil.* So I do: what's the matter ?

*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.

*Achil.* 'Well !' why, I do so.

*Ther.* But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax. 70

*Achil.* I know that, fool.

*Ther.* Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

*Ajax.* Therefore I beat thee.

*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he

utters ! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him. 81

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* I say, this Ajax—

*[Ajax offers to beat him.]*

*Achil.* Nay, good Ajax.

*Ther.* Has not so much wit—

*Achil.* Nay, I must hold you.

*Ther.* As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

*Achil.* Peace, fool !

*Ther.* I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there: that he: look you there.

*Ajax.* O thou damned cur ! I shall—

*Achil.* Will you set your wit to a fool's ?

*Ther.* No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

*Patr.* Good words, Thersites.

*Achil.* What's the quarrel ?

*Ajax.* I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me. 100

*Ther.* I serve thee not.

*Ajax.* Well, go to, go to.

*Ther.* I serve here voluntary.

*Achil.* Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary: no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

*Ther.* E'en so; a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

*Achil.* What, with me too, Thersites ?

*Ther.* There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make you plow up the wars.



*Achil.* What, what ?

*Ther.* Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles ! to, Ajax !  
to ! 120

*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.

*Ther.* 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as  
thou afterwards.

*Patr.* No more words, Thersites; peace !

*Ther.* I will hold my peace when Achilles'  
brach bids me, shall I ?

*Achil.* There's for you, Patroclus.

*Ther.* I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere  
I come any more to your tents: I will keep where  
there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*

*Patr.* A good riddance.

*Achil.* Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through  
all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,  
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and 'Troy  
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms  
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare  
Maintain—I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

*Ajax.* Farewell. Who shall answer him ?

*Achil.* I know not; 'tis put to lottery; otherwise  
He knew his man. 141

*Ajax.* O, meaning you. I will go learn more  
of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Troy. A room in Priam's palace.*

*Enter* PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and*  
HELENUS.

*Pri.* After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,  
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:  
'Deliver Helen, and all damage else—  
As honor, loss of time, travail, expense,  
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is con-  
sumed

In hot digestion of this cormorant war—  
Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to't ?

*Hect.* Though no man lesser fears the Greeks  
than I

As far as toucheth my particular,

Yet, dread Priam,  
 There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
 More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,  
 More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'  
 Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,  
 Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd  
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches  
 To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:  
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,  
 Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,  
 Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours: 20  
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours,  
 To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,  
 Had it our name, the value of one ten,  
 What merit's in that reason which denies  
 The yielding of her up?

*Tro.* Fie, fie, my brother!  
 Weigh you the worth and honor of a king  
 So great as our dread father in a scale  
 Of common ounces? will you with counters sum  
 The past proportion of his infinite?  
 And buckle in a waist most fathomless 30  
 With spans and inches so diminutive  
 As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

*Hcl.* No marvel though you bite so sharp at  
 reasons,  
 You are so empty of them. Should not our father  
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,  
 Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

*Tro.* You are for dreams and slumbers, brother  
 priest;  
 You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your  
 reasons:  
 You know an enemy intends you harm;  
 You know a sword employ'd is perilous, 40  
 And reason flies the object of all harm:  
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds  
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set  
 The very wings of reason to his heels  
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,  
 Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,  
 Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and  
 honor

Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect  
Make livers pale and lustihood deject. 50

*Hect.* Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost

The holding.

*Tro.* What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

*Hect.* But value dwells not in particular will;  
It holds his estimate and dignity  
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself  
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry  
To make the service greater than the god;  
And the will dotes that is attributive  
To what infectiously itself affects,  
Without some image of the affected merit. 60

*Tro.* I take to-day a wife, and my election  
Is led on in the conduct of my will;  
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores  
Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,  
Although my will distaste what it elected,  
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion  
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honor:  
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,  
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder  
viands 70

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,  
Because we now are full. It was thought meet  
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:  
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;  
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce  
And did him service: he touched the ports desired,  
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,  
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and  
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.  
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:  
Is she worth keeping? why she is a pearl, 81  
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships  
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.  
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went—  
As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,'—

If you'll confess he brought home noble prize—  
 As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,  
 And cried, 'Inestimable!'—why do you now  
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,  
 And do a deed that fortune never did, 90  
 Beggar the estimation which you prized  
 Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,  
 That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!  
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,  
 That in their country did them that disgrace,  
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

*Cas.* [*Within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

*Pri.* What noise? what shriek is this?

*Tro.* 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

*Cas.* [*Within*] Cry, Trojans!

*Hect.* It is Cassandra. 100

*Enter CASSANDRA, raving.*

*Cas.* Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand  
 eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

*Hect.* Peace, sister, peace!

*Cas.* Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled  
 eld,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,

Add to my clamors! let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all. 110

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*]

*Hect.* Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high  
 strains

Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

So madly hot that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same?

*Tro.* Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it, 120

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures  
 Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel  
 Which hath our several honors all engaged  
 To make it gracious. For my private part,  
 I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:  
 And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us  
 Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
 To fight for and maintain !

*Par.* Else might the world convince of levity  
 As well my undertakings as your counsels: 131  
 But I attest the gods, your full consent  
 Gave wings to my propension and cut off  
 All fears attending on so dire a project.  
 For what, alas, can these my single arms ?  
 What propugnation is in one man's valor,  
 To stand the push and enmity of those  
 This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,  
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,  
 And had as ample power as I have will, 140  
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

*Pri.* Paris, you speak  
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights:  
 You have the honey still, but these the gall;  
 So to be valiant is no praise at all.

*Par.* Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
 The pleasure such a beauty brings with it;  
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape  
 Wiped off, in honorable keeping her.  
 What treason were it to the ransack'd queen, 150  
 Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,  
 Now to deliver her possession up  
 On terms of base compulsion ! Can it be  
 That so degenerate a strain as this  
 Should once set footing in your generous bos  
 oms ?

There's not the meanest spirit on our party  
 Without a heart to dare or sword to draw  
 When Helen is defended, nor none so noble  
 Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfamed  
 Where Helen is the subject; then, I say, 160  
 Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,  
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

*Hect.* Paris and Troilus, you have both said  
 well,  
 And on the cause and question now in hand  
 Have glozed, but superficially; not much  
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy:  
 The reasons you allege do more conduce  
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood  
 Than to make up a free determination 170  
 'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge  
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
 Of any true decision. Nature craves  
 All dues be render'd to their owners: now,  
 What nearer debt in all humanity  
 Than wife is to the husband? If this law  
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same,  
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation 180  
 To curb those raging appetites that are  
 Most disobedient and refractory.  
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,  
 As it is known she is, these moral laws  
 Of nature and of nations speak aloud  
 To have her back return'd: thus to persist  
 In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
 Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,  
 My spritely brethren, I propend to you 190  
 In resolution to keep Helen still,  
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence  
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

*Tro.* Why, there you touch'd the life of our  
 design:  
 Were it not glory that we more affected  
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
 She is a theme of honor and renown,  
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, 200  
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,  
 And fame in time to come canonize us;  
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose

So rich advantage of a promised glory  
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,  
For the wide world's revenue.

*Hect.* I am yours,  
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.  
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst  
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,  
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits: 210  
I was advertised their great general slept,  
Whilst emulation in the army crept:  
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.*

*Enter THERSITES, solus.*

*Ther.* How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of the fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O, worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise: that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer! If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little little less than little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil Envy say Amen. What ho! my Lord Achilles!

*Enter PATROCLUS.*

*Patr.* Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

*Ther.* If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

*Patr.* What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

*Ther.* Ay: the heavens hear me! 40

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Who's there?

*Patr.* Thersites, my lord.

*Achil.* Where, where? Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

*Ther.* Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

*Patr.* Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself? 50

*Ther.* Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

*Patr.* Thou mayst tell, that knowest.

*Achil.* O, tell, tell.

*Ther.* I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

*Patr.* You rascal!

*Ther.* Peace, fool! I have not done. 60

*Achil.* He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

*Achil.* Derive this; come.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be com-



manded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool, and Patroclus is a fool positive.

*Patr.* Why am I a fool? 71

*Ther.* Make that demand of the power. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

*Achil.* Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites. [Exit.

*Ther.* Here is such patchery, such juggling and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [Exit.

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

*Agam.* Where is Achilles?

*Patr.* Within his tent; but ill disposed, my lord.

*Agam.* Let it be known to him that we are here. He shent our messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place, 89 Or know not what we are.

*Patr.* I shall say so to him. [Exit.

*Ulyss.* We saw him at the opening of his tent: He is not sick.

*Ajax.* Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favor the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us the cause. A word, my lord.

[Takes Agamemnon aside.

*Nest.* What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

*Ulyss.* Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him. 100

*Nest.* Who, Thersites?

*Ulyss.* He.

*Nest.* Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

*Ulyss.* No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles,

*Nest.* All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

*Ulyss.* The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus. III

*Re-enter PATROCLUS.*

*Nest.* No Achilles with him.

*Ulyss.* The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

*Patr.* Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness and this noble state To call upon him; he hopes it is no other But for your health and your digestion sake, 120 An after-dinner's breath.

*Agam.* Hear you, Patroclus: We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath, and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld, Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss, Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, 130 We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,

If you do say we think him over-proud And under-honest, in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action 140 Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add, That if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report:

‘Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:  
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give  
Before a sleeping giant.’ Tell him so.

*Patr.* I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*

*Agam.* In second voice we’ll not be satisfied;  
We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit Ulysses.*

*Ajax.* What is he more than another? 151

*Agam.* No more than what he thinks he is.

*Ajax.* Is he so much? Do you not think he  
thinks himself a better man than I am?

*Agam.* No question.

*Ajax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and say  
he is?

*Agam.* No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as  
valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle,  
and altogether more tractable. 160

*Ajax.* Why should a man be proud? How  
doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

*Agam.* Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and  
your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up  
himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet,  
his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but  
in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the  
engendering of toads. 170

*Nest.* Yet he loves himself: is’t not strange?

[*Aside.*

*Re-enter ULYSSES.*

*Ulyss.* Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

*Agam.* What’s his excuse?

*Ulyss.* He doth rely on none,  
But carries on the stream of his dispose  
Without observance or respect of any,  
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

*Agam.* Why will he not upon our fair request  
Untent his person and share the air with us?

*Ulyss.* Things small as nothing, for request’s  
sake only,  
He makes important: possess’d he is with great-  
ness, 180

And speaks not to himself but with a pride  
 That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth  
 Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse  
 That 'twixt his mental and his active parts  
 Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages  
 And batters down himself: what should I say?  
 He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it  
 Cry, 'No recovery.'

*Agam.*

Let Ajax go to him.

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent.  
 'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led 190  
 At your request a little from himself.

*Ulyss.* O Agamemnon, let it not be so!

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
 When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord  
 That bastes his arrogance with his own seam  
 And never suffers matter of the world  
 Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve  
 And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd  
 Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord 200  
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired;  
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
 As amply titled as Achilles is,  
 By going to Achilles:

That were to enlard his fat already pride,  
 And add more coals to Cancer when he burns  
 With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,  
 And say in thunder, 'Achilles go to him.'

*Nest.* [*Aside to Dio.*] O, this is well; he rubs  
 the vein of him. 210

*Dio.* [*Aside to Nest.*] And how his silence  
 drinks up this applause!

*Ajax.* If I go to him, with my armed fist  
 I'll pash him o'er the face.

*Agam.* O, no, you shall not go.

*Ajax.* An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze his  
 pride:

Let me go to him.

*Ulyss.* Not for the worth that hangs upon our  
 quarrel.

*Ajax.* A paltry, insolent fellow!

*Nest.* How he describes himself !

*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable ? 220

*Ulyss.* The raven chides blackness.

*Ajax.* I'll let his humors blood.

*Agam.* He will be the physician that should be the patient.

*Ajax.* An all men were o' my mind,—

*Ulyss.* Wit would be out of fashion.

*Ajax.* A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first: shall pride carry it ?

*Nest.* An 'twould, you'd carry half.

*Ulyss.* A' would have ten shares. 230

*Ajax.* I will knead him: I'll make him supple.

*Nest.* He's not yet through warm: force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

*Ulyss.* [*To Agam.*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

*Nest.* Our noble general, do not do so.

*Dio.* You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

*Ulyss.* Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—but 'tis before his face; 240  
I will be silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you so ?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

*Ulyss.* Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

*Ajax.* A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us !

Would he were a Trojan !

*Nest.* What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

*Ulyss.* If he were proud,—

*Dio.* Or covetous of praise,—

*Ulyss.* Ay, or surly borne,—

*Dio.* Or strange, or self-affected ! 250

*Ulyss.* Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice famed, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigor,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,  
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines 260  
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor;  
Instructed by the antiquary times,  
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:  
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days  
As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd,  
You should not have the eminence of him,  
But be as Ajax.

*Ajax.* Shall I call you father?

*Nest.* Ay, my good son.

*Dio.* Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

*Ulyss.* There is no tarrying here; the hart  
Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general 270  
To call together all his state of war;  
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow  
We must with all our main of power stand fast:  
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to  
west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

*Agam.* Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:  
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw  
deep. [Exit.

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *Troy. Priam's palace.*

*Enter a Servant and PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* Friend, you! pray you, a word: do not  
you follow the young lord Paris?

*Serv.* Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

*Pan.* You depend upon him, I mean?

*Serv.* Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

*Pan.* You depend upon a noble gentleman; I  
must needs praise him.

*Serv.* The lord be praised!

*Pan.* You know me, do you not?

*Serv.* Faith, sir, superficially. 10

*Pan.* Friend, know me better; I am the lord  
Pandaros.

*Serv.* I hope I shall know your honor better.

*Pan.* I do desire it.

*Serv.* You are in the state of grace.

*Pan.* Grace ! not so, friend : honor and lordship are my titles. [*Music within.*] What music is this ?

*Serv.* I do but partly know, sir : it is music in parts. 20

*Pan.* Know you the musicians ?

*Serv.* Wholly, sir.

*Pan.* Who play they to ?

*Serv.* To the hearers, sir.

*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend ?

*Serv.* At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.

*Serv.* Who shall I command, sir ?

*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another : I am too courtly and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play ? 31

*Serv.* That's to't indeed, sir : marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person : with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

*Pan.* Who, my cousin Cressida ?

*Serv.* No, sir, Helen : could you not find out that by her attributes ?

*Pan.* It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus : I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.

*Serv.* Sudden business ! there's a stewed phrase indeed !

*Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.*

*Pan.* Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company ! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them ! especially to you, fair queen ! fair thoughts be your fair pillow ! 49

*Helen.* Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

*Pan.* You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

*Par.* You have broke it, cousin : and, by my life, you shall make it whole again ; you shall

piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

*Pan.* Truly, lady, no.

*Helen.* O, sir,—

*Pan.* Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

*Par.* Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

*Pan.* I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

*Helen.* Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

*Pan.* Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother, Troilus,—

*Helen.* My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

*Pan.* Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you,—

*Helen.* You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

*Pan.* Sweet queen, sweet queen! that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

*Helen.* And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

*Pan.* Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

*Helen.* My lord Pandarus,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?

*Par.* What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

*Helen.* Nay, but, my lord,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

*Par.* I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

*Pan.* No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.

*Par.* Well, I'll make excuse.



*Pan.* Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick. 101

*Par.* I spy.

*Pan.* You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Why, this is kindly done.

*Pan.* My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

*Helen.* She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

*Pan.* He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain. 111

*Helen.* Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

*Pan.* Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

*Helen.* Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.

*Helen.* Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid! 120

*Pan.* Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

*Par.* Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

*Pan.* In good troth, it begins so. [*Sings.*

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, O, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that I wounds,

But tickles still the sore. 130

These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

*Helen.* In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose. 139

*Par.* He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts begets hot deeds, and hot deeds is love,

*Pan.* Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

*Par.* Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not? 151

*Helen.* He hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarus.

*Pan.* Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

*Par.* To a hair.

*Pan.* Farewell, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Commend me to your niece.

*Pan.* I will, sweet queen. [Exit. 160

[A retreat sounded.

*Par.* They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey than to the edge of steel

Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

*Helen.* 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, 170 Yea, overshines ourself.

*Par.* Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. Pandarus' orchard.*

*Enter PANDARUS and TROILUS' Boy, meeting.*

*Pan.* How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

*Boy.* No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

*Pan.* O, here he comes,

*Enter TROILUS.*

How now, how now !

*Tro.* Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*]

*Pan.* Have you seen my cousin ?

*Tro.* No; Pandarus: I stalk about her door,  
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks 10  
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,  
And give me swift transportance to those fields  
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds  
Proposed for the deserver ! O gentle Pandarus,  
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,  
And fly with me to Cressid !

*Pan.* Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her  
straight. [*Exit.*]

*Tro.* I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.  
The imaginary relish is so sweet 20  
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,  
When that the watery palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice-repured nectar ? death, I fear me,  
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,  
For the capacity of my ruder powers:  
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,  
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;  
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
The enemy flying. 30

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* She's making her ready, she'll come  
straight: you must be witty now. She does so  
blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she  
were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the  
prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short  
as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*]

*Tro.* Even such a passion doth embrace my  
bosom:  
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse:  
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,  
Like vassalage at unawares encountering 40  
The eye of majesty.

*Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA.*

*Pan.* Come, come, what need you blush ?

shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? You must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

*Tro.* You have bereft me of all words, lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. *[Exit.]*

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Tro.* O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

*Cres.* Wished, my lord! The gods grant,—O my lord!

*Tro.* What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

*Cres.* More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

*Tro.* Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

*Cres.* Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse. 79

*Tro.* O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

*Cres.* For nothing monstrous neither?

*Tro.* Nothing but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo

any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit. 90

*Cres.* They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

*Tro.* Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet? 109

*Cres.* Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

*Pan.* I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

*Tro.* You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

*Pan.* Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burs I can tell you; they'll stick where thy are thrown.

*Cres.* Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart. 121

Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day  
For many weary months.

*Tro.* Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

*Cres.* Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—pardon me—  
 If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.  
 I love you now; but not, till now, so much  
 But I might master it: in faith, I lie; 129  
 My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown  
 Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!  
 Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,  
 When we are so unsecret to ourselves?  
 But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;  
 And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,  
 Or that we women had men's privilege  
 Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,  
 For in this rapture I shall surely speak  
 The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws  
 My very soul of counsel! Stop my mouth. 141  
*Tro.* And shall, albeit sweet music issues  
 thence.

*Pan.* Pretty, i' faith.

*Cres.* My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;  
 'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:  
 I am ashamed. O heavens! what have I done?  
 For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

*Tro.* Your leave, sweet Cressid!

*Pan.* Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow  
 morning,— 150

*Cres.* Pray you, content you.

*Tro.* What offends you, lady?

*Cres.* Sir, mine own company.

*Tro.* You cannot shun  
 Yourself.

*Cres.* Let me go and try:  
 I have a kind of self resides with you;  
 But an unkind self, that itself will leave,  
 To be another's fool. I would be gone:  
 Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

*Tro.* Well know they what they speak that  
 speak so wisely.

*Cres.* Perchance, my lord, I show more craft  
 than love; 160

And fell so roundly to a large confession,  
 To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,

Or else you love not, for to be wise and love  
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods  
above.

*Tro.* O that I thought it could be in a woman—  
As, if it can, I will presume in you—  
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,  
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays! 170  
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,  
That my integrity and truth to you  
Might be affronted with the match and weight  
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;  
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!  
I am as true as truth's simplicity,  
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

*Cres.* In that I'll war with you.

*Tro.* O virtuous fight,  
When right with right wars who shall be most  
right! 179

True swains in love shall in the world to come  
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their  
rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath and big compare,  
Want similes, truth tired with iteration,  
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,  
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,  
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,  
As truth's authentic author to be cited,  
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse,  
And sanctify the numbers.

*Cres.* Prophet may you be! 190  
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,  
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,  
From false to false, among false maids in love,  
Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said as  
false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,

As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,      200  
 Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son,'  
 'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of false-  
 hood,

'As false as Cressid.'

*Pan.* Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand, here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

*Tro.* Amen.

*Cres.* Amen.

*Pan.* Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here  
 Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!      220

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,  
 AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

*Cal.* Now, princes, for the service I have done  
 you,  
 The advantage of the time prompts me aloud  
 To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind  
 That, through the sight I bear in things to Jove,  
 I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,  
 Incurr'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,  
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
 To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all  
 That time, acquaintance, custom and condition  
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature,      10  
 And here, to do you service, am become  
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:  
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,



To give me now a little benefit,  
 Out of those many register'd in promise,  
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

*Agam.* What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

*Cal.* You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,  
 Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.  
 Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—  
 Desired my Cressid in right great exchange, 21  
 Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,  
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs  
 That their negotiations all must slack,  
 Wanting his manage; and they will almost  
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,  
 In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,  
 And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence  
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
 In most accepted pain.

*Agam.* Let Diomedes bear him, 30  
 And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have  
 What he requests of us. Good Diomed,  
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange:  
 Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow  
 Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

*Dio.* This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden  
 Which I am proud to bear.

*[Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.]*

*Enter* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their tent.*

*Ulyss.* Achilles stands i' the entrance of his  
 tent:

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,  
 As if he were forgot; and, princes all, 40  
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:  
 I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me  
 Why such unplausible eyes are bent on him:  
 If so; I have derision medicinable,  
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,  
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink:  
 It may do good: pride hath no other glass  
 To show itself but pride, for supple knees  
 Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

*Agam.* We'll execute your purpose, and put on

A form of strangeness as we pass along: 51  
 So do each lord, and either greet him not,  
 Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
 Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

*Achil.* What, comes the general to speak with me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

*Agam.* What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

*Nest.* Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

*Achil.* No.

*Nest.* Nothing, my lord. 60

*Agam.* The better.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*]

*Achil.* Good day, good day.

*Men.* How do you? how do you? [Exit.

*Achil.* What, does the cuckold scorn me?

*Ajax.* How now, Patroclus!

*Achil.* Good morrow, Ajax.

*Ajax.* Ha?

*Achil.* Good morrow.

*Ajax.* Ay, and good next day too. [Exit.

*Achil.* What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles? 70

*Patr.* They pass by strangely: they were used to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;

To come as humbly as they used to creep

To holy altars.

*Achil.* What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: what the declined is  
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others

As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,  
 And not a man, for being simply man, 80

Hath any honor, but honor for those honors

That are without him, as place, riches, favor,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,  
 Do one pluck down another and together  
 Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:  
 Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy  
 At ample point all that I did possess,  
 Save these men's looks: who do, methinks, find  
                   out 9a  
 Something not worth in me such rich beholding  
 As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:  
 I'll interrupt his reading.  
 How now, Ulysses!

*Ulyss.* Now, great Thetis' son!

*Achil.* What are you reading?

*Ulyss.* A strange fellow here  
 Writes me: 'That man, how dearly ever parted,  
 How much in having, or without or in,  
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;  
 As when his virtues shining upon others 100  
 Heat them and they retort that heat again  
 'To the first giver.'

*Achil.* This is not strange, Ulysses.  
 The beauty that is borne here in the face  
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
 To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,  
 That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,  
 Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed  
 Salutes each other with each other's form;  
 For speculation turns not to itself,  
 Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there 110  
 Where it may see itself. This is not strange at  
                   all.

*Ulyss.* I do not strain at the position,—  
 It is familiar,—but at the author's drift;  
 Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves  
 That no man is the lord of any thing,  
 Though in and of him there be much consisting,  
 Till he communicate his parts to others;  
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
 Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
 Where they're extended; who, like an arch,  
                   reverberates 120  
 The voice again, or, like a gate of steel

Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in  
this;

And apprehended here immediately  
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse,  
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things  
there are

Most abject in regard and dear in use !

What things again most dear in the esteem

And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-mor-  
row—

An act that very chance doth throw upon him—  
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,  
While some men leave to do !

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,  
While others play the idiots in her eyes !

How one man eats into another's pride,  
While pride is fasting in his wantonness !

To see these Grecian lords !—why, even already  
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast 140  
And great Troy shrieking.

*Achil.* I do believe it; for they pass'd by me  
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me  
Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot ?

*Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his  
back,

Wherein he puts arms for oblivion,  
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:

Those scraps are good deeds past; which are  
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon

As done: perseverance, dear my lord, 150

Keeps honor bright: to have done is to hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail

In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;

For honor travels in a strait so narrow,

Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons

That one by one pursue: if you give way,

Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,

Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by

And leave you hindmost; 160  
 Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,  
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
 O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in  
 present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop  
 yours;

For time is like a fashionable host  
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
 Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,  
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue  
 seek

Remuneration for the thing it was; 170

For beauty, wit,

High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,

Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all

To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,

That all with one consent praise new-born gauds,

Though they are made and moulded of things  
 past,

And give to dust that is a little gilt

More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object: 180

Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;

Since things in motion sooner catch the eye

Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,

And still it might, and yet it may again,

If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive

And case thy reputation in thy tent;

Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,

Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods them-  
 selves

And drave great Mars to faction.

*Achil.*

Of this my privacy 190

I have strong reasons.

*Ulyss.*

But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroical:

'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.

*Achil.*

Ha ! known !

*Ulyss.* Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,  
Keeps place with thought and almost, like the  
gods,

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles. 200

There is a mystery—with whom relation

Durst never meddle—in the soul of state;

Which hath an operation more divine

Than breath or pen can give expression to:

All the commerce that you have had with Troy

As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;

And better would it fit Achilles much

To throw down Hector than Polyxena:

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,

When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing, 211

'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,

But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'

Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should  
break. *[Exit.]*

*Patr.* To this effect, Achilles, have I moved  
you:

A woman impudent and mannish grown

Is not more loathed than an effeminate man

In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;

They think my little stomach to the war 220

And your great love to me restrains you thus:

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton

Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,

And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,

Be shook to air.

*Achil.* Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

*Patr.* Ay, and perhaps receive much honor by  
him.

*Achil.* I see my reputation is at stake;  
My fame is shrewdly gored.

*Patr.* O, then, beware;

Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-  
selves:

Omission to do what is necessary  
Seals a commission to a blank of danger:  
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

*Achil.* Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him  
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat  
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,  
An appetite that I am sick withal,  
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,  
To talk with him and to behold his visage, 240  
Even to my fuller view.

*Enter* THERSITES.

A labor saved !

*Ther.* A wonder !

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

*Achil.* How so?

*Ther.* He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

*Achil.* How can that be? 250

*Ther.* Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say, ‘There were wit in this head, an ’twould out;’ and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man’s undone forever; for if Hector break not his neck i’ the combat, he’ll break ’t himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said ‘Good morrow, Ajax;’ and he replies, ‘Thanks, Agamemnon.’ What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He’s grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

*Achil.* Thou must be my ambassador to him,  
*Thersites.*

*Ther.* Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

*Achil.* To him, Patroclus: tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honored captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this. 280

*Patr.* Jove bless great Ajax!

*Ther.* Hum!

*Patr.* I come from the worthy Achilles,—

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

*Ther.* Hum!

*Patr.* And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

*Ther.* Agamemnon! 290

*Patr.* Ay, my lord,

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* What say you to 't?

*Ther.* God b' wi' you, with all my heart.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* Fare you well, with all my heart. 300

*Achil.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

*Ther.* No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo gets his sinews to make catlings on.

*Achil.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

*Ther.* Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature. 319



*Achil.* My mind is troubled, like a fountain  
stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

*Ther.* Would the fountain of your mind were  
clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I  
had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant  
ignorance. [Exit.]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *Troy. A street.*

*Enter, from one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a torch; from the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.*

*Par.* See, ho! who is that there?

*Dei.* It is the lord Æneas.

*Æne.* Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long  
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly  
business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

*Dio.* That's my mind too. Good-morrow,  
Lord Æneas.

*Par.* A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his  
hand,—

Witness the process of your speech, wherein  
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,  
Did haunt you in the field.

*Æne.* Health to you, valiant sir, 10  
During all question of the gentle truce;  
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance  
As heart can think, or courage execute.

*Dio.* The one and other Diomed embraces.  
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health;  
But when contention and occasion meet,  
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life  
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

*Æne.* And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly  
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,  
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life, 21  
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,

No man alive can love in such a sort  
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

*Dio.* We sympathize: Jove, let Æneas live,  
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,  
A thousand complete courses of the sun!  
But, in mine emulous honor, let him die,  
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

*Æne.* We know each other well. 30

*Dio.* We do; and long to know each other  
worse.

*Par.* This is the most spiteful gentle greet-  
ing,  
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.  
What business, lord, so early?

*Æne.* I was sent for to the king; but why, I  
know not.

*Par.* His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring  
this Greek

To Calchas' house, and there to render him,  
For the enfrèed Antenor, the fair Cressid:  
Let's have your company, or, if you please,  
Haste there before us: I constantly do think— 40  
Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge—  
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:  
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,  
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear  
We shall be much unwelcome.

*Æne.* That I assure you:  
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece  
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

*Par.* There is no help;  
The bitter disposition of the time  
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

*Æne.* Good morrow, all. [*Exit with Servant.*]

*Par.* And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me  
true, 51

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,  
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,  
Myself or Menelaus?

*Dio.* Both alike:  
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,  
Not making any scruple of her soilure,  
With such a hell of pain and world of charge,

And you as well to keep her, that defend her,  
 Not palating the taste of her dishonour,  
 With such a costly loss of wealth and friends: 60  
 He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up  
 The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;  
 You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
 Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:  
 Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more;  
 But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

*Par.* You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

*Dio.* She's bitter to her country: hear me,  
 Paris:

For every false drop in her bawdy veins  
 A Grecian's life hath sunk; for ever scruple 70  
 Of her contaminated carrion weight,  
 A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,  
 She hath not given so many good words breath  
 As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

*Par.* Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:  
 But we in silence hold this virtue well,  
 We'll but commend what we intend to sell.  
 Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Court of Pandarus' house.*

*Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Tro.* Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

*Cres.* Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

*Tro.* Trouble him not;  
 To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
 And give as soft attachment to thy senses  
 As infants' empty of all thought!

*Cres.* Good morrow, then.

*Tro.* I prithee now, to bed.

*Cres.* Are you a-weary of me?

*Tro.* O Cressida! but that the busy day,  
 Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,  
 And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,  
 I would not from thee.

*Cres.* Night hath been too brief.

*Tro.* Beshrew the witch ! with venomous wights  
she stays

As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love  
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.  
You will catch cold, and curse me.

*Cres.* Prithee, tarry:

You men will never tarry.

O foolish Cressid ! I might have still held off,  
And then you would have tarried. Hark ! there's  
one up.

*Pan.* [*Within*] What, 's all the doors open here ?

*Tro.* It is your uncle. 20

*Cres.* A pestilence on him ! now will he be  
mocking:

I shall have such a life !

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* How now, how now ! how go maiden-  
heads ? Here, you maid ! where's my cousin  
Cressid ?

*Cres.* Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking  
uncle !

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

*Pan.* To do what ? to do what ? let her say  
what : what have I brought you to do ?

*Cres.* Come, come, beshrew your heart ! you'll  
ne'er be good, 30

Nor suffer others.

*Pan.* Ha, ha ! Alas, poor wretch ! ah, poor  
capocchia ! hast not slept to-night ? would he not,  
a naughty man, let it sleep ? a bugbear take him !

*Cres.* Did not I tell you ? Would he were  
knock'd i' the head ! [*Knocking within.*]

Who's that at door ? good uncle, go and see.

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

*Tro.* Ha, ha ! 39

*Cres.* Come, you are deceived, I think of no  
such thing. [*Knocking within.*]

How earnestly they knock ! Pray you, come in.  
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*]

*Pan.* Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter?

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

*Pan.* Who's there, my lord Æneas! By my troth,

I knew you not: what news with you so early?

*Æne.* Is not Prince Troilus here?

*Pan.* Here! what should he do here? 50

*Æne.* Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:

It doth import him much to speak with me.

*Pan.* Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

*Æne.* Who!—nay, then: come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

*Re-enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* How now! what's the matter? 60

*Æne.* My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: there is at hand  
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,  
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor  
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,  
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,  
We must give up to Diomedes' hand  
The lady Cressida.

*Tro.* Is it so concluded?

*Æne.* By Priam and the general state of Troy:  
They are at hand and ready to effect it. 70

*Tro.* How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,  
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

*Æne.* Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*]

*Pan.* Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

*Re-enter CRESSIDA.*

*Cres.* How now! what's the matter? who was here? 81

*Pan.* Ah, ah!

*Cres.* Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

*Cres.* O the gods! what's the matter?

*Pan.* Prithce, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death. O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

*Cres.* Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

*Cres.* O you immortal gods! I will not go.

*Pan.* Thou must. 101

*Cres.* I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me

As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can;

But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth, 110

Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep,—

*Pan.* Do, do.

*Cres.* Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart  
 With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.  
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. Street before Pandarus' house.*

*Enter* PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

*Par.* It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd  
 Of her delivery to this valiant Greek  
 Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,  
 Tell you the lady what she is to do,  
 And haste her to the purpose.

*Tro.* Walk into her house;  
 I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:  
 And to his hand when I deliver her,  
 Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus  
 A priest there offering to it his own heart. [Exit.]

*Par.* I know what 'tis to love; 10  
 And would, as I shall pity, I could help!  
 Please you walk in, my lords. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same. Pandarus' house.*

*Enter* PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.

*Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation?  
 The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
 And violenteth in a sense as strong  
 As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?  
 If I could temporize with my affection,  
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
 The like allayment could I give my grief:  
 My love admits no qualifying dross;  
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss. 10

*Pan.* Here, here, here he comes.

*Enter* TROILUS.

Ah, sweet ducks!

*Cres.* O Troilus, Troilus! [Embracing him.]

*Pan.* What a pair of spectacles is here? Let

me embrace too. 'O heart,' as the goodly saying is,

'——O heart, heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?'  
where he answers again,

'Because thou canst not ease thy smart 20

By friendship nor by speaking.'

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

*Tro.* Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,  
That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,  
More bright in zeal than the devotion which  
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

*Cres.* Have the gods envy? 30

*Pan.* Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

*Cres.* And is it true that I must go from Troy?

*Tro.* A hateful truth.

*Cres.* What, and from Troilus too?

*Tro.* From Troy and Troilus.

*Cres.* Is it possible?

*Tro.* And suddenly; where injury of chance  
Puts back leave-taking, jostles roughly by  
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips  
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents  
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows  
Even in the birth of our own laboring breath: 40  
We two, that with so many thousand sighs  
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves  
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.  
Injurious time now with a robber's haste  
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:  
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,  
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to  
them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu,  
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,  
Distasted with the salt of broken tears. 50

*Ane.* [*Within*] My lord, is the lady ready?

*Tro.* Hark! you are call'd: some say the  
Genius so

Cries 'come' to him that instantly must die.  
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.



*Pan.* Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit.*]

*Cres.* I must then to the Grecians?

*Tro.*

No remedy.

*Cres.* A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!

When shall we see again?

*Tro.* Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart,— 60

*Cres.* I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?

*Tro.* Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, For it is parting from us:

I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee,  
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,  
'That there's no maculation in thy heart:  
But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in  
My sequent protestation; be thou true,  
And I will see thee.

*Cres.* O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers 70  
As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true.

*Tro.* And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

*Cres.* And you this glove. When shall I see you?

*Tro.* I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,  
To give thee nightly visitation.  
But yet be true.

*Cres.* O heavens! 'be true' again!

*Tro.* Hear why I speak it, love:  
The Grecian youths are full of quality;  
They're loving, well composed with gifts of nature,  
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;  
How novelty may move, and parts with person,  
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—  
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—  
Makes me afeard.

*Cres.* O heavens! you love me not.

*Tro.* Die I a villain, then!

In this I do not call your faith in question  
So mainly as my merit; I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,  
 Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,  
 To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:  
90

But I can tell that in each grace of these  
 There lurks a still and dumb discursive devil,  
 That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

*Cres.* Do you think I will?

*Tro.* No.

But something may be done that we will not:  
 And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,  
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
 Presuming on their changeful potency.

*Æne.* [*Within*] Nay, good my lord,—

*Tro.* Come, kiss; and let us part. 100

*Par.* [*Within*] Brother Troilus!

*Tro.* Good brother, come you hither;  
 And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

*Cres.* My lord, will you be true?

*Tro.* Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:  
 Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,  
 I with great truth catch mere simplicity;  
 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper  
 crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare,  
 Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit  
 Is 'plain and true;' there's all the reach of  
 it. 110

*Enter* ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and  
 DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady  
 Which for Antenor we deliver you:  
 At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;  
 And by the way possess thee what she is.  
 Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,  
 If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
 Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe  
 As Priam is in Ilion.

*Dio.* Fair Lady Cressid,  
 So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek, 120

Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed  
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Tro.* Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,  
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee  
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises  
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.  
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;  
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard, 130  
I'll cut thy throat.

*Dio.* O, be not moved, Prince Troilus:  
Let me be privileged by my place and message,  
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,  
I'll answer to my lust: and know you, lord,  
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth  
She shall be prized; but that you say 'be't so,'  
I'll speak it in my spirit and honor, 'no.'

*Tro.* Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed,  
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.  
Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk, 140  
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*

[*Trumpet within.*

*Par.* Hark! Hector's trumpet.

*Æne.* How have we spent this morning!  
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,  
That swore to ride before him to the field.

*Par.* 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field  
with him.

*Dei.* Let us make ready straight.

*Æne.* Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,  
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:  
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie 149  
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Grecian camp. Lists set out.*

*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,  
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and  
others.*

*Agam.* Here art thou in appointment fresh  
and fair,

Anticipating time with startling courage.  
 Give with thy trumpet a loud note to 'Troy,  
 Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air  
 May pierce the head of the great combatant  
 And hale him hither.

*Ajax.* Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.  
 Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:  
 Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek  
 Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:  
 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout  
 blood: 10

Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

*Ulyss.* No trumpet answers.

*Achil.* 'Tis but early days.

*Agam.* Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas'  
 daughter?

*Ulyss.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;  
 He rises on the toe: that spirit of his  
 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA.*

*Agam.* Is this the lady Cressid?

*Dio.* Even she.

*Agam.* Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,  
 sweet lady.

*Nest.* Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

*Ulyss.* Yet is the kindness but particular; 20  
 'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

*Nest.* And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.  
 So much for Nestor.

*Achil.* I'll take that winter from your lips, fair  
 lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

*Men.* I had good argument for kissing once.

*Patr.* But that's no argument for kissing now;  
 For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,  
 And parted thus you and your argument.

*Ulyss.* O deadly gall, and theme of all our  
 scorns! 30

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

*Patr.* The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine:  
 Patroclus kisses you.

*Men.* O, this is trim!

*Patr.* Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

*Men.* I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.

*Cres.* In kissing, do you render or receive?

*Patr.* Both take and give.

*Cres.* I'll make my match to live,  
The kiss you take is better than you give;  
Therefore no kiss.

*Men.* I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one. 40

*Cres.* You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

*Men.* An odd man, lady! every man is odd.

*Cres.* No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true,  
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

*Men.* You fillip me o' the head.

*Cres.* No, I'll be sworn.

*Ulyss.* It were no match, your nail against his horn.

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

*Cres.* You may.

*Ulyss.* I do desire it.

*Cres.* Why, beg, then.

*Ulyss.* Why then for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his. 50

*Cres.* I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

*Ulyss.* Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

*Dio.* Lady, a word: I'll bring you to your father. [Exit with Cressida.]

*Nest.* A woman of quick sense.

*Ulyss.* Fie, fie, upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out  
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounters, so glib of tongue,  
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,  
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts 60  
To every ticklish reader! set them down  
For sluttish spoils of opportunity  
And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.]

*All.* The Trojans' trumpet.

*Agam.* Yonder comes the troop.

*Enter* HECTOR, *armed*; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other*  
Trojans, *with* Attendants.

*Æne.* Hail, all you state of Greece ! what shall  
be done

To him that victory commands ? or do you pur-  
pose

A victor shall be known ? will you the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other, or shall be divided

By any voice or order of the field ? 70

Hector bade ask.

*Agam.* Which way would Hector have it ?

*Æne.* He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

*Achil.* 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,  
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing  
The knight opposed.

*Æne.* If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name ?

*Achil.* If not Achilles, nothing.

*Æne.* Therefore Achilles: but, whate'er, know  
this:

In the extremity of great and little,

Valor and pride excel themselves in Hector;

The one almost as infinite as all, 80

The other, blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that which looks like pride is courtesy.

'This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:

In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to  
seek

This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

*Achil.* A maiden battle, then ? O, I perceive  
you.

*Re-enter* DIOMEDES.

*Agam.* Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,  
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas

Consent upon the order of their fight, 90

So be it; either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath: the combatants being kin

Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*

*Ulyss.* They are opposed already

*Agam.* What Trojan is that same that looks  
so heavy?

*Ulyss.* The youngest son of Priam, a true  
knight,

Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,  
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue;  
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon  
calm'd;

His heart and hand both open and both free; 100  
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows:  
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,  
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath;  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous:  
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes  
To tender objects, but he in heat of action  
Is more vindicative than jealous love:  
They call his Troilus, and on him erect  
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.  
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth 110  
Even to his inches, and with private soul  
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*]

*Agam.* They are in action.

*Nest.* Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

*Tro.* Hector, thou sleep'st;  
Awake thee!

*Agam.* His blows are well disposed: there,  
Ajax!

*Dio.* You must no more. [Trumpets cease.]

*Æne.* Princes, enough, so please you.

*Ajax.* I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

*Dio.* As Hector pleases.

*Hect.* Why, then, will I no more:  
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son, 120  
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;  
The obligation of our blood forbids  
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:  
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so  
That thou couldst say, 'This hand is Grecian all,  
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg  
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood  
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister  
Bounds in my father's;' by Jove multipotent,

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish  
member 130

Wherein my sword had not impressure made  
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay  
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,  
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword  
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:  
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;  
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:  
Cousin, all honor to thee!

*Ajax.* I thank thee, Hector:  
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:  
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence 140  
A great addition earned in thy death.

*Hect.* Not Neoptolemus so mirable,  
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st  
Oyes

Cries 'This is he,' could promise to himself  
A thought of added honor torn from Hector.

*Æne.* There is expectance here from both the  
sides,

What further you will do.

*Hect.* We'll answer it;  
The issue is embracement; Ajax, farewell.

*Ajax.* If I might in entreaties find success—  
As seld I have the chance—I would desire 150  
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

*Dio.* 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles  
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

*Hect.* Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me,  
And signify this loving interview  
To the expecters of our Trojan part;  
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my  
cousin;

I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

*Ajax.* Great Agamemnon comes to meet us  
here.

*Hect.* The worthiest of them tell me name by  
name; 160

But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes  
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

*Agam.* Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one  
That would be rid of such an enemy;



But that's no welcome; understand more clear,  
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with  
husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;  
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,  
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,  
Bids thee, with most divine integrity, 170  
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

*Hect.* I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

*Agam.* [*To Troilus*] My well-famed lord of  
Troy, no less to you.

*Men.* Let me confirm my princely brother's  
greeting:

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

*Hect.* Who must we answer?

*Ane.* The noble Menelaus.

*Hect.* O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,  
thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;  
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove:  
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

*Men.* Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly  
theme. 181

*Hect.* O, pardon; I offend.

*Nest.* I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft  
Laboring for destiny make cruel way  
Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I have  
seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,  
Despising many forfeits and subduements,  
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the  
air,

Not letting it decline on the declined,  
That I have said to some my standers by 190  
'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!'

And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath.  
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,  
Like an Olympian wrestling: this I have seen;  
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,  
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,  
And once fought with him: he was a soldier  
good;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,

Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;  
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents. 200

*Aene.* 'Tis the old Nestor.

*Hect.* Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,  
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:  
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

*Nest.* I would my arms could match thee in  
contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

*Hect.* I would they could.

*Nest.* Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-mor-  
row. 209

Well, welcome, welcome!—I have seen the time.

*Ulyss.* I wonder now how yonder city stands  
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

*Hect.* I know your favor, Lord Ulysses, well.  
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,  
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

*Ulyss.* Sir, I foretold you then what would  
ensue:

My prophecy is but half his journey yet;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,  
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the  
clouds, 220

Must kiss their own feet.

*Hect.* I must not believe you:  
There they stand yet, and modestly I think,  
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,  
And that old common arbitrator, Time,  
Will one day end it.

*Ulyss.* So to him we leave it.  
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:  
After the general, I beseech you next  
To feast with me and see me at my tent.

*Achil.* I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses,  
thou! 230

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;  
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,  
And quoted joint by joint.

*Hect.* Is this Achilles?

*Achil.* I am Achilles.

*Hect.* Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

*Achil.* Behold thy fill.

*Hect.* Nay, I have done already.

*Achil.* Thou art too brief: I will the second time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

*Hect.* O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er; 239

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

*Achil.* Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?

That I may give the local wound a name

And make distinct the very breach whereout

Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!

*Hect.* It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,

To answer such a question: stand again:

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly

As to prenominate in nice conjecture 250

Where thou wilt hit me dead?

*Achil.* I tell thee, yea.

*Hect.* Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,

I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;

But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,

I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.

You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;

His insolence draws folly from my lips;

But I'll endeavor deeds to match these words,

Or may I never—

*Ajax.* Do not chafe thee, cousin: 260

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,

Till accident or purpose bring you to't:

You may have every day enough of Hector,

If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

*Hect.* I pray you, let us see you in the field:

We have had pelting wars, since you refused  
The Grecians' cause.

*Achil.* Dost thou entreat me, Hector?  
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;  
To-night all friends.

*Hect.* Thy hand upon that match. 270

*Agam.* First, all you peers of Greece, go to my  
tent;

There in the full convive we: afterwards,  
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall  
Concur together, severally entreat him.  
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,  
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.*]

*Tro.* My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,  
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

*Ulyss.* At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:  
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night; 280  
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,  
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
On the fair Cressid.

*Tro.* Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so  
much,  
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,  
To bring me thither?

*Ulyss.* You shall command me, sir.  
As gentle tell me, of what honor was  
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there  
That wails her absence?

*Tro.* O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars  
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord? 291  
She was beloved, she loved: she is, and doth:  
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Grecian camp. Before Achilles'  
tent.*

*Enter* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

*Achil.* I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine  
to-night,

Which with my cimeter I'll cool to-morrow.  
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

*Patr.* Here comes Thersites.

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Achil.* How now, thou core of envy !  
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news ?

*Ther.* Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,  
and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for  
thee.

*Achil.* From whence, fragment ?

*Ther.* Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

*Patr.* Who keeps the tent now ? II

*Ther.* The surgeon's box, or the patient's  
wound.

*Patr.* Well said, adversity ! and what need  
these tricks ?

*Ther.* Prithee, be silent, boy ; I profit not by  
thy talk : thou art thought to be Achilles' male  
varlet.

*Patr.* Male varlet, you rogue ! what's that ?

*Ther.* Why, his masculine whore. Now, the  
rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping,  
ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back,  
lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten  
livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impost-  
hume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable  
bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the  
tetter, take and take again such preposterous dis-  
coveries !

*Patr.* Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou,  
what meanest thou to curse thus ? 30

*Ther.* Do I curse thee ?

*Patr.* Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whore-  
son indistinguishable cur, no.

*Ther.* No ! why art thou then exasperate, thou  
idle immaterial skein of sleeve-silk, thou green  
sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prod-  
igal's purse, thou ? Ah, how the poor world is  
pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of  
nature !

*Patr.* Out, gall !

*Ther.* Finch-egg ! 40

*Achil.* My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite  
 From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.  
 Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,  
 A token from her daughter, my fair love,  
 Both taxing me and gaging me to keep  
 An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:  
 Fall Greeks; fail fame; honor or go or stay;  
 My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.  
 Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent: 50  
 This night in banqueting must all be spent.  
 Away, Patroclus! [*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

*Ther.* With too much blood and too little brain,  
 these two may run mad; but, if with too much  
 brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer  
 of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fel-  
 low enough, and one that loves quails; but he has  
 not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly  
 transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the  
 bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial  
 of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain,  
 hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form but  
 that he is, should wit larded with malice and  
 malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass,  
 were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox,  
 were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a  
 dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard,  
 an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I  
 would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would  
 conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I  
 would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not  
 to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.  
 Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

*Enter* HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON,  
 ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMEDES,  
*with lights.*

*Agam.* We go wrong, we go wrong.

*Ajax.* No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

*Hect.* I trouble you.

*Ajax.* No, not a whit.

*Ulyss.* Here comes himself to guide you.

*Re-enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

*Agam.* So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

*Hect.* Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general. 80

*Men.* Good night, my lord.

*Hect.* Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

*Ther.* Sweet draught: 'sweet' quoth a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

*Achil.* Good night and welcome, both at once, to those

That go or tarry.

*Agam.* Good night.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon, and Menelaus.*]

*Achil.* Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

*Dio.* I cannot, lord; I have important business, The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector. 90

*Hect.* Give me your hand.

*Ulyss.* [*Aside to Troilus*] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent:

I'll keep you company.

*Tro.* Sweet sir, you honor me.

*Hect.* And so, good night.

[*Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.*]

*Achil.* Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*]

*Ther.* That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabblar the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him; they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Before Calchas' tent.*

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* What, are you up here, ho? speak.

*Cal.* [*Within*] Who calls?

*Dio.* Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

*Cal.* [*Within*] She comes to you.

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.*

*Ulyss.* Stand where the torch may not discover us.

*Enter CRESSIDA.*

*Tro.* Cressid comes forth to him.

*Dio.* How now, my charge!

*Cres.* Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*]

*Tro.* Yea, so familiar!

*Ulyss.* She will sing any man at first sight.

*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted. II

*Dio.* Will you remember?

*Cres.* Remember! yes.

*Dio.* Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

*Tro.* What should she remember?

*Ulyss.* List.

*Cres.* Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

*Ther.* Roguery!

*Dio.* Nay, then,—

20

*Cres.* I'll tell you what,—

*Dio.* Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.

*Cres.* In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?

*Ther.* A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

*Dio.* What did you swear you would bestow on me?

*Cres.* I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek,



*Dio.* Good night.

*Tro.* Hold, patience !

*Ulyss.* How now, Trojan ! 30

*Cres.* Diomed,—

*Dio.* No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

*Tro.* Thy better must.

*Cres.* Hark, one word in your ear.

*Tro.* O plague and madness !

*Ulyss.* You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself  
To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous;  
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

*Tro.* Behold, I pray you !

*Ulyss.* Nay, good my lord, go off:  
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord. 41

*Tro.* I pray thee, stay.

*Ulyss.* You have not patience; come.

*Tro.* I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's  
torments,

I will not speak a word !

*Dio.* And so, good night.

*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.

*Tro.* Doth that grieve thee ?

O wither'd truth !

*Ulyss.* Why, how now, lord !

*Tro.* By Jove,

I will be patient.

*Cres.* Guardian !—why, Greek !

*Dio.* Foh, foh ! adieu; you palter.

*Cres.* In faith, I do not: come hither once  
again.

*Ulyss.* You shake, my lord, at something: will  
you go ? 50

You will break out.

*Tro.* She strokes his cheek !

*Ulyss.* Come, come.

*Tro.* Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a  
word:

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience: stay a little while.

*Ther.* How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump

and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

*Dio.* But will you, then?

*Cres.* In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it. 60

*Cres.* I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

*Ulyss.* You have sworn patience.

*Tro.* Fear me not, sweet lord;  
I will not be myself, nor have cognition  
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

*Re-enter CRESSIDA.*

*Ther.* Now the pledge: now, now, now!

*Cres.* Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

*Tro.* O beauty! where is thy faith?

*Ulyss.* My lord,—

*Tro.* I will be patient; outwardly I will.

*Cres.* You look upon that sleeve; behold it well

He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

*Dio.* Whose was't? 71

*Cres.* It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

*Ther.* Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!

*Dio.* I shall have it.

*Cres.* What, this?

*Dio.* Ay, that.

*Cres.* O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, 80

As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;

He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

*Dio.* I had your heart before, this follows it.

*Tro.* I did swear patience.

*Cres.* You shall not have it, Diomed; faith,  
you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

*Dio.* I will have this: whose was it?

*Cres.* It is no matter.

*Dio.* Come, tell me whose it was.

*Cres.* 'Twas one's that loved me better than  
you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

*Dio.* Whose was it? 90

*Cres.* By all Diana's waiting-women yond,  
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

*Dio.* To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,  
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

*Tro.* Wert thou the devil, and worest it on thy  
horn,  
It should be challenged.

*Cres.* Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past: and yet it  
is not;

I will not keep my word.

*Dio.* Why, then, farewell;  
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

*Cres.* You shall not go: one cannot speak a  
word, 100

But it straight starts you.

*Dio.* I do not like this fooling.

*Ther.* Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not  
you pleases me best.

*Dio.* What, shall I come? the hour?

*Cres.* Ay, come:—O Jove!—do come:—I shall  
be plagued.

*Dio.* Farewell till then.

*Cres.* Good night: I prithee, come.

[*Exit Diomedes.*]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind: 110

What error leads must err; O, then conclude

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*]

*Ther.* A proof of strength she could not publish  
more,

Unless she said 'My mind is now turn'd whore.'

*Ulyss.* All's done, my lord.

*Tro.* It is.

*Ulyss.* Why stay we, then?

*Tro.* To make a recordation to my soul  
Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But if I tell how these two did co-act,  
 Shall I not lie in publishing a truth ?  
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart, 120  
 An esperance so obstinately strong,  
 That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,  
 As if those organs had deceptive functions,  
 Created only to calumniate.  
 Was Cressid here ?

*Ulyss.* I cannot conjure, Trojan.

*Tro.* She was not, sure.

*Ulyss.* Most sure she was.

*Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

*Ulyss.* Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

*Tro.* Let it not be believed for womanhood !  
 Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage  
 To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme, 131  
 For depravation, to square the general sex  
 By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

*Ulyss.* What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers ?

*Tro.* Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

*Ther.* Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes ?

*Tro.* This she ? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:  
 If beauty have a soul, this is not she;  
 If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,  
 If sanctimony be the gods' delight, 140  
 If there be rule in unity itself,  
 This is not she. O madness of discourse,  
 That cause sets up with and against itself !  
 Bi-fold authority ! where reason can revolt  
 Without perdition, and loss assume all reason  
 Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.  
 Within my soul there doth conduce a fight  
 Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate  
 Divides more wider than the sky and earth,  
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division 150  
 Admits no orifex for a point as subtle  
 As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.  
 Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's gates;  
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself;  
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved, and  
loosed;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,  
The fraction of her faith, orts of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics  
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed. 160

*Ulyss.* May worthy Troilus be half attach'd  
With that which here his passion doth express ?

*Tro.* Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged  
well

In characters as red as Mars his heart  
Inflamed with Venus: never did young man fancy  
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,  
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:  
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;  
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill, 170  
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout  
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,  
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,  
Shall dizzy with more clamor Neptune's ear  
In his descent than shall my prompted sword  
Falling on Diomed.

*Ther.* He'll tickle it for his concupy.

*Tro.* O Cressid ! O false Cressid ! false, false,  
false !

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,  
And they'll seem glorious.

*Ulyss.* O, contain yourself; 180  
Your passion draws ears hither.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* I have been seeking you this hour, my  
lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;  
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

*Tro.* Have with you, prince. My courteous  
lord, adieu.

Farewell, revolted fair ! and, Diomed,  
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head !

*Ulyss.* I'll bring you to the gates.

*Tro.* Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

*Ther.* Would I could meet that rogue Diomed !  
 I would croak like a raven ; I would bode, I  
 would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing  
 for the intelligence of this whore : the parrot will  
 not do more for an almond than he for a commo-  
 dious drab. Lechery, lechery ; still, wars and  
 lechery ; nothing else holds fashion : a burning  
 devil take them ! *[Exit.*

SCENE III. *Troy. Before Priam's palace.*

*Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.*

*And.* When was my lord so much ungently  
 temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment ?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

*Hect.* You train me to offend you ; get you in ;  
 By all the everlasting gods, I'll go !

*And.* My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to  
 the day.

*Hect.* No more, I say.

*Enter CASSANDRA.*

*Cas.* Where is my brother Hector ?

*And.* Here, sister ; arm'd, and bloody in intent.  
 Consort with me in loud and dear petition,  
 Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dream'd  
 Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
 Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of  
 slaughter.

*Cas.* O, 'tis true.

*Hect.* Ho ! bid my trumpet sound !

*Cas.* No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet  
 brother.

*Hect.* Be gone, I say : the gods have heard me  
 swear.

*Cas.* The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows :  
 They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd  
 Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

*And.* O, be persuaded ! do not count it holy  
 To hurt by being just : it is as lawful, 20  
 For we would give much, to use violent thefts,  
 And rob in the behalf of charity,

*Cas.* It is the purpose that makes strong the  
vow;  
But vows to every purpose must not hold:  
Unarm, sweet Hector.

*Hect.* Hold you still, I say;  
Mine honor keeps the weather of my fate:  
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man  
Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.

*Enter* TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?

*And.* Cassandra, call my father to persuade. 30  
[*Exit Cassandra.*]

*Hect.* No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;  
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:  
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.  
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,  
I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

*Tro.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better fits a lion than a man.

*Hect.* What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

*Tro.* When many times the captive Grecian falls,  
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword, 41  
You bid them rise, and live.

*Hect.* O, 'tis fair play.

*Tro.* Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

*Hect.* How now! how now!

*Tro.* For the love of all the gods,  
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,  
And when we have our armors buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,  
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

*Hect.* Fie, savage, fie.

*Tro.* Hector, then 'tis wars.

*Hect.* Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day. 50

*Tro.* Who should withhold me?  
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;

Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,  
 Their eyes o'ergall'd with recourse of tears;  
 Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,  
 Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,  
 But by my ruin.

*Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.*

*Cas.* Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay, 60  
 Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
 Fall all together.

*Pri.* Come, Hector, come, go back:  
 Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had  
 visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself  
 Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt  
 To tell thee that this day is ominous:  
 Therefore, come back.

*Hect.* Æneas is a-field;  
 And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,  
 Even in the faith of valor, to appear  
 This morning to them.

*Pri.* Ay, but thou shalt not go.

*Hect.* I must not break my faith. 71  
 You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,  
 Let me not shame respect; but give me leave  
 To take that course by your consent and voice,  
 Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

*Cas.* O Priam, yield not to him.

*And.* Do not, dear father.

*Hect.* Andromache, I am offended with you:  
 Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

*[Exit Andromache.]*

*Tro.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl  
 Makes all these bodements.

*Cas.* O, farewell, dear Hector!  
 Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns  
 pale! 81

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!  
 Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!  
 How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!  
 Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,



Like witless antics, one another meet,  
And all cry, Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector !

*Tro.* Away ! away !

*Cas.* Farewell: yet, soft ! Hector, I take my leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

*Hect.* You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim:  
Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight,  
Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.

*Pri.* Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee ! [*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector.*

*Alarums.*

*Tro.* They are at it, hark ! Proud Diomed, believe,

I come to lose my arm or win my sleeve.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* Do you hear, my lord ? do you hear ?

*Tro.* What now ?

*Pan.* Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

*Tro.* Let me read. 100

*Pan.* A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she there ?

*Tro.* Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;

The effect doth operate another way. 109

[*Tearing the letter.*

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV. *Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp.*

*Alarums: excursions. Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abomi-

nable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry: they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, an t'other.

*Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.*

*Tro.* Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river

Styx,

20

I would swim after.

*Dio.*

Thou dost miscall retire:

I do not fly, but advantageous care

Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:

Have at thee!

*Ther.* Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

*[Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.]*

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* What art thou, Greek? art thou for

Hector's match?

Art thou of blood and honor?

*Ther.* No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave: a very filthy rogue. 31

*Hect.* I do believe thee: live.

*[Exit.]*

*Ther.* God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle: yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V. *Another part of the plains.**Enter* DIOMEDES *and a* Servant.

*Dio.* Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:  
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;  
Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan,  
And am her knight by proof.

*Serv.* I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON.

*Agam.* Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas  
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon  
Hath Doreus prisoner,  
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,  
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings 10  
Epistrophus and Cedijs: Polyxenes is slain,  
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt,  
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes  
Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadful Sagittary  
Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed,  
To re-enforcement, or we perish all.

*Enter* NESTOR.

*Nest.* Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;  
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.  
There is a thousand Hector's in the field:  
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse, 20  
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,  
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls  
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,  
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,  
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:  
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes,  
Dexterity so obeying appetite  
That what he will he does, and does so much  
That proof is call'd impossibility.

*Enter* ULYSSES.

*Ulyss.* O, courage, courage, princes! great  
Achilles 30  
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:

Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood  
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,  
 That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd,  
     come to him,  
 Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend  
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,  
 Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day  
 Mad and fantastic execution,  
 Engaging and redeeming of himself  
 With such a careless force and forceless care 40  
 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,  
 Bade him win all.

*Enter AJAX.*

*Ajax.* Troilus ! thou coward Troilus ! [*Exit.*

*Dio.* .. Ay, there, there.

*Nest.* So, so, we draw together.

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Where is this Hector ?  
 Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;  
 Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:  
 Hector ! where's Hector ? I will none but Hector.  
     [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter AJAX.*

*Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head !

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* Troilus, I say ! where's Troilus ?

*Ajax.* What wouldst thou ?

*Dio.* I would correct him.

*Ajax.* Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office

Ere that correction. Troilus, I say ! what, Troilus ?

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* O traitor Diomed ! turn thy false face,  
 thou traitor,  
 And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse !

*Dio.* Ha, art thou there?

*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

*Dio.* He is my prize; I will not look upon. 10

*Tro.* Come, both you cogging Greeks; have at you both! [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Enter* HECTOR.

*Hect.* Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Now do I see thee, ha! have at thee, Hector!

*Hect.* Pause, if thou wilt.

*Achil.* I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:  
Be happy that my arms are out of use:  
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,  
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;  
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*]

*Hect.* Fare thee well:

I would have been much more a fresher man, 20  
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother!

*Re-enter* TROILUS.

*Tro.* Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?  
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,  
He shall not carry him: I'll be ta'en too,  
Or bring him off: fate, hear me what I say!  
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*]

*Enter one in sumptuous armor.*

*Hect.* Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:  
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armor well;  
I'll frush it and unlock the rivets all,  
But I'll be master of it: wilt thou not, beast, abide?  
Why, then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. 31  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter* ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

*Achil.* Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;

Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:  
 Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:  
 And when I have the bloody Hector found,  
 Empale him with your weapons round about;  
 In fellest manner execute your aims.  
 Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:  
 It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt*

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting: then*  
*THERSITES.*

*Ther.* The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are  
 at it. Now, bull, now dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo!  
 now, my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris,  
 'loo! The bull has the game: ware horns, ho!  
 [*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

*Enter MARGARELON.*

*Mar.* Turn, slave, and fight.

*Ther.* What art thou?

*Mar.* A bastard son of Priam's.

*Ther.* I am a bastard too; I love bastards; I  
 am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard  
 in mind, bastard in valor, in every thing illegiti-  
 mate. One bear will not bite another, and  
 wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the  
 quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a  
 whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment:  
 farewell, bastard. [*Exit.*

*Mar.* The devil take thee, coward! [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* Most putrefied core, so fair without,  
 Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life.  
 Now is my day's work done; I'll take good  
 breath:  
 Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.  
 [*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield*  
*behind him.*

*Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.*

*Achil.* Look, Hector, how the sun begins to  
 set;

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:  
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

*Hect.* I am unarm'd; forego this vantage,  
Greek.

*Achil.* Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I  
seek. [*Hector falls.* 10

So, Ilium, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down.  
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.  
On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,  
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'

*[A retreat sounded.]*

Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.

*Myr.* The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my  
lord.

*Achil.* The dragon wing of night o'erspreads  
the earth,

And, stickler-like, the armies separate.

My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have  
fed,

Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. 20  
*[Sheathes his sword.]*

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail:

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,  
DIOMEDES, and others, marching. *Shouts within.*

*Agam.* Hark! hark! what shout is that?

*Nest.* Peace, drums!

*[Within]* Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain!  
Achilles!

*Dio.* The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by  
Achilles.

*Ajax.* If it be so, yet bragless let it be;  
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

*Agam.* March patiently along: let one be sent  
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.

If in his death the gods have us befriended, 9  
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

*[Exeunt, marching.]*

SCENE X. *Another part of the plains.**Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.*

*Æne.* Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the field:

Never go home; here starve we out the night.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* Hector is slain.

*All.* Hector ! the gods forbid !

*Tro.* He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed !

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at 'Troy !

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on ! 9

*Æne.* My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

*Tro.* You understand me not that tell me so:

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,

But dare all imminence that gods and men

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba ?

Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,

Go in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead:

There is a word will Priam turn to stone;

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word, 20

Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:

Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you ! and, thou great-sized coward,

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,

That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.

Strike a free march to Troy ! with comfort go: 30

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

*[Exeunt Æneas and Trojans,*



*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* But hear you, hear you !

*Tro.* Hence, broker-lackey ! ignomy and shame Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name ! [*Exit.*

*Pan.* A goodly medicine for my aching bones ! O world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent despised ! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited ! why should our endeavor be so loved and the performance so loathed ? what verse for it ? what instance for it ? Let me see: 41

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,  
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;  
And being once subdued in armed tail,  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,  
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;  
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans, 50  
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.  
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,  
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this,  
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:  
Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases,  
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*



# CORIOLANUS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.

TITUS LARTIUS, } generals against the Volscians.  
COMINIUS, }

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, } tribunes of the people.  
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }

Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, general of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.

VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.

Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles,  
Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Ser-  
vants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*Rome and the neighborhood; Corioli and  
the neighborhood; Antium.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

*Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves,  
clubs, and other weapons.*

*First Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear  
me speak.

*All.* Speak, speak.

*First Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die  
than to famish?

*All.* Resolved, resolved.

*First Cit.* First, you know Caius Marcius is  
chief enemy to the people.

*All.* We know't, we know't.

*First Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn  
at our own price. Is't a verdict?

11

*All.* No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away!

*Sec. Cit.* One word, good citizens.

*First Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our suffrance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

*Sec. Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

*All.* Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty. 29

*Sec. Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

*First Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

*Sec. Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

*First Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue. 41

*Sec. Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

*First Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen; why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

*All.* Come, come. 50

*First Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

*Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.*

*Sec. Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

*First Cit.* He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

*Men.* What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you  
With bats and clubs? The matter? speak, I pray you.

*First Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

*Men.* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbors,  
Will you undo yourselves?

*First Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

*Men.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care  
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,  
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well 69  
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them  
Against the Roman state, whose course will on  
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs  
Of more strong link asunder than can ever  
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,  
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and  
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,  
You are transported by calamity  
Thither where more attends you, and you slander  
The helms o' the state, who care for you like  
fathers,

When you curse them as enemies. 80

*First Cit.* Care for us! True, indeed! They  
ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and  
their store-houses crammed with grain; make  
edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily  
any wholesome act established against the rich,  
and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain  
up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not  
up, they will; and there's all the love they bear  
us.

*Men.* Either you must 90  
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,  
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you

A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;  
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture  
To stale 't a little more.

*First Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must  
not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but  
an't please you, deliver.

*Men.* There was a time when all the body's  
members

Rebell'd against the belly, thus accused it: 100  
That only like a gulf it did remain  
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,  
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing  
Like labor with the rest, where the other instru-  
ments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
And, mutually participate, did minister  
Unto the appetite and affection common  
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

*First Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the  
belly? 110

*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of  
smile,  
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even  
thus—

For look you, I may make the belly smile  
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied  
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly  
As you malign our senators for that  
They are not such as you.

*First Cit.* Your belly's answer? What!  
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, 120  
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
With other muniments and petty helps  
In this our fabric, if that they—

*Men.* What then?  
'Fore me, this fellow speaks! What then? what  
then?

*First Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be  
restrain'd,  
Who is the sink o' the body, —

*Men.* Well, what then?

*First Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,  
What should the belly answer?

*Men.* I will tell you;  
If you'll bestow a small—of what you have little—

Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

*First Cit.* Ye're long about it.

*Men.* Note me this, good friend;  
Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:  
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he;  
'That I receive the general food at first,  
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,  
Because I am the store-house and the shop  
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,  
I send it through the rivers of your blood,  
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the  
brain; 140

And, through the cranks and offices of man,  
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins  
From me receive that natural competency  
Whereby they live: and though that all at once,  
You, my good friends,'—this says the belly, mark  
me,—

*First Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

*Men.* 'Though all at once cannot  
See what I do deliver out to each,  
Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flour of all,  
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to't?

*First Cit.* It was an answer: how apply you  
this? 151

*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members; for examine  
Their counsels and their cares, digest things  
rightly

Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find  
No public benefit which you receive  
But it proceeds or comes from them to you  
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,  
You, the great toe of this assembly?

*First Cit.* I the great toe! why the great toe?

*Men.* For that, being one o' the lowest, basest,  
 poorest, 161  
 Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:  
 Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,  
 Lead'st first to win some vantage.  
 But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:  
 Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;  
 The one side must have bale.

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.*

Hail, noble Marcius!

*Mar.* Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,  
 That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
 Make yourselves scabs?

*First Cit.* We have ever your good word. 170

*Mar.* He that will give good words to thee will  
 flatter  
 Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you  
 curs,  
 That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,  
 The other makes you proud. He that trusts to  
 you

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
 Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,  
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is  
 To make him worthy whose offence subdues him  
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves  
 greatness 180

Deserves your hate; and your affections are  
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
 Upon your favors swims with fins of lead,  
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!  
 Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind,  
 And call him noble that was now your hate,  
 Him vile that was your garland. What's the  
 matter,

That in these several places of the city  
 You cry against the noble senate, who, 190  
 Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else



Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?

*Men.* For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,  
The city is well stored.

*Mar.* Hang 'em! They say!  
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,  
Who thrives and who declines; side factions, and  
give out  
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,  
And feebling such as stand not in their liking  
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's  
grain enough! 200

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,  
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry  
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high  
As I could pick my lance.

*Men.* Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;  
For though abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech  
you,

What says the other troop?

*Mar.* They are dissolved: hang 'em.  
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth  
proverbs,  
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,  
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods  
sent not 211

Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds  
They vented their complainings; which being  
answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one—  
To break the heart of generosity,  
And make bold power look pale—they threw their  
caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the  
moon,

Shouting their emulation.

*Men.* What is granted them?

*Mar.* Five tribunes to defend their vulgar  
wisdoms,

Of their own choice; one's Junius Brutus, 220  
 Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!  
 'The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,  
 Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time  
 Win upon power and throw forth greater themes  
 For insurrection's arguing.

*Men.* This is strange.

*Mar.* Go, get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a Messenger, hastily.*

*Mess.* Where's Caius Marcius?

*Mar.* Here: what's the matter?

*Mess.* The news is, sir, the Volscies are in arms.

*Mar.* I am glad on't: then we shall ha' means  
 to vent

Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators;  
 JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

*First Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true that you have  
 lately told us; 231

The Volscies are in arms.

*Mar.* They have a leader,  
 Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.  
 I sin in envying his nobility,  
 And were I any thing but what I am,  
 I would wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together.

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by the ears,  
 and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
 Only my wars with him: he is a lion  
 That I am proud to hunt.

*First Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius, 240  
 Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Mar.* Sir, it is;  
 And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou  
 Shalt see me once more strike at 'Tullus' face.  
 What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

*Tit.* No, Caius Marcius;  
 I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other,  
 Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O, true-bred!

*First Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where,  
I know,  
Our greatest friends attend us.

*Tit.* [To *Com.*] Lead you on.

[To *Mar.*] Follow Cominius; we must follow  
you; 250

Right worthy you priority.

*Com.* Noble Marcius!

*First Sen.* [To the Citizens] Hence to your  
homes; begone!

*Mar.* Nay, let them follow:  
The Volscres have much corn; take these rats  
thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutineers,  
Your valor puts well forth; pray, follow.

[Citizens steal away. Exeunt all but *Sicinius*  
and *Brutus*.]

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for the  
people,—

*Bru.* Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.

*Bru.* Being moved, he will not spare to gird  
the gods. 260

*Sic.* Be-mock the modest moon.

*Bru.* The present wars devour him: he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant.

*Sic.* Such a nature,  
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow  
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder  
His insolence can brook to be commanded  
Under Cominius.

*Bru.* Fame, at the which he aims,  
In whom already he's well graced, cannot  
Better be held nor more attain'd than by  
A place below the first: for what miscarries 270  
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
To the utmost of a man, and giddy censure  
Will then cry out of Marcius, 'O, if he  
Had borne the business!'

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well,

Opinion that so sticks on Marcius shall  
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

*Bru.*

Come:

Half all Cominius' honors are to Marcius,  
Though Marcius earn'd them not, and all his faults  
To Marcius shall be honors, though indeed  
In aught he merit not.

*Sic.*

Let's hence, and hear 280

How the despatch is made, and in what fashion,  
More than his singularity, he goes  
Upon this present action.

*Bru.*

Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Corioli. The Senate-house.*

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and certain Senators.*

*First Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels  
And know how we proceed.

*Auf.*

Is it not yours?

What ever have been thought on in this state,  
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone  
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think  
I have the letter here; yes, here it is.

[*Reads*] 'They have press'd a power, but it is not  
known

Whether for east or west: the dearth is great; 10  
The people mutinous; and it is rumor'd,  
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,  
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
These three lead on this prepartion  
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:  
Consider of it.'

*First Sen.* Our army's in the field:  
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
To answer us.

*Auf.*

Nor did you think it folly

To keep your great pretences veil'd till when 20  
They needs must show themselves; which in the  
hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery

We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was  
To take in many towns ere almost Rome  
Should know we were afoot.

*Sec. Sen.* Noble Aufidius,  
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:  
Let us alone to guard Corioli:  
If they set down before 's, for the remove  
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find  
They've not prepared for us.

*Auf.* O, do but not that; 30  
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,  
Some parcels of their power are forth already,  
And only hitherward. I leave your honors.  
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,  
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike  
Till one can do no more.

*All.* The gods assist you !

*Auf.* And keep your honors safe !

*First Sen.* Farewell.

*Sec. Sen.* Farewell.

*All.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Rome. A room in Marcius' house.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA; they set them down  
on two low stools, and sew.*

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing; or express  
yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son  
were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that  
absence wherein he won honor than in the em-  
bracements of his bed where he would show most  
love. When yet he was but tender-bodied and  
the only son of my womb, when youth with come-  
liness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day  
of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him  
an hour from her beholding, I, considering how  
honor would become such a person, that it was  
no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if  
renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him  
seek danger where he was like to find fame. To  
a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned,  
his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,  
I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a

man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man. 19

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam; how then?

*Vol.* Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gent.* Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

*Vir.* Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself. 30

*Vol.* Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,  
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair,  
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him.

Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:  
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,  
Though you were born in Rome:' his bloody brow  
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,  
Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow  
Or all or lose his hire. 40

*Vir.* His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

*Vol.* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man  
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,  
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood  
At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria,  
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*]

*Vir.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

*Vol.* He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee  
And tread upon his neck. 50

*Enter VALERIA, with an Usher and Gentlewoman.*

*Val.* My ladies both, good day to you.

*Vol.* Sweet madam.

*Vir.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*Val.* How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

*Vir.* I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

*Vol.* He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster. 61

*Val.* O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it! 71

*Vol.* One on 's father's moods.

*Val.* Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

*Vir.* A crack, madam.

*Val.* Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

*Vir.* No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

*Val.* Not out of doors!

*Vol.* She shall, she shall. 80

*Vir.* Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

*Val.* Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

*Vir.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

*Vol.* Why, I pray you?

*Vir.* 'Tis not to save labor, nor that I want love. 91

*Val.* You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us,

*Vir.* No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

*Val.* In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband. 101

*Vir.* O, good madam, there can be none yet.

*Val.* Verily, I do not jest with you: there came news from him last night.

*Vir.* Indeed, madam?

*Val.* In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli: they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honor; and so, I pray, go with us.

*Vir.* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

*Vol.* Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

*Val.* In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us. 121

*Vir.* No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*Val.* Well, then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. *Before Corioli.*

*Enter, with drum and colors, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

*Mar.* Yonder comes news. A wager they have met.

*Lart.* My horse to yours, no.

*Mar.* 'Tis done.

*Lart.* Agreed.

*Mar.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*Mess.* They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

*Lart.* So, the good horse is mine.

*Mar.* I'll buy him of you.



*Lart.* No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will  
 For half a hundred years. Summon the town.  
*Mar.* How far off lie these armies?  
*Mess.* Within this mile and half.  
*Mar.* Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.  
 Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work, so  
 That we with smoking swords may march from hence,  
 To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others on the walls.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?  
*First Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,  
 That's lesser than a little. [*Drums afar off.*]  
 Hark! our drums  
 Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls,  
 Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,  
 Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes:  
 They'll open of themselves. [*Alarum afar off.*]  
 Hark you, far off!  
 There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes 20  
 Amongst your cloven army.

*Mar.* O, they are at it!

*Lart.* Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

*Enter the army of the Volsces.*

*Mar.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city.  
 Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight  
 With hearts more proof than shields. Advance,  
 brave Titus:  
 They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,  
 Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on,  
 my fellows:  
 He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,  
 And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS, cursing.*

*Mar.* All the contagion of the south light on  
you, 30  
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and  
plagues

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd  
Farther than seen, and one infect another  
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,  
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!  
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale  
With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge  
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe 39  
And make my wars on you: look to't: come on;  
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
As they to us our trenches followed.

*Another alarum. The Volscles fly, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good  
seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,  
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

*[Enters the gates.]*

*First Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

*Sec. Sol.*

Nor I.

*[Marcius is shut in.]*

*First Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

*All.* To the pot, I warrant him.

*[Alarum continues.]*

*Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.*

*Lart.* What is become of Marcius?

*All.* Slain, sir, doubtless.

*First Sol.* Following the fliers at the very  
heels,

With them he enters; who, upon the sudden, 50  
Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone,  
'To answer all the city.

*Lart.* O noble fellow!

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,

And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left,  
 Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,  
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier  
 Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible  
 Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and  
 The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds, 59  
 Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world  
 Were feverous and did tremble.

*Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

*First Sol.* Look, sir.

*Lart.* O, 'tis Marcius !

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

SCENE V. *Corioli. A street.*

*Enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

*First Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

*Sec. Rom.* And I this.

*Third Rom.* A murrain on't ! I took this for  
 silver. [*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

*Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS with a trumpet.*

*Mar.* See here these movers that do prize their  
 hours

At a crack'd drachm ! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
 Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
 Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  
 Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: down with  
 them !

And hark, what noise the general makes ! To  
 him ! 10

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,  
 Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take  
 Convenient numbers to make good the city;  
 Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will  
 haste

To help Cominius.

*Lart.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;

Thy exercise hath been too violent for

A second course of fight.

*Mar.* Sir, praise me not;  
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus 20  
I will appear, and fight.

*Lart.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune,  
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page!

*Mar.* Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

*Lart.* Thou worthiest Marcius!

[*Exit Marcius.*

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;  
Call thither all the officers o' the town,  
Where they shall know our mind: away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Near the camp of Cominius.*

*Enter COMINIUS, as it were in retire, with soldiers.*

*Com.* Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we  
are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have  
struck,

By interims and conveying gusts we have heard  
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods!  
Lead their successes as we wish our own,  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-  
countering,

May give you thankful sacrifice.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy news?

*Mess.* The citizens of Corioli have issued, 10  
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:  
I saw our party to their trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

*Com.* Though thou speak'st truth,  
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't  
since?

*Mess.* Above an hour, my lord,

*Com.* 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,  
And bring thy news so late?

*Mess.* Spies of the Volsces  
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel  
Three or four miles about, else had I, sir, 20  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Com.* Who's yonder  
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!  
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have  
Before-time seen him thus.

*Mar.* [Within] Come I too late?

*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a  
tabor  
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man.

*Enter MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,  
But mantled in your own.

*Mar.* O, let me clip ye  
In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart 30  
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,  
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

*Com.* Flower of warriors,  
How is't with Titus Lartius?

*Mar.* As with a man busied about decrees:  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;  
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

*Com.* Where is that slave  
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?  
Where is he? call him hither.

*Mar.* Let him alone; 41  
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,  
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—  
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge  
From rascals worse than they.

*Com.* But how prevail'd you?

*Mar.* Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.

Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?  
If not, why cease you till you are so?

*Com.* Marcus,  
We have at disadvantage fought, and did  
Retire to win our purpose. 50

*Mar.* How lies their battle? know you on which  
side  
They have placed their men of trust?

*Com.* As I guess, Marcus,  
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,  
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,  
Their very heart of hope.

*Mar.* I do beseech you,  
By all the battles wherein we have fought,  
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows  
We have made to endure friends, that you directly  
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;  
And that you not delay the present, but, 60  
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,  
We prove this very hour.

*Com.* Though I could wish  
You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never  
Deny your asking: take your choice of those  
That best can aid your action.

*Mar.* Those are they  
That most are willing. If any such be here—  
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting  
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear  
Lesser his person than an ill report; 70  
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,  
And that his country's dearer than himself;  
Let him alone, or so many so minded,  
Wave thus, to express his disposition,  
And follow Marcus.

[*They all shout and wave their swords, take him  
up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

O, me alone! make you a sword of me?  
If these shows be not outward, which of you  
But is four Volsces? none of you but is  
Able to bear against the great Aufidius

A shield as hard as his. A certain number, 80  
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the  
rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight,  
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;  
And four shall quickly draw out my command,  
Which men are best inclined.

*Com.* March on, my fellows:  
Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.*

*Lart.* So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties,  
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch  
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve  
For a short holding: if we lose the field,  
We cannot keep the town.

*Lieu.* Fear not our care, sir.

*Lart.* Hence, and shut your gates upon's.  
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct  
us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *A field of battle.*

*Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite sides, MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*Mar.* I'll fight with none but thee; for I do  
hate thee.

Worse than a promise-breaker.

*Auf.* We hate alike:  
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor  
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

*Mar.* Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
And the gods doom him after!

*Auf.* If I fly, Marcius,  
Halloa me like a hare.

*Mar.* Within these three hours, Tullus,

Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,  
 And made what work I pleased: 'tis not my blood  
 Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge  
 Wrench up thy power to the highest.

*Auf.* Wert thou the Hector     11  
 That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,  
 Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid  
 of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be  
 driven in breathless.*]

Officious, and not valiant, you have shamed me  
 In your condemned seconds.     [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *The Roman camp.*

*Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish.*  
*Enter, from one side, COMINIUS with the  
 Romans; from the other side, MARCIUS, with his  
 arm in a scarf.*

*Com.* If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's  
 work,  
 Thou'ldst not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it  
 Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,  
 Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,  
 I' the end admire, where ladies shall be frighted,  
 And, gladly quaked, hear more; where the dull  
 tribunes,  
 That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honors,  
 Shall say against their hearts 'We thank the gods  
 Our Rome hath such a soldier.'  
 Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast,     10  
 Having fully dined before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the  
 pursuit.*

*Lart.* O general,  
 Here is the steed, we the caparison:  
 Hadst thou beheld—

*Mar.* Pray now, no more: my mother,  
 Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
 When she does praise me grieves me. I have done  
 As you have done; that's what I can; induced  
 As you have been; that's for my country:



He that has but effected his good will  
Hath overta'en mine act.

*Com.* You shall not be  
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know  
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment 21  
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
To hide your doings; and to silence that,  
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
Would seem but modest; therefore, I beseech  
you—

In sign of what you are, not to reward  
What you have done—before our army hear me.

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and they  
smart

To hear themselves remember'd.

*Com.* Should they not,  
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude, 30  
And tent themselves with death. Of all the  
horses,

Whereof we have ta'en good and good store, of  
all

The treasure in this field achieved and city,  
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,  
Before the common distribution, at  
Your only choice.

*Mar.* I thank you, general;  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing. 40

*[A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius! Marcius!' cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.]*

*Mar.* May these same instruments, which you  
profane,  
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets  
shall

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
Made all of false-faced soothing!

When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,  
Let him be made a coverture for the wars!

No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd  
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,—

Which, without note, here's many else have  
done,—

You shout me forth 50

In acclamations hyperbolical;

As if I loved my little should be dieted

In praises sauced with lies.

*Com.* Too modest are you;  
More cruel to your good report than grateful  
To us that give you truly: by your patience,  
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we'll put you,  
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,  
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it  
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius 59

Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,

My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,

With all his trim belonging; and from this time,

For what he did before Corioli, call him,

With all the applause and clamor of the host,

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS! Bear

The addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

*All.* Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

*Cor.* I will go wash;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive

Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thank you. 70

I mean to stride your steed, and at all times

To undercrest your good addition

To the fairness of my power.

*Com.* So, to our tent;

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write

To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,

Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome

The best, with whom we may articulate,

For their own good and ours.

*Lart.* I shall, my lord.

*Cor.* The gods begin to mock me. I, that now  
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg 80  
Of my lord general.

*Com.* Take't: 'tis yours. What is't?

*Cor.* I sometime lay here in Corioli  
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:  
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;

But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

*Com.* O, well begg'd !  
Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

*Lart.* Marcius, his name ?

*Cor.* By Jupiter ! forgot.  
I am weary; yea, my memory is tired. 91  
Have we no wine here ?

*Com.* Go we to our tent:  
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time  
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X. *The camp of the Volsces.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,  
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

*Auf.* The town is ta'en !

*First Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good  
condition.

*Auf.* Condition !

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,  
Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition !  
What good condition can a treaty find  
I' the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Mar-  
cius,

I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat  
me,

And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter  
As often as we eat. By the elements, 10

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,  
He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation  
Hath not that honor in't it had; for where  
I thought to crush him in an equal force,  
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way  
Or wrath or craft may get him.

*First Sol.* He's the devil.

*Auf.* Bolder, though not so subtle. My valor's  
poison'd

With only suffering stain by him; for him  
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,  
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor capitol, 20

The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,  
 Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up  
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
 My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it  
 At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,  
 Against the hospitable canon, would I  
 Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the  
 city;

Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that must  
 Be hostages for Rome.

*First Sol.* Will not you go?

*Auf.* I am attended at the cypress grove: I  
 pray you—30

'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither  
 How the world goes, that to the pace of it  
 I may spur on my journey.

*First Sol.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Rome. A public place.*

*Enter MENENIUS with the two Tribunes of the people, SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Men.* The augurer tells me we shall have news  
 to-night.

*Bru.* Good or bad?

*Men.* Not according to the prayer of the people,  
 for they love not Marcius.

*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Men.* Pray you, who does the wolf love?

*Sic.* The lamb.

*Men.* Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians  
 would the noble Marcius. 11

*Bru.* He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

*Men.* He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.  
 You two are old men: tell me one thing that I  
 shall ask you.

*Both.* Well, sir.

*Men.* In what enormity is Marcius poor in,  
 that you two have not in abundance?

*Bru.* He's poor in no one fault, but stored with  
 all. 21

*Sic.* Especially in pride.

*Bru.* And topping all others in boasting.

*Men.* This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

*Both.* Why, how are we censured?

*Men.* Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

*Both.* Well, well, sir, well.

30

*Men.* Why, 'tis no great matter: for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

*Bru.* We do it not alone, sir.

*Men.* I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

*Bru.* What then, sir?

*Men.* Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

*Sic.* Menenius, you are known well enough too.

*Men.* I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect in favoring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning; what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you

are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

*Bru.* Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

*Men.* You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones. 89

*Bru.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

*Men.* Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards: and your beards deserve not so honorable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Brutus and Sicinius go aside.*]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the

moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast? 109

*Vol.* Honorable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

*Men.* Ha! Marcius coming home!

*Vol.* Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

*Men.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home!

*Vol., Vir.* Nay, 'tis true.

*Vol.* Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you. 120

*Men.* I will make my very house reel to-night: a letter for me!

*Vir.* Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw't.

*Men.* A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricute, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? He was wont to come home wounded. 131

*Vir.* O, no, no, no.

*Vol.* O, he is wounded; I thank the gods for't.

*Men.* So do I too, if it be not too much: brings a' victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

*Vol.* On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

*Men.* Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

*Vol.* Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off. 141

*Men.* And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: and he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

*Vol.* Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war; he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly. 151

*Val.* In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

*Men.* Wondrous ! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*Vir.* The gods grant them true !

*Vol.* True ! pow, wow.

*Men.* True ! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded ? [*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships ! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded ?

*Vol.* I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

*Men.* One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

*Vol.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him. 170

*Men.* Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark ! the trumpets.

*Vol.* These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;  
Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die.

*A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS the general, and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.*

*Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli gates: where he hath won, 180  
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these  
In honor follows Coriolanus.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

[*Flourish.*

*All.* Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

*Cor.* No more of this; it does offend my heart:  
Pray now, no more.



*Com.* Look, sir, your mother !

*Cor.* O,

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods  
For my prosperity ! [Kneels.

*Vol.* Nay, my good soldier, up ;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and  
By deed-achieving honor newly named,— 190

What is it ?—Coriolanus must I call thee ?—

But, O, thy wife !

*Cor.* My gracious silence, hail !

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd  
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph ? Ah, my dear,  
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,

And mothers that lack sons.

*Men.* Now, the gods crown thee !

*Cor.* And live you yet ? [To Valeria] O my  
sweet lady, pardon.

*Vol.* I know not where to turn : O, welcome  
home ;

And welcome, general : and ye're welcome all.

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes. I could  
weep 200

And I could laugh, I am light and heavy. Welcome.

A curse begin at very root on's heart,

That is not glad to see thee ! You are three

That Rome should dote on : yet, by the faith of  
men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home that  
will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors :

We call a nettle but a nettle, and

The faults of fools but folly.

*Com.* Ever right.

*Cor.* Menenius ever, ever.

*Herald.* Give way there, and go on !

*Cor.* [To Volumnia and Virgilia] Your hand,  
and yours ; 210

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,

The good patricians must be visited ;

From whom I have received not only greetings,

But with them change of honors.

*Vol.* I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes  
 And the buildings of my fancy: only  
 There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not  
 but

Our Rome will cast upon thee.

*Cor.* Know, good mother,  
 I had rather be their servant in my way  
 Than sway with them in theirs.

*Com.* On, to the Capitol! 220

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. Brutus and Sicinius come forward.*]

*Bru.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared  
 sights

Are spectacted to see him: your prattling nurse  
 Into a rapture lets her baby cry  
 While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins  
 Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,  
 Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks,  
 windows,

Are smothered up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed  
 With variable complexions, all agreeing  
 In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens  
 Do press among the popular throngs and puff 230  
 To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames  
 Commit the war of white and damask in  
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil  
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pothor,  
 As if that whatsoever god who leads him  
 Were slyly crept into his human powers,  
 And gave him graceful posture.

*Sic.* On the sudden,  
 I warrant him consul.

*Bru.* Then our office may,  
 During his power, go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temperately transport his  
 honors 240  
 From where he should begin and end, but will  
 Lose those he hath won.

*Bru.* In that there's comfort.

*Sic.* Doubt not  
 The commoners, for whom we stand, but they  
 Upon their ancient malice will forget  
 With the least cause these his new honors, which

That he will give them make I as little question  
As he is proud to do't.

*Bru.* I heard him swear,  
Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i' the market-place nor on him put  
The napless vesture of humility; 250  
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds  
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*Sic.* 'Tis right.

*Bru.* It was his word: O, he would miss it  
rather  
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him  
And the desire of the nobles.

*Sic.* I wish no better  
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it  
In execution.

*Bru.* 'Tis most like he will.

*Sic.* It shall be to him, then, as our good wills,  
A sure destruction.

*Bru.* So it must fall out  
To him or our authorities. For an end, 260  
We must suggest the people in what hatred  
He still hath held them; that to's power he would  
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders,  
and

Dispropertied their freedoms, holding them,  
In human action and capacity,  
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world  
Than camels in the war, who have their provand  
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

*Sic.* This, as you say, suggested  
At some time when his soaring insolence 270  
Shall touch the people—which time shall not want,  
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy  
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire  
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
Shall darken him forever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Mess.* You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis  
thought

That Marcius shall be consul:

I have seen the dumb men throng to see him, and  
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,  
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,  
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended, 281  
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made  
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:  
I never saw the like.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol;  
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,  
But hearts for the event.

*Sic.* Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Capitol.*

*Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.*

*First Off.* Come, come, they are almost here.  
How many stand for consulships?

*Sec. Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of  
every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

*First Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's ven-  
geance proud, and loves not the common people.

*Sec. Off.* Faith, there have been many great  
men that have flattered the people, who ne'er  
loved them; and there be many that they have  
loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they  
love they know not why, they hate upon no better  
a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to  
care whether they love or hate him, manifests the  
true knowledge he has in their disposition; and  
out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see't.

*First Off.* If he did not care whether he had  
their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt do-  
ing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks  
their hate with greater devotion than they can  
render it him; and leaves nothing undone that  
may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to  
seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the  
people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flat-  
ter them for their love.

*Sec. Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his  
country: and his ascent is not by such easy  
degrees as those who, having been supple and

courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honors in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

*First Off.* No more of him; he's a worthy man: make way, they are coming. 40

*A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, Senators, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take their places by themselves. CORIOLANUS stands.*

*Men.* Having determined of the Volsces and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,  
As the main point of this our after-meeting,  
To gratify his noble-service that  
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,  
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire  
The present consul, and last general  
In our well-found successes, to report  
A little of that worthy work perform'd  
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom 50  
We met here both to thank and to remember  
With honors like himself.

*First Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:  
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think  
Rather our state's defective for requital  
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes*]

Masters o' the people,  
We do request your kindest ears, and after,  
Your loving motion toward the common body,  
To yield what passes here.

*Sic.* We are convented  
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts  
Inclinable to honor and advance 60  
The theme of our assembly.

*Bru.* Which the rather

We shall be blest to do if he remember  
A kinder value of the people than  
He hath hereto prized them at.

*Men.* That's off, that's off;  
I would you rather had been silent. Please you  
To hear Cominius speak?

*Bru.* Most willingly;  
But yet my caution was more pertinent  
Than the rebuke you give it.

*Men.* He loves your people;  
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.  
Worthy Cominius, speak. [*Coriolanus offers to go*  
*away.*] Nay, keep your place. 70

*First Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to  
hear

What you have nobly done.

*Cor.* Your honors' pardon:  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again  
Than hear say how I got them.

*Bru.* Sir, I hope  
My words disbench'd you not.

*Cor.* No, sir: yet oft,  
When blows have made me stay, I fled from  
words.

You soothed not, therefore hurt not: but your  
people,

I love them as they weigh.

*Men.* Pray now, sit down.

*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head i'  
the sun

When the alarum was struck, than idly sit 80  
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*

*Men.* Masters of the people,  
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—  
That's thousand to one good one—when you now  
see

He had rather venture all his limbs for honor  
Than one on's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.

*Com.* I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus  
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held  
That valor is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,  
The man I speak of cannot in the world 90

Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,  
 When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought  
 Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,  
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,  
 When with his Amazonian chin he drove  
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid  
 An o'er-press'd Roman and i' the consul's view  
 Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,  
 And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,  
 When he might act the woman in the scene, 100  
 He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed  
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age  
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,  
 And in the brunt of seventeen battles since  
 He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this  
 last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say,  
 I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;  
 And by his rare example made the coward  
 Turn terror into sport: as weeds before  
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd 110  
 And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,  
 Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot  
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
 Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd  
 The mortal gate of the city, which he painted  
 With shunless destiny; aidless came off,  
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck  
 Corioli like a planet: now all's his:  
 When, by and by, the din of war 'gan pierce 119  
 His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit  
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,  
 And to the battle came he; where he did  
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd  
 Both field and city ours, he never stood  
 To ease his breast with panting.

*Men.*

Worthy man!

*First Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the  
 honors

Which we devise him.

*Com.*

Our spoils he kick'd at,  
 And look'd upon things precious as they were

The common muck of the world; he covets less 131  
 Than misery itself would give; rewards  
 His deeds with doing them, and is content  
 To spend the time to end it.

*Men.* He's right noble;  
 Let him be call'd for.

*First Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

*Off.* He doth appear.

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Men.* The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased  
 To make thee consul.

*Cor.* I do owe them still  
 My life and services.

*Men.* It then remains  
 That you do speak to the people.

*Cor.* I do beseech you,  
 Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot 140  
 Put on the gown, stand naked and entreat them,  
 For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage:  
 please you  
 That I may pass this doing.

*Sic.* Sir, the people  
 Must have their voices; neither will they bate  
 One jot of ceremony.

*Men.* Put them not to't:  
 Pray you, go fit you to the custom and  
 Take to you, as your predecessors have,  
 Your honor with your form.

*Cor.* It is a part  
 That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
 Be taken from the people.

*Bru.* Mark you that? 150

*Cor.* To brag unto them, thus I did, and  
 thus;  
 Show them the unaching scars which I should  
 hide,  
 As if I had received them for the hire  
 Of their breath only !

*Men.* Do not stand upon't.  
 We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
 Our purpose to them: and to our noble consul  
 Wish we all joy and honor.



*Senators.* To Coriolanus come all joy and honor !  
 [Flourish of cornets. *Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Bru.* You see how he intends to use the people.

*Sic.* May they perceive's intent ! He will require them, 160

As if he did contemn what he requested  
 Should be in them to give.

*Bru.* Come, we'll inform them  
 Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,  
 I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

*Enter seven or eight Citizens.*

*First Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

*Sec. Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

*Third Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

*First Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

*Third Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colored: and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

*Sec. Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

*Third Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head, but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

*Sec. Cit.* Why that way?

*Third Cit.* To lose itself in a fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.

*Sec. Cit.* You are never without your tricks: you may, you may. 39

*Third Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

*Enter CORIOLANUS in a gown of humility, with MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behavior. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honor, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*All.* Content, content. [*Exeunt citizens.*]

*Men.* O sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done't?

*Cor.* What must I say?

'I pray, sir,'—Plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace;—'Look, sir, my wounds!

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran 59 From the noise of our own drums.'

*Men.* O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that: you must desire them To think upon you.

*Cor.* Think upon me! hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by 'em.

*Men.* You'll mar all:  
I'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,  
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

*Cor.* Bid them wash their faces  
And keep their teeth clean. [*Re-enter two of the  
Citizens.*] So, here comes a brace. [*Re-enter  
a third Citizen.*]

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

*Third Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath  
brought you to't. 70

*Cor.* Mine own desert.

*Sec. Cit.* Your own desert!

*Cor.* Ay, but not mine own desire.

*Third Cit.* How! not your own desire?

*Cor.* No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to  
trouble the poor with begging.

*Third Cit.* You must think, if we give you any  
thing, we hope to gain by you.

*Cor.* Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship? 80

*First Cit.* The price is to ask it kindly.

*Cor.* Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have  
wounds to show you, which shall be yours in  
private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

*Sec. Cit.* You shall ha' it, worthy sir.

*Cor.* A match, sir. There's in all two worthy  
voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

*Third Cit.* But this is something odd.

*Sec. Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no  
matter. [*Exeunt the three Citizens.* 90

*Re-enter two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the  
tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have  
here the customary gown.

*Fourth Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your  
country, and you have not deserved nobly.

*Cor.* Your enigma?

*Fourth Cit.* You have been a scourge to her  
enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you  
have not indeed loved the common people. 99

*Cor.* You should account me the more virtuous  
that I have not been common in my love. I will,

sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

*Fifth Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

*Fourth Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*Cor.* I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

*Both Cit.* The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Cor.* Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve, 120  
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.  
Why, in this woolvish toge should I stand here,  
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,  
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:  
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,  
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
And mountainous error be too highly heaped  
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,  
Let the high office and the honor go  
To one that would do thus. I am half through;  
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do. 131

*Re-enter three Citizens more.*

Here come more voices.

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;  
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear  
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six  
I have seen and heard of; for your voices have  
Done many things, some less, some more; your  
voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

*Sixth Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go  
without any honest man's voice. 140

*Seventh Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

*All Cit.* Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt.*

*Cor.* Worthy voices!

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: remains That, in the official marks invested, you Anon do meet the senate.

*Cor.* Is this done?

*Sic.* The custom of request you have discharged: 150

The people do admit you, and are summon'd To meet anon, upon your approbation.

*Cor.* Where? at the senate-house?

*Sic.* There, Coriolanus.

*Cor.* May I change these garments?

*Sic.* You may, sir.

*Cor.* That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,

Repair to the senate-house.

*Men.* I'll keep you company. Will you along?

*Bru.* We stay here for the people.

*Sic.* Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*

He has it now, and by his looks methinks

'Tis warm at 's heart. 160

*Bru.* With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds.

Will you dismiss the people?

*Re-enter Citizens.*

*Sic.* How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

*First Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

*Bru.* We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

*Sec. Cit.* Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

*Third Cit.*

Certainly

He flouted us downright.

*First Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech: he did not mock us.

*Sec. Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says 170

He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us His marks of merit, wounds received for's country.

*Sic.* Why, so he did, I am sure.

*Citizens.* No, no; no man saw 'em.

*Third Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,  
'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,  
But by your voices, will not so permit me;  
Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,  
Here was 'I thank you for your voices: thank you:

Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices, 180

I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?

*Sic.* Why either were you ignorant to see't,  
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
To yield your voices?

*Bru.* Could you not have told him  
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,  
But was a petty servant to the state,  
He was your enemy, ever spake against  
Your liberties and the charters that you bear  
I' the body of the weal; and now, arriving  
A place of potency and sway o' the state, 190  
If he should still malignantly remain  
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might  
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said  
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature  
Would think upon you for your voices, and  
'Translate his malice towards you into love,  
Standing your friendly lord.

*Sic.* Thus to have said,  
As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit  
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd 200

Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
 As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;  
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,  
 Which easily endures not article  
 Tying him to aught; so putting him to rage,  
 You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler  
 And pass'd him unelected.

*Bru.* Did you perceive  
 He did solicit you in free contempt  
 When he did need your loves, and do you think  
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you  
 When he hath power to crush? Why, had your  
 bodies 211  
 No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry  
 Against the rectorship of judgment?

*Sic.* Have you  
 Ere now denied the asker? and now again  
 Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
 Your sued-for tongues?

*Third Cit.* He's not confirm'd; we may deny  
 him yet.

*Sec. Cit.* And will deny him:  
 I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

*First Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends  
 to piece 'em. 220

*Bru.* Get you hence instantly, and tell those  
 friends,  
 They have chose a consul that will from them  
 take

Their liberties; make them of no more voice  
 Than dogs that are as often beat for barking  
 As therefore kept to do so.

*Sic.* Let them assemble,  
 And on a safer judgment all revoke  
 Your ignorant election; enforce his pride,  
 And his old hate unto you; besides, forget not  
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed,  
 How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,  
 Thinking upon his services, took from you 231  
 The apprehension of his present portance,  
 Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion  
 After the inveterate hate he bears you.

*Bru.* Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes: that we labor'd,  
No impediment between, but that you must  
Cast your election on him.

*Sic.* Say, you chose him  
More after our commandment than as guided  
By your own true affections, and that your minds,  
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do 240  
Than what you should, made you against the  
grain

To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

*Bru.* Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures  
to you,  
How youngly he began to serve his country,  
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,  
The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence  
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;  
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
That our best water brought by conduits hither;  
And [Censorinus,] nobly named so, 251  
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,  
Was his great ancestor.

*Sic.* One thus descended,  
That hath beside well in his person wrought  
To be set high in place, we did commend  
To your remembrances: but you have found,  
Sealing his present bearing with his past,  
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
Your sudden approbation.

*Bru.* Say, you ne'er had done't—  
Harp on that still—but by our putting on: 260  
And presently, when you have drawn your num-  
ber,

Repair to the Capitol.

*All.* We will so: almost all  
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Bru.* Let them go on;  
This mutiny were better put in hazard,  
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:  
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage  
With their refusal, both observe and answer  
The vantage of his anger.



*Sic.* To the Capitol, come:  
 We will be there before the stream o' the people:  
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own, 270  
 Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

*Cornets.* Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, all the  
 Gentry, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other  
 Senators.

*Cor.* Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

*Lart.* He had, my lord: and that it was which  
 caused

Our swifter composition.

*Cor.* So then the Volscres stand but as at first,  
 Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make  
 road

Upon's again.

*Com.* They are worn, lord consul, so,  
 That we shall hardly in our ages see  
 Their banners wave again.

*Cor.* Saw you Aufidius?

*Lart.* On safe-guard he came to me; and did  
 curse

Against the Volscres, for they had so vilely 10  
 Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.

*Cor.* Spoke he of me?

*Lart.* He did, my lord.

*Cor.* How? what?

*Lart.* How often he had met you, sword to  
 sword;

That of all things upon the earth he hated  
 Your person most, that he would pawn his for-  
 tunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might  
 Be call'd your vanquisher.

*Cor.* At Antium lives he?

*Lart.* At Antium.

*Cor.* I wish I had a cause to seek him there,  
 To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home, 20

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,  
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise  
them;

For they do prank them in authority,  
Against all noble sufferance.

*Sic.* Pass no further.

*Cor.* Ha! what is that?

*Bru.* It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

*Cor.* What makes this change?

*Men.* The matter?

*Com.* Hath he not pass'd the noble and the  
common?

*Bru.* Cominius, no.

*Cor.* Have I had children's voices? 30

*First Cit.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the  
market-place.

*Bru.* The people are incensed against him.

*Sic.* Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

*Cor.* Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now  
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are  
your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their  
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

*Men.* Be calm, be calm.

*Cor.* It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,  
To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule 40  
Nor ever will be ruled.

*Bru.* Call't not a plot:

The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,  
When corn was given them gratis, you repined;  
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd  
them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

*Cor.* Why, this was known before.

*Bru.* Not to them all.

*Cor.* Have you inform'd them sithence?

*Bru.* How! I inform them!

*Com.* You are like to do such business.

*Bru.* Not unlike,  
Each way, to better yours.

*Cor.* Why then should I be consul? By yond  
clouds, 50

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

*Sic.* You show too much of that  
For which the people stir: if you will pass  
To where you are bound, you must inquire your  
way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,  
Or never be so noble as a consul,  
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

*Men.* Let's be calm.

*Com.* The people are abused; set on. This  
paltering

Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus  
Deserved this so dishonor'd rub, laid falsely 60  
I' the plain way of his merit.

*Cor.* Tell me of corn!  
This was my speech, and I will speak't again—

*Men.* Not now, not now.

*First Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.

*Cor.* Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,  
I crave their pardons:

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them  
Regard me as I do not flatter, and  
Therein behold themselves: I say again,  
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate  
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, 70  
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd,  
and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honor'd number,  
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that  
Which they have given to beggars.

*Men.* Well, no more.

*First Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

*Cor.* How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,  
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs  
Coin words till their decay against those measles,  
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought  
The very way to catch them.

*Bru.* You speak o' the people, 80  
As if you were a god to punish, not  
A man of their infirmity.

*Sic.* 'Twere well  
We let the people know't.

*Men.* What, what? his choler?

*Cor.* Choler!  
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,  
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!

*Sic.* It is a mind  
That shall remain a poison where it is,  
Not poison any further.

*Cor.* Shall remain!  
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you  
His absolute 'shall'?

*Com.* 'Twas from the canon.

*Cor.* 'Shall'! 90  
O good but most unwise patricians! why,  
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus  
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,  
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but  
The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not  
spirit

To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
And make your channel his? If he have power,  
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake  
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,  
Be not as common fools; if you are not, 100  
Let them have cushions by you. You are ple-  
beians,

If they be senators: and they are no less,  
When, both your voices blended, the great'st  
taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their magis-  
trate,

And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'  
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench  
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself!  
It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches  
To know, when two authorities are up,  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion 110  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
The one by the other.

*Com.* Well, on to the market-place.

*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth  
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used  
Sometime in Greece,—

*Men.* Well, well, no more of that.

*Cor.* Though there the people had more absolute power,  
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
The ruin of the state.

*Bru.* Why, shall the people give  
One that speaks thus their voice?

*Cor.* I'll give my reasons,  
More worthier than their voices. They know  
the corn 120

Was not our recompense, resting well assured  
That ne'er did service for't: being press'd to the  
war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
They would not thread the gates. This kind of  
service

Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war,  
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd  
Most valor, spoke not for them: the accusation  
Which they have often made against the senate,  
All cause unborn, could never be the motive  
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then? 130  
How shall this bisson multitude digest  
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express  
What's like to be their words: 'We did request it;  
We are the greater poll, and in true fear  
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase  
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
Call our cares fears; which will in time  
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in  
The crows to peck the eagles.

*Men.* Come, enough.

*Bru.* Enough, with over-measure.

*Cor.* No, take more: 140  
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,  
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other  
Insult without all reason, where gentry, title, wis-  
dom,

Cannot conclude but by the yea and no  
 Of general ignorance,—it must omit  
 Real necessities, and give way the while  
 To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it  
 follows,

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech  
 you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet, 150  
 That love the fundamental part of state  
 More than you doubt the change on't, that prefer  
 A noble life before a long, and wish  
 To imp a body with a dangerous physic  
 That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out  
 The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick  
 The sweet which is their poison: your dishonor  
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state  
 Of that integrity which should become't,  
 Not having the power to do the good it would,  
 For the ill which doth control't.

*Bru.* Has said enough. 161

*Sic.* Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer  
 As traitors do.

*Cor.* Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!  
 What should the people do with these bald tri-  
 bunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails  
 To the greater bench: in a rebellion,  
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
 Then were they chosen: in a better hour,  
 Let what is meet be said it must be meet, 170  
 And throw their power i' the dust.

*Bru.* Manifest treason!

*Sic.* This a consul? no.

*Bru.* The ædiles, ho!

*Enter an Ædile.*

Let him be apprehended.

*Sic.* Go, call the people: [*Exit Ædile*] in whose  
 name myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,  
 A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,  
 And follow to thine answer.

*Cor.* Hence, old goat!

*Senators, &c.* We'll surety him.

*Com.* Aged sir, hands off.

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing ! or I shall shake thy bones

Out of thy garments.

*Sic.* Help, ye citizens ! 180

*Enter a rabble of Citizens (Plebeians), with the Ædiles.*

*Men.* On both sides more respect.

*Sic.* Here's he that would take from you all your power.

*Bru.* Seize him, ædiles !

*Citizens.* Down with him ! down with him !

*Senators, &c.* Weapons, weapons, weapons !

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying*

'Tribunes !' 'Patricians !' 'Citizens !' 'What, ho !'

'Sicinius !' 'Brutus !' 'Coriolanus !' 'Citizens !'

'Peace, peace, peace !' Stay, hold, peace !'

*Men.* What is about to be ? I am out of breath ;

Confusion's near ; I cannot speak. You, tribunes  
To the people ! Coriolanus, patience ! 191

Speak, good Sicinius.

*Sic.* Hear me, people ; peace !

*Citizens.* Let's hear our tribune : peace ! Speak, speak, speak.

*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties :

Marcus would have all from you ; Marcus,

Whom late you have named for consul.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie !

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

*First Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

*Sic.* What is the city but the people ?

*Citizens.* True,

The people are the city. 200

*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd  
The people's magistrates.

*Citizens.* You so remain.

*Men.* And so are like to do.

*Com.* That is the way to lay the city flat ;

To bring the roof to the foundation,  
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,  
In heaps and piles of ruin.

*Sic.* This deserves death.

*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority,  
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,  
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power 210  
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy  
Of present death.

*Sic.* Therefore lay hold of him;  
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him.

*Bru.* Ædiles, seize him!

*Citizens.* Yield, Marcius, yield!

*Men.* Hear me one word;  
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

*Æd.* Peace, peace!

*Men.* [*To Brutus*] Be that you seem, truly  
your country's friend,  
And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violent redress.

*Bru.* Sir, those cold ways, 220  
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous  
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon  
him,  
And bear him to the rock.

*Cor.* No, I'll die here.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

There's some among you have beheld me fighting:  
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen  
me.

*Men.* Down with that sword! Tribunes, with-  
draw awhile.

*Bru.* Lay hands upon him.

*Com.* Help Marcius, help,  
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

*Citizens.* Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and  
the People, are beat in.*]

*Men.* Go, get you to your house; be gone,  
away! 230

All will be nought else.

*Sec. Sen.* Get you gone.



*Com.* Stand fast;  
We have as many friends as enemies.

*Men.* Shall it be put to that?

*First Sen.* The gods forbid!  
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;  
Leave us to cure this cause.

*Men.* Fore 'tis a sore upon us,  
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.

*Com.* Come, sir, along with us.

*Cor.* I would they were barbarians—as they are,  
Though in Rome, litter'd—not Romans—as they  
are not,

Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol—

*Men.* Be gone; 240  
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;  
One time will owe another.

*Cor.* On fair ground  
I could beat forty of them.

*Com.* I could myself  
'Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the  
two tribunes:

But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;  
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands  
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,  
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend  
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear  
What they are used to bear.

*Men.* Pray you, be gone: 250  
I'll try whether my old wit be in request  
With those that have but little; this must be  
patch'd  
With cloth of any color.

*Com.* Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*]

*A Patrician.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

*Men.* His nature is too noble for the world:  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his  
mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever 259

He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]  
Here's goodly work!

*Sec. Pat.* I would they were abed !

*Men.* I would they were in Tiber ! What the vengeance !

Could he not speak 'em fair ?

*Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.*

*Sic.* Where is this viper  
That would depopulate the city, and  
Be every man himself ?

*Men.* You worthy tribunes,—

*Sic.* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian  
rock

With rigorous hands ; he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial  
Than the severity of the public power  
Which he so sets at nought.

*First Cit.* He shall well know 270  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands.

*Citizens.* He shall, sure on't.

*Men.* Sir, sir,—

*Sic.* Peace !

*Men.* Do not cry havoc, where you should but  
hunt  
With modest warrant.

*Sic.* Sir, how comes 't that you  
Have help to make this rescue ?

*Men.* Hear me speak :  
As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults,—

*Sic.* Consul ! what consul ?

*Men.* The consul Coriolanus.

*Bru.* He consul ! 280

*Citizens.* No, no, no, no.

*Men.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good  
people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two ;  
The which shall turn you to no further harm  
Than so much loss of time.

*Sic.* Speak briefly, then ;  
For we are peremptory to despatch  
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence  
Were but one danger, and to keep him here

Our certain death: therefore it is decreed  
He dies to-night.

*Men.* Now the good gods forbid 290  
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd  
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own !

*Sic.* He's a disease that must be cut away.

*Men.* O, he's a limb that has but a disease;  
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.  
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?  
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—  
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country;  
And what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,  
A brand to the end o' the world.

*Sic.* This is clean kam.

*Bru.* Merely awry: when he did love his coun-  
try,  
It honor'd him.

*Men.* The service of the foot  
Being once gangrened, is not then respected  
For what before it was.

*Bru.* We'll hear no more.  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature, 310  
Spread further.

*Men.* One word more, one word.  
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will too late  
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process;  
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

*Bru.* If it were so,—

*Sic.* What do ye talk?  
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?  
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come.

*Men.* Consider this: he has been bred i' the  
wars 320  
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
In bolted language; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,

I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him  
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,  
In peace, to his utmost peril.

*First Sen.* Noble tribunes,  
It is the humane way: 'the other course  
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.

*Sic.* Noble Menenius,  
Be you then as the people's officer. 330  
Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Bru.* Go not home.

*Sic.* Meet on the market-place. We'll attend  
you there:  
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed  
In our first way.

*Men.* I'll bring him to you.  
[*To the Senators*] Let me desire your company:  
he must come,  
Or what is worse will follow.

*First Sen.* Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in Coriolanus' house.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS with Patricians.*

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears, present  
me  
Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels,  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

*A Patrician.* You do the nobler.

*Cor.* I muse my mother  
Does not approve me further, who was wont  
'To call them woollen vassals, things created 9  
'To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads  
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,  
When one but of my ordinance stood up  
To speak of peace or war.

*Enter VOLUMNIA.*

I talk of you:  
Why did you wish me milder? would you have  
me

False to my nature? Rather say I play  
The man I am.

*Vol.* O, sir, sir, sir,  
I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

*Cor.* Let go.

*Vol.* You might have been enough the man  
you are,  
With striving less to be so: lesser had been 20  
The thwartings of your dispositions, if  
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

*Cor.* Let them hang.

*A Patrician.* Ay, and burn too.

*Enter MENENIUS and Senators.*

*Men.* Come, come, you have been too rough,  
something too rough;  
You must return and mend it.

*First Sen.* There's no remedy;  
Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

*Vol.* Pray be counsell'd:  
I have a heart as little apt as yours,  
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger 30  
To better vantage.

*Men.* Well said, noble woman!  
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that  
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic  
For the whole state, I would put mine armor on,  
Which I can scarcely bear.

*Cor.* What must I do?

*Men.* Return to the tribunes.

*Cor.* Well, what then? what then?

*Men.* Repent what you have spoke.

*Cor.* For them! I cannot do it to the gods;  
Must I then do't to them?

*Vol.* You are too absolute;  
Though therein you can never be too noble, 40  
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,  
Honor and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell  
me,

In peace what each of them by the other lose,  
That they combine not there.

*Cor.* Tush, tush !

*Men.* A good demand.

*Vol.* If it be honor in your wars to seem  
The same you are not, which, for your best ends,  
You adopt your policy, how it is less or worse,  
That it shall hold companionship in peace  
With honor, as in war, since that to both 50  
It stands in like request ?

*Cor.* Why force you this ?

*Vol.* Because that now it lies you on to speak  
To the people; not by your own instruction,  
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,  
But with such words that are but rooted in  
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables  
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.  
Now, this no more dishonors you at all  
Than to take in a town with gentle words,  
Which else would put you to your fortune and  
The hazard of much blood. 61

I would dissemble with my nature where  
My fortunes and my friends at stake required  
I should do so in honor: I am in this,  
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;  
And you will rather show our general louts  
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,  
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard  
Of what that want might ruin.

*Men.* Noble lady !

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,  
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss 71  
Of what is past.

*Vol.* I prithee now, my son,  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;  
And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with  
them—

Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business  
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
More learned than the ears—waving thy head,  
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,  
Now humble as the ripest mulberry  
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils 81  
 Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,  
 Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,  
 In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame  
 Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs so far  
 As thou hast power and person.

*Men.* This but done,  
 Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;  
 For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
 As words to little purpose.

*Vol.* Prithee now,  
 Go, and be ruled: although I know thou hadst  
 rather 90  
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf  
 Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* I have been i' the market-place; and, sir,  
 'tis fit  
 You make strong party, or defend yourself  
 By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.

*Men.* Only fair speech.

*Com.* I think 'twill serve, if he  
 Can thereto frame his spirit.

*Vol.* He must, and will.  
 Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

*Cor.* Must I go show them my unbarbed scone?  
 Must I with base tongue give my noble heart  
 A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't: 101  
 Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,  
 This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind  
 it,  
 And throw't against the wind. To the market-  
 place!

You have put me now to such a part which never  
 I shall discharge to the life.

*Com.* Come, come, we'll prompt you.

*Vol.* I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast  
 said

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
 To have my praise for this, perform a part  
 Thou hast not done before.

*Cor.*

Well, I must do't:

Away, my disposition, and possess me 111  
 Some harlot's spirit ! my throat of war be turn'd,  
 Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
 Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
 That babies lulls asleep ! the smiles of knaves  
 Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up  
 The glasses of my sight ! a beggar's tongue  
 Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd  
 knees

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
 That hath received an alms ! I will not do't, 120  
 Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth,  
 And by my body's action teach my mind  
 A most inherent baseness.

*Vol.* At thy choice, then:  
 To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor  
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let  
 Thy mother rather fell thy pride than fear  
 Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death  
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from  
 me,  
 But owe thy pride thyself.

*Cor.* Pray, be content: 130  
 Mother, I am going to the market-place;  
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home be-  
 loved  
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:  
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;  
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
 I' the way of flattery further.

*Vol.* Do your will. [*Exit.*  
*Com.* Away ! the tribunes do attend you: arm  
 yourself  
 To answer mildly; for they are prepared  
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong 140  
 Than are upon you yet.

*Cor.* The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let us  
 go:  
 Let them accuse me by invention, I  
 Will answer in mine honor.

*Men.* Ay, but mildly.



*Cor.* Well, mildly be it then. Mildly !  
 [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* In this point charge him home, that he affects  
 Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,  
 Enforce him with his envy to the people,  
 And that the spoil got on the Antiates  
 Was ne'er distributed.

*Enter an Ædile.*

What, will he come ?

*Æd.* He's coming.

*Bru.* How accompanied ?

*Æd.* With old Menenius, and those senators  
 That always favor'd him.

*Sic.* Have you a catalogue  
 Of all the voices that we have procured  
 Set down by the poll ?

*Æd.* I have; 'tis ready. 10

*Sic.* Have you collected them by tribes ?

*Æd.* I have.

*Sic.* Assemble presently the people hither;  
 And when they hear me say 'It shall be so  
 I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it  
 either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
 If I say fine, cry 'Fine;' if death, cry 'Death,'  
 Insisting on the old prerogative  
 And power i' the truth o' the cause.

*Æd.* I shall inform them.

*Bru.* And when such time they have begun to  
 cry,  
 Let them not cease, but with a din confused 20  
 Enforce the present execution  
 Of what we chance to sentence.

*Æd.* Very well.

*Sic.* Make them be strong and ready for this  
 hint,  
 When we shall hap to give't them.

*Bru.* Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*  
 Put him to choler straight: he hath been used  
 Ever to conquer, and to have his worth  
 Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot  
 Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks  
 What's in his heart; and that is there which looks  
 With us to break his neck.

*Sic.* Well, here he comes. 30

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, and COMINIUS,*  
*with Senators and Patricians.*

*Men.* Calmly, I do beseech you.

*Cor.* Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece  
 Will bear the knave by the volume. The honor'd  
 gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
 Supplied with worthy men! plant love among's!  
 Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,  
 And not our streets with war!

*First Sen.* Amen, amen.

*Men.* A noble wish.

*Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.*

*Sic.* Draw near, ye people.

*Æd.* List to your tribunes. Audience! peace,  
 I say! 40

*Cor.* First, hear me speak.

*Both Tri.* Well, say. Peace, ho!

*Cor.* Shall I be charged no further than this  
 present?

Must all determine here?

*Sic.* I do demand,  
 If you submit you to the people's voices,  
 Allow their officers, and are content  
 To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
 As shall be proved upon you?

*Cor.* I am content.

*Men.* Lo, citizens, he says he is content.  
 The warlike service he has done, consider; think  
 Upon the wounds his body bears, which show 50  
 Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

*Cor.* Scratches with briers,  
 Scars to move laughter only.

*Men.* Consider further,  
That when he speaks not like a citizen,  
You find him like a soldier: do not take  
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,  
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than envy you.

*Com.* Well, well, no more.

*Cor.* What is the matter  
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonor'd that the very hour 60  
You take it off again?

*Sic.* Answer to us.

*Cor.* Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.

*Sic.* We charge you, that you have contrived to  
take

From Rome all season'd office and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical;  
For which you are a traitor to the people.

*Cor.* How! traitor!

*Men.* Nay, temperately; your promise.

*Cor.* The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the  
people!

Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!  
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths, 70  
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say  
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free  
As I do pray the gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people?

*Citizens.* To the rock, to the rock with him!

*Sic.* Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:  
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,  
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him; even  
this, 80

So criminal and in such capital kind,  
Deserves the extremest death.

*Bru.* But since he hath  
Served well for Rome—

*Cor.* What do you prate of service?

*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.

*Cor.* You?

*Men.* Is this the promise that you made your mother?

*Com.* Know, I pray you,—

*Cor.* I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy 90  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;  
Nor check my courage for what they can give,  
To have't with saying 'Good morrow.'

*Sic.* For that he has,  
As much as in him lies, from time to time  
Envied against the people, seeking means  
To pluck away their power, as now at last  
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence  
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people  
And in the power of us the tribunes, we, 100  
Even from this instant, banish him our city,  
In peril of precipitation  
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name  
I say it shall be so.

*Citizens.* It shall be so, it shall be so; let him  
away:  
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

*Com.* Hear me, my masters, and my common  
friends,—

*Sic.* He's sentenced; no more hearing.

*Com.* Let me speak:  
I have been consul, and can show for Rome 110  
Her enemy's marks upon me. I do love  
My country's good with a respect more tender,  
More holy and profound, than mine own life,  
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,  
And treasure of my loins; then if I would  
Speak that,—

*Sic.* We know your drift: speak what?

*Bru.* There's no more to be said, but he is  
banish'd,  
As enemy to the people and his country:  
It shall be so.

*Citizens.* It shall be so, it shall be so.

*Cor.* You common cry of curs ! whose breath  
I hate 120

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;  
And here remain with your uncertainty !  
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts !  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
Fan you into despair ! Have the power still  
To banish your defenders; till at length  
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,  
Making not reservation of yourselves, 130  
Still your own foes, deliver you as most  
Abated captives to some nation  
That won you without blows ! Despising,  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:  
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius,  
Senators, and Patricians.*]

*Æd.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

*Citizens.* Our enemy is banish'd ! he is gone !  
Hoo ! hoo ! [*Shouting, and throwing up their caps.*]

*Sic.* Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,  
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;  
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard 140  
Attend us through the city.

*Citizens.* Come, come; let's see him out at  
gates; come.

The gods preserve our noble tribunes ! Come.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before a gate of the city.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, with the young Nobility of Rome.*

*Cor.* Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell:  
the beast

With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,  
Where is your ancient courage ? you were used

To say extremity was the trier of spirits;  
 That common chances common men could bear;  
 That when the sea was calm all boats alike  
 Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,  
 When most struck home, being gentle wounded,  
 craves

A noble cunning: you were used to load me  
 With precepts that would make invincible 10  
 The heart that conn'd them.

*Vir.* O heavens! O heavens!

*Cor.* Nay, I prithee, woman,—

*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades  
 in Rome,

And occupations perish!

*Cor.* What, what, what!

I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,  
 Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
 If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
 Six of his labors you'd have done, and saved  
 Your husband so much sweat. Cominius, 19  
 Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother:  
 I'll do well yet. 'Thou old and true Menenius,  
 Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,  
 And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime  
 general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
 Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women  
 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,  
 As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well  
 My hazards still have been your solace: and  
 Believe't not lightly—though I go alone,  
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen 30  
 Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—  
 your son

Will or exceed the common, or be caught  
 With cautelous baits and practice.

*Vol.* My first son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius  
 With thee awhile: determine on some course,  
 More than a wild exposure to each chance  
 That starts i' the way before thee.

*Cor.* O the gods!

*Com.* I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us  
 And we of thee: so if the time thrust forth 40  
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
 O'er the vast world to seek a single man,  
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
 I' the absence of the needer.

*Cor.* Fare ye well:

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too  
 full

Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one  
 That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.  
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
 My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,  
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come. 50  
 While I remain above the ground, you shall  
 Hear from me still, and never of me aught  
 But what is like me formerly.

*Men.* That's worthily  
 As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.  
 If I could shake off but one seven years  
 From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
 I'd with thee every foot.

*Cor.* Give me thy hand:  
 Come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *The same. A street near the gate.*

*Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.*

*Sic.* Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll  
 no further.

The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided  
 In his behalf.

*Bru.* Now we have shown our power,  
 Let us seem humbler after it is done  
 Than when it was a-doing.

*Sic.* Bid them home:  
 Say their great enemy is gone, and they  
 Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.* Dismiss them home. *[Exit Ædile.]*  
 Here comes his mother.

*Sic.* Let's not meet her.

*Bru.* Why?

*Sic.* They say she's mad,

*Bru.* They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way. 10

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.*

*Vol.* O, ye're well met: the hoarded plague o' the gods

Requite your love!

*Men.* Peace, peace: be not so loud.

*Vol.* If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To Brutus*] Will you be gone?

*Vir.* [*To Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

*Sic.* Are you mankind?

*Vol.* Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship To banish him that struck more blows for Rome Than thou hast spoken words?

*Sic.* O blessed heavens!

*Vol.* More noble blows than ever thou wise words; 21

And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what; yet go:

Nay, but thou shall stay too; I would my son Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him, His good sword in his hand.

*Sic.* What then?

*Vir.* What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

*Vol.* Bastards and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

*Men.* Come, come, peace.

*Sic.* I would he had continued to his country As he began, and not unknit himself 31  
The noble knot he made.

*Bru.* I would he had.

*Vol.* 'I would he had'! 'Twas you incensed the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth



As I can of those mysteries which heaven  
Will not have earth to know.

*Bru.* Pray, let us go.

*Vol.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone:  
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear  
this:—

As far as doth the Capitol exceed  
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son— 40  
This lady's husband here, this, do you see—  
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

*Bru.* Well, well, we'll leave you.

*Sic.* Why stay we to be baited  
With one that wants her wits?

*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.  
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

I would the gods had nothing else to do  
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em  
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart  
Of what lies heavy to't.

*Men.* You have told them home;  
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup  
with me?

*Vol.* Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself, 50  
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's  
go:

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,  
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A highway between Rome and  
Antium.*

*Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.*

*Rom.* I know you well, sir, and you know me:  
your name, I think, is Adrian.

*Vols.* It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

*Rom.* I am a Roman; and my services are, as  
you are, against 'em: know you me yet?

*Vols.* Nicanor? no.

*Rom.* The same, sir.

*Vols.* You had more beard when I last saw  
you; but your favor is well approved by your  
tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a

note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

*Rom.* There hath been in Rome strange insurrections; the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

*Vols.* Hath been! it is ended, then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division. 19

*Rom.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes forever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

*Vols.* Coriolanus banished!

*Rom.* Banished, sir. 29

*Vols.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

*Rom.* The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fall'n out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

*Vols.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*Rom.* I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

*Vols.* A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning. 50

*Rom.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

*Vols.* You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

*Rom.* Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Antium. Before Aufidius' house.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

*Cor.* A goodly city is this Antium. City,  
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir  
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars  
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not,  
Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones  
In puny battle slay me.

*Enter a Citizen.*

Save you, sir.

*Cit.* And you.

*Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will,  
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

*Cit.* He is, and feasts the nobles of the state  
At his house this night.

*Cor.* Which is his house, beseech you? 10

*Cit.* This, here before you.

*Cor.* Thank you, sir: farewell. [Exit Citizen.]  
O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast  
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exer-  
cise,

Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissension of a doit, break out  
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,  
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their  
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance, 20  
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear  
friends

And interjoin their issues. So with me:  
My birthplace hate I, and my love's upon  
This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,  
He does fair justice: if he give me way,  
I'll do his country service. [Exit.]

SCENE V. *The same. A hall in Aufidius' house.*

*Music within. Enter a Servingman.*

*First Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

*Enter a second Servingman.*

*Sec. Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.* A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I  
Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the first Servingman.*

*First Serv.* What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

*Cor.* I have deserved no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus. II

*Re-enter second Servingman.*

*Sec. Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

*Cor.* Away!

*Sec. Serv.* Away! get you away.

*Cor.* Now thou'rt troublesome.

*Sec. Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

*Enter a third Servingman. The first meets him.*

*Third Serv.* What fellow's this? 20

*First Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call my master to him. [*Retires.*

*Third Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

*Cor.* Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

*Third Serv.* What are you?

*Cor.* A gentleman. 30

*Third Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

*Cor.* True, so I am.

*Third Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

*Cor.* Follow your function, go, and batten on cold bits. [Pushes him away.]

*Third Serv.* What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

*Sec. Serv.* And I shall. [Exit.]

*Third Serv.* Where dwellest thou? 40

*Cor.* Under the canopy.

*Third Serv.* Under the canopy!

*Cor.* Ay.

*Third Serv.* Where's that?

*Cor.* I' the city of kites and crows.

*Third Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwellest with daws too?

*Cor.* No, I serve not thy master.

*Third Serv.* How, sir! do you meddle with my master? 51

*Cor.* Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence!

[Beats him away. Exit third Servingman.]

*Enter AUFIDIUS with the second Servingman.*

*Auf.* Where is this fellow?

*Sec. Serv.* Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within. [Retires.]

*Auf.* Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?

Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name?

*Cor.* If, Tullus, [Unmuffling. 60]  
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me, dost not

Think me for the man I am, necessity  
Commands me name myself.

*Auf.* What is thy name?

*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* . . . . Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,  
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown: know'st thou  
me yet?

*Auf.* I know thee not: thy name? 70

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done  
To thee particularly and to all the Volsces  
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may  
My surname Coriolanus: the painful service,  
The extreme dangers and the drops of blood  
Shed for my thankless country are requited  
But with that surname; a good memory,  
And witness of the malice and displeasure  
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name re-  
mains;

The cruelty and envy of the people, 80  
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;  
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be  
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity  
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope—  
Mistake me not—to save my life, for if  
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world  
I would have 'voided thee, but in mere spite,  
To be full quit of those my banishers,  
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast 90  
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge  
Thine own particular wrongs and stop those maims  
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee  
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it  
That my revengeful services may prove  
As benefits to thee, for I will fight  
Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
Of all the under fiends. But if so be  
Thou dar'est not this and that to prove more for-  
tunes

Thou'rt tired, then, in a word, I also am 100  
Longer to live most weary, and present  
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;  
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,

Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,  
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
It be to do thee service.

*Auf.* O Marcius, Marcius!  
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my  
heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
Should from yond cloud speak divine things, 110  
And say, 'Tis true,' I'd not believe them more  
Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine  
Mine arms about that body, where against  
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip  
The anvil of my sword, and do contest  
As hotly and as nobly with thy love  
As ever in ambitious strength I did  
Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,  
I loved the maid I married; never man 120  
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,  
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart  
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell  
thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose  
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
Or lose mine arm for't: thou hast beat me out  
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;  
We have been down together in my sleep, 130  
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,  
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy  
Marcius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that  
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war  
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O, come, go in,  
And take our friendly senators by the hands;  
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
Who am prepared against your territories, 140  
Though not for Rome itself.

*Cor.* You bless me, gods!

*Auf.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take  
The one half of my commission; and set down—  
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st  
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own  
ways;

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:  
Let me commend thee first to those that shall 150  
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!  
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;  
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most  
welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. The two  
Servingmen come forward.*]

*First Serv.* Here's a strange alteration!

*Sec. Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have  
strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind  
gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

*First Serv.* What an arm he has! he turned  
me about with his finger and his thumb, as one  
would set up a top. 161

*Sec. Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there  
was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face,  
methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

*First Serv.* He had so; looking as it were—  
would I were hanged, but I thought there was  
more in him than I could think.

*Sec. Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply  
the rarest man i' the world.

*First Serv.* I think he is: but a greater soldier  
than he you wot on. 171

*Sec. Serv.* Who, my master?

*First Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

*Sec. Serv.* Worth six on him.

*First Serv.* Nay, not so neither: but I take him  
to be the greater soldier.

*Sec. Serv.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how  
to say that: for the defence of a town, our gen-  
eral is excellent.

*First Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too. 180



*Re-enter third Servingman.*

*Third Serv.* O slaves, I can tell you news,—news, you rascals !

*First and Sec. Serv.* What, what, what ? let's partake.

*Third Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

*First and Sec. Serv.* Wherefore ? wherefore ?

*Third Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

*First Serv.* Why do you say 'thwack our general ?' 191

*Third Serv.* I do not say 'thwack our general;' but he was always good enough for him.

*Sec. Serv.* Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

*First Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

*Sec. Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too. 201

*First Serv.* But, more of thy news ?

*Third Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled.

*Sec. Serv.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

*Third Serv.* Do't ! he will do't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude.

*First Serv.* Directitude ! what's that ?

*Third Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

*First Serv.* But when goes this forward ?

*Third Serv.* To-morrow ; to-day ; presently ; you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon : 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

*Sec. Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

*First Serv.* Let me have war, say I ; it exceeds peace as far as day does night ; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy ; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible ; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men. 241

*Sec. Serv.* 'Tis so : and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

*First Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

*Third Serv.* Reason ; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising. 250

*All.* In, in, in ! [Exeunt.]

## SCENE VI. *Rome. A public place.*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him ;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace  
And quietness of the people, which before  
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends  
Blush that the world goes well, who rather had,  
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold  
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see  
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going  
About their functions friendly.

*Bru.* We stood to't in good time. [*Enter Menenius.*] Is this Menenius? 10

*Sic.* 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind of late.

*Both Tri.* Hail, sir!

*Men.* Hail to you both!

*Sic.* Your Coriolanus

Is not much miss'd, but with his friends:

'The commonwealth doth stand, and so would do,  
Were he more angry at it.

*Men.* All's well; and might have been much better, if

He could have temporized.

*Sic.* Where is he, hear you?

*Men.* Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife

Hear nothing from him.

*Enter three or four Citizens.*

*Citizens.* The gods preserve you both!

*Sic.* God-den, our neighbors. 20

*Bru.* God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

*First Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children,  
on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

*Sic.* Live, and thrive!

*Bru.* Farewell, kind neighbors: we wish'd Coriolanus

Had loved you as we did.

*Citizens.* Now the gods keep you!

*Both Tri.* Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time  
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,  
Crying confusion.

*Bru.* Caius Marcius was

A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, 30  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving,—

*Sic.* And affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance.

*Men.* I think not so.

*Sic.* We should by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

*Bru.* The gods have well prevented it, and  
Rome  
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter an Ædile.*

*Æd.* Worthy tribunes,  
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,  
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers  
Are enter'd in the Roman territories, 40  
And with the deepest malice of the war  
Destroy what lies before 'em.

*Men.* 'Tis Aufidius,  
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,  
'Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;  
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for  
Rome,  
And durst not once peep out.

*Sic.* Come, what talk you  
Of Marcius?

*Bru.* Go see this rumor whipp'd. It cannot be  
The Volsces dare break with us.

*Men.* Cannot be !  
We have record that very well it can,  
And three examples of the like have been 50  
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,  
Before you punish him, where he heard this,  
Lest you shall chance to whip your information  
And beat the messenger who bids beware  
Of what is to be dreaded.

*Sic.* Tell not me:  
I know this cannot be.

*Bru.* Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The nobles in great earnestness are going  
All to the senate-house: some news is come  
That turns their countenances.

*Sic.* 'Tis this slave;—59  
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising;  
Nothing but his report.

*Mess.* Yes, worthy sir,  
The slave's report is seconded; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd,

*Sic.* What more fearful?

*Mess.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths—  
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,  
And vows revenge as spacious as between  
The young'st and oldest thing.

*Sic.* This is most likely!

*Bru.* Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish  
Good Marcius home again.

*Sic.* The very trick on't. 70

*Men.* This is unlikely:

He and Aufidius can no more atone  
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter a second Messenger.*

*Sec. Mess.* You are sent for to the senate:  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius  
Associated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories; and have already  
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and  
took  
What lay before them.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* O, you have made good work!

*Men.* What news? what news? 80

*Com.* You have help to ravish your own daughters,  
and

To melt the city leads upon your pates,  
To see your wives dishonor'd to your noses,—

*Men.* What's the news? what's the news?

*Com.* Your temples burned in their cement, and  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined  
Into an auger's bore.

*Men.* Pray now, your news?

You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray,  
your news?—

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—

*Com.* If!

He is their god: he leads them like a thing 90  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better; and they follow him,  
Against us brats, with no less confidence

Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*Men.* You have made good work,  
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation and  
The breath of garlic-eaters!

*Com.* He will shake  
Your Rome about your ears.

*Men.* As Hercules  
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made  
fair work! 100

*Bru.* But is this true, sir?

*Com.* Ay; and you'll look pale  
Before you find it other. All the regions  
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist  
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame  
him?

Your enemies and his find something in him.

*Men.* We are all undone, unless  
The noble man have mercy.

*Com.* Who shall ask it?  
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people  
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf 110  
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they  
Should say 'Be good to Rome,' they charged  
him even

As those should do that had deserved his hate,  
And therein show'd like enemies.

*Men.* 'Tis true:  
If he were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume it, I have not the face  
To say 'Beseech you, cease.' You have made  
fair hands,

You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

*Com.* You have brought  
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

*Both Tri.* Say not we brought it. 120

*Men.* How! Was it we? we loved him; but,  
like beasts

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,  
Who did hoot him out o' the city,

*Com.* . . . . . But I fear  
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his officer: desperation  
Is all the policy, strength and defence,  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a troop of Citizens.*

*Men.* . . . . . Here come the clusters.  
And is Aufidius with him? You are they 129  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at  
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head  
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs  
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;  
If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserved it.

*Citizens.* Faith, we hear fearful news.

*First Cit.* . . . . . For mine own part,  
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity. 140

*Sec. Cit.* And so did I.

*Third Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth,  
so did very many of us: that we did, we did for  
the best; and though we willingly consented to  
his banishment, yet it was against our will.

*Com.* Ye're goodly things, you voices!

*Men.* . . . . . You have made  
Good work, you and your cry! Shall's to the  
Capitol?

*Com.* O, ay, what else?

[*Excunt Cominius and Menenius.*

*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home; be not dis-  
may'd: 150

These are a side that would be glad to have  
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,  
And show no sign of fear.

*First Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come,  
masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the  
wrong when we banished him.

*Sec. Cit.* So did we all. But, come, let's home.

[*Excunt Citizens.*

*Bru.* I do not like this news.

*Sic.* Nor I.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol. Would half my  
wealth 160

Would buy this for a lie !

*Sic.* Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *A camp at a small distance from  
Rome.*

*Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still fly to the Roman ?

*Lieu.* I do not know what withcraft's in him,  
but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,  
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;  
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,  
Even by your own.

*Auf.* I cannot help it now,  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,  
Even to my person, than I thought he would  
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature 10  
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet I wish, sir,—  
I mean for your particular,—you had not  
Join'd in commission with him; but either  
Had borne the action of yourself, or else  
To him had left it solely.

*Auf.* I understand thee well; and be thou sure,  
When he shall come to his account, ke knows not  
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,  
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent 20  
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,  
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon  
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone  
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,  
Whene'er we come to our account.

*Lieu.* Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry  
Rome ?



*Auf.* All places yield to him ere he sits down;  
 And the nobility of Rome are his:  
 The senators and patricians love him too: 30  
 The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people  
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
 To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome  
 As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it  
 By sovereignty of nature. First he was  
 A noble servant to them; but he could not  
 Carry his honors even: whether 'twas pride,  
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
 The happy man; whether defect of judgment,  
 To fail in the disposing of those chances 40  
 Which he was lord of; or whether nature,  
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding  
 peace  
 Even with the same austerity and garb  
 As he controll'd the war; but one of these—  
 As he hath spices of them all, not all,  
 For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,  
 So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,  
 To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues 50  
 Lie in the interpretation of the time:  
 And power, unto itself most commendable,  
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
 To extol what it hath done.  
 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;  
 Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do  
 fail.  
 Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,  
 Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Rome. A public place.*

*Enter* MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS,  
*and others.*

*Men.* No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath  
 said

Which was sometime his general; who loved him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:  
 But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;  
 A mile before his tent fall down, and knee  
 The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd  
 To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

*Com.* He would not seem to know me.

*Men.* Do you hear?

*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by my name:  
 I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops 10  
 That we have bled together. Coriolanus  
 He would not answer to: forbade all names;  
 He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
 'Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire  
 Of burning Rome.

*Men.* Why, so: you have made good work!  
 A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,  
 To make coals cheap,—a noble memory!

*Com.* I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon  
 When it was less expected: he replied,  
 It was a bare petition of a state 20  
 To one whom they had punish'd.

*Men.* Very well:

Could he say less?

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard  
 For's private friends: his answer to me was,  
 He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
 Of noisome musty chaff: he said 'twas folly,  
 For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,  
 And still to nose the offence.

*Men.* For one poor grain or two!  
 I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,  
 And this brave fellow too, we are the grains: 30  
 You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt  
 Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.

*Sic.* Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your  
 aid

In this so never-needed help, yet do not  
 Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you  
 Would be your country's pleader, your good  
 tongue,

More than the instant army we can make,  
 Might stop our countryman.

*Men.* No, I'll not meddle.

*Sic.* Pray you, go to him.

*Men.* What should I do? 39

*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can do  
For Rome, toward Marcius.

*Men.* Well, and say that Marcius  
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,  
Unheard: what then?

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his unkindness? say't be so?

*Sic.* Yet your good will  
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the  
measure

As you intended well.

*Men.* I'll undertake't:  
I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
He was not taken well; he had not dined: 50  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch  
him

Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I'll set upon him.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

*Men.* Good faith, I'll prove him, 60  
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowl-  
edge

Of my success. [Exit

*Com.* He'll never hear him.

*Sic.* Not?

*Com.* I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye  
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury  
The jailer to his pity. I kneel'd before him;  
'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise;' dismiss'd me  
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,  
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,  
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:  
So that all hope is vain, 70  
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;

Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him  
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,  
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Entrance of the Volscian camp before Rome. Two Sentinels on guard.*

*Enter to them, MENENIUS.*

*First Sen.* Stay: whence are you?

*Sec. Sen.* Stand, and go back.

*Men.* You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by  
your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come  
To speak with Coriolanus.

*First Sen.* From whence?

*Men.* From Rome.

*First Sen.* You may not pass, you must return:  
our general  
Will no more hear from thence.

*Sec. Sen.* You'll see your Rome embraced with  
fire before  
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

*Men.* Good my friends,  
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,  
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks, 10  
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

*First Sen.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of  
your name  
Is not here passable.

*Men.* I tell thee, fellow,  
Thy general is my lover: I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have read  
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;  
For I have ever magnified my friends,  
Of whom he's chief, with all the size that verity  
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,  
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, 20  
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise  
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fel-  
low,

I must have leave to pass.

*First Sen.* Faith, sir, if you had told as many

lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general. 31

*Sec. Sen.* Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

*First Sen.* You are a Roman, are you?

*Men.* I am, as thy general is. 39

*First Sen.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

*Men.* Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

*Sec. Sen.* Come, my captain knows you not.

*Men.* I mean, thy general.

*First Sen.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood; back,—that's the utmost of your having: back.

*Men.* Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

*Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*Cor.* What's the matter?

*Men.* Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in esti-

mation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my-entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. [*To Cor.*] The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

*Cor.* Away!

*Men.* How! away!

*Cor.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: though I owe  
My revenge properly, my remission lies 90  
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,  
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather  
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.  
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than  
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved  
thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives a letter.*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,  
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,  
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st!

*Auf.* You keep a constant temper. 100

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

*First Sen.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

*Sec. Sen.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power:  
you know the way home again.

*First Sen.* Do you hear how we are shent for  
keeping your greatness back?

*Sec. Sen.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

*Men.* I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

[*Exit.*

*First Sen.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

*Sec. Sen.* The worthy fellow is our general: he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III. *The tent of Coriolanus.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.*

*Cor.* We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow  
Set down our host. My partner in this action,  
You must report to the Volscian lords, how  
plainly  
I have borne this business.

*Auf.* Only their ends  
You have respected: stopp'd your ears against  
The general suit of Rome; never admitted  
A private whisper, no, not with such friends  
That thought them sure of you.

*Cor.* This last old man,  
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,  
Loved me above the measure of a father; 10  
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge  
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,  
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more  
offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse  
And cannot now accept; to grace him only  
That thought he could do more, a very little  
I have yielded to; fresh embassies and suits,  
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter  
Will I lend ear to. Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow 20  
 In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

*Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,  
 leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honor'd mould  
 Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand  
 The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!  
 All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.

What is that court'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,  
 Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and  
am not

Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows;  
 As if Olympus to a molehill should 30

In supplication nod: and my young boy  
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
 Great nature cries, 'Deny not.' Let the Volsces  
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never  
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,  
 As if a man were author of himself  
 And knew no other kin.

*Vir.* My lord and husband!

*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in  
 Rome.

*Vir.* The sorrow that delivers us thus changed  
 Makes you think so.

*Cor.* Like a dull actor now, 40

I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,  
 Forgive my tyranny; but do not say  
 For that 'Forgive our Romans.' O, a kiss  
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!  
 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss  
 I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip  
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,  
 And the most noble mother of the world  
 Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' the earth; 50

*[Kneels.]*

Of thy deep duty more impression show  
 Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* O, stand up blest!



Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,  
 I kneel before thee; and unproperly  
 Show duty, as mistaken all this while  
 Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*]

*Cor.* What is this?  
 Your knees to me? to your corrected son?  
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
 Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds  
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun; 60  
 Murdering impossibility, to make  
 What cannot be, slight work.

*Vol.* Thou art my warrior;  
 I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

*Cor.* The noble sister of Publicola,  
 The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle  
 That's curdied by the frost from purest snow  
 And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!

*Vol.* This is a poor epitome of yours,  
 Which by the interpretation of full time  
 May show like all yourself.

*Cor.* The god of soldiers, 70  
 With the consent of supreme Jove, inform  
 Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst  
 prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick it the wars  
 Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,  
 And saving those that eye thee!

*Vol.* Your knee, sirrah,

*Cor.* That's my brave boy!

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
 Are suitors to you.

*Cor.* I beseech you, peace:  
 Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:  
 The thing I have forsworn to grant may never 80  
 Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
 Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
 Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not  
 Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not  
 To allay my rages and revenges with  
 Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* O, no more, no more!  
 You have said you will not grant us any thing;  
 For we have nothing else to ask, but that

Which you deny already: yet we will ask;  
 That, if you fail in our request, the blame 90  
 May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

*Cor.* Aufidius, and you Volscies, mark; for  
 we'll

Hear nought from Rome in private. Your re-  
 quest?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our  
 raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life  
 We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself  
 How more unfortunate than all living women  
 Are welcome hither: since that thy sight, which  
 should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with  
 comforts,

Constrains them weep and shake with fear and  
 sorrow; 100

Making the mother, wife and child to see  
 The son, the husband and the father tearing  
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we  
 Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us  
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
 That all but we enjoy; for how can we,  
 Alas, how can we for our country pray,  
 Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,  
 Whereto we are bound? alack, or we must lose  
 The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,  
 Our comfort in the country. We must find 111

An evident calamity, though we had  
 Our wish, which side should win: for either thou  
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
 With manacles through our streets, or else  
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,  
 And bear the palm for having bravely shed  
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
 I purpose not to wait on fortune till

These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee  
 Rather to show a noble grace to both parts 121  
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
 March to assault thy country than to tread—  
 Trust to't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,  
 That brought thee to this world.

*Vir.* . . . . . Ay, and mine, . . .  
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your  
name  
Living to time.

*Young Mar.* A' shall not tread on me;  
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see. 130  
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

*Vol.* . . . . . Nay, go not from us thus.  
If it were so that our request did tend  
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
The Volsces whom you serve, you might con-  
demn us,

As poisonous of your honor: no; our suit  
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces  
May say, 'This mercy we have show'd;' the  
Romans,

'This we received;' and each in either side  
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, 'Be blest  
For making up this peace!' Thou know'st,  
great son, 140

The end of war's uncertain, but this certain,  
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;  
Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,  
But with his last attempt he wiped it out;  
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains  
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son:  
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor,  
To imitate the graces of the gods; 150  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,  
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt  
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not  
speak?

Think'st thou it honorable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak  
you;

He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:  
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more  
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the  
world

More bound to 's mother; yet here he lets me  
 prate 159  
 Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy  
 life

Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,  
 When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,  
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,  
 Loaden with honor. Say my request's unjust,  
 And spurn me back: but if it be not so,  
 Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague  
 thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty which  
 To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:  
 Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.  
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride 170  
 Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;  
 This is the last: so we will home to Rome,  
 And die among our neighbors. Nay, behold's:  
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
 But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,  
 Does reason our petition with more strength  
 Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:  
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;  
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child  
 Like him by chance. Yet give us our despatch:  
 I am hush'd until our city be afire, 181  
 And then I'll speak a little. [*He holds her by the  
 hand, silent.*]

*Cor.* O mother, mother!  
 What have you done? Behold, the heavens do  
 ope,  
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!  
 You have won a happy victory to Rome;  
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,  
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.  
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, 190  
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,  
 Were you in my stead, would you have heard  
 A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

*Auf.* I was moved withal.

*Cor.* I dare be sworn you were;

And, sir, it is no little thing to make  
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,  
 What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,  
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray  
 you,

Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!

*Auf.* [*Aside*] I am glad thou hast set thy  
 mercy and thy honor 200

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work  
 Myself a former fortune.

[*The ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*]

*Cor.*

Ay, by and by;

[*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*]

But we will drink together; and you shall bear  
 A better witness back than words, which we,  
 On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.  
 Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve  
 To have a temple built you: all the swords  
 In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
 Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.* 209

#### SCENE IV. *Rome. A public place.*

*Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond  
 corner-stone?

*Sic.* Why, what of that?

*Men.* If it be possible for you to displace it  
 with your little finger, there is some hope the  
 ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may pre-  
 vail with him. But I say there is no hope in't:  
 our throats are sentenced and stay upon execution.

*Sic.* Is't possible that so short a time can alter  
 the condition of a man? 10

*Men.* There is differency between a grub and  
 a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This  
 Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has  
 wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

*Sic.* He loved his mother dearly.

*Men.* So did he me: and he no more remem-  
 bers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse.  
 The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when  
 he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground

shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

*Sic.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*Men.* I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

*Sic.* The gods be good unto us!

*Men.* No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,  
And hale him up and down, all swearing, if 40  
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,  
'They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter a second Messenger.*

*Sic.* What's the news?

*Sec. Mess.* Good news, good news; the ladies have prevail'd,

The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone:  
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,  
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sic.* Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

*Sec. Mess.* As certain as I know the sun is fire:  
Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of 49  
it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates. Why,  
hark you! [*Trumpets; hautboys; drums beat;*  
all together.

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,

Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans,  
Make the sun dance. Hark you !

[*A shout within.*

*Men.* This is good news;  
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia  
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,  
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,  
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-  
day:

This morning for ten thousand of your throats 59  
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !

[*Music still, with shouts.*

*Sic.* First, the gods bless your for you tidings;  
next,

Accept my thankfulness.

*Sec. Mess.* Sir, we have all  
Great cause to give great thanks.

*Sic.* They are near the city ?

*Sec. Mess.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We will meet them,  
And help the joy. [*Excunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A street near the gate.*

*Enter two Senators with VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,  
VALERIA, &c. passing over the stage, followed  
by Patricians and others.*

*First Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of  
Rome !

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,  
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before  
them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,  
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;  
Cry, 'Welcome, ladies, welcome !'

*All.* Welcome, ladies,  
Welcome ! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*  
*Excunt.*

SCENE VI. *Antium. A public place.*

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.*

*Auf.* Go tell the lords o' the city I am here;

Deliver them this paper: having read it,  
 Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,  
 Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,  
 Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,  
 The city ports by this hath enter'd, and  
 Intends to appear before the people, hoping  
 To purge himself with words: despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.*

Most welcome !

*First Con.* How is it with our general ?

*Auf.* Even so 10

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,  
 And with his charity slain.

*Sec. Con.* Most noble sir,  
 If you do hold the same intent wherein  
 You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
 Of your great danger.

*Auf.* Sir, I cannot tell:  
 We must proceed as we do find the people.

*Third Con.* The people will remain uncertain  
 whilst

'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either  
 Makes the survivor heir of all.

*Auf.* I know it;  
 And my pretext to strike at him admits 20  
 A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd  
 Mine honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd,  
 He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,  
 Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,  
 He bow'd his nature, never known before  
 But to be rough, unswayable and free.

*Third Con.* Sir, his stoutness  
 When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
 By lack of stooping,—

*Auf.* That I would have spoke of:  
 Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth: 30  
 Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;  
 Made him joint servant with me; gave him way  
 In all his own desires; nay, let him choose  
 Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,



My best and freshest men; served his design-  
ments

In mine own person; help to reap the fame  
Which he did end all his; and took some pride  
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,  
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and  
He waged me with his countenance, as if 40  
I had been mercenary.

*First Con.* So he did, my lord:  
The army marvell'd at it, and, in the last,  
When he had carried Rome and that we look'd  
For no less spoil than glory,—

*Auf.* There was it:  
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.  
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labor  
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,  
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts  
of the People.*]

*First Con.* Your native town you enter'd like  
a post, 50  
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

*Sec. Con.* And patient fools,  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats  
tear  
With giving him glory.

*Third Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he express himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

*Auf.* Say no more:  
Here come the lords. 60

*Enter the Lords of the city.*

*All the Lords.* You are most welcome home.

*Auf.* I have not deserved it.  
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused  
What I have written to you?

*Lords.* We have.

*First Lord.* And grieve to hear't

What faults he made before the last, I think  
Might have found easy fines: but there to end  
Where he was to begin and give away  
The benefit of our levies, answering us  
With our own charge, making a treaty where  
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

*Auf.* He approaches: you shall hear him. 70

*Enter CORIOLANUS, marching with drum and  
colors; Commoners being with him.*

*Cor.* Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier,  
No more infected with my country's love  
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
Under your great command. You are to know  
That prosperously I have attempted and  
With bloody passage led your wars even to  
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought  
home

Do more than counterpoise a full third part  
The charges of the action. We have made peace  
With no less honor to the Antiates, 80  
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,  
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,  
Together with the seal o' the senate, what  
We have compounded on.

*Auf.* Read it not, noble lords;  
But tell the traitor, in the high'st degree  
He hath abused your powers.

*Cor.* Traitor! how now!

*Auf.* Ay, traitor, Marcius!

*Cor.* Marcius!

*Auf.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou  
think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
Coriolanus in Corioli? 90

You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,  
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;  
Breaking his oath and resolution like  
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting  
Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears  
He whined and roar'd away your victory,

That pages blush'd at him and men of heart  
Look'd wondering each at other.

*Cor.* Hear'st thou, Mars? 100

*Auf.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

*Cor.* Ha!

*Auf.* No more.

*Cor.* Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!  
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever  
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave  
lords,

Must give the cur the lie: and his own notion—  
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that  
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join  
To thrust the lie unto him. 110

*First Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

*Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and lads,  
Stain all your edges on me. Boy! false hound!  
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:  
Alone I did it. Boy!

*Auf.* Why, noble lords,  
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

*All Consp.* Let him die for't. 120

*All the people.* 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do it  
presently.' 'He killed my son.' 'My daughter.'  
'He killed my cousin Marcus.' 'He killed my  
father.'

*Sec. Lord.* Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!  
The man is noble and his fame folds-in  
The orb o' the earth. His last offences to us  
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,  
And trouble not the peace.

*Cor.* O that I had him,  
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe, 130  
To use my lawful sword!

*Auf.* Insolent villain!

*All Consp.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[*The Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus:  
Aufidius stands on his body.*]

*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold!

*Auf.* My noble masters, hear me speak.

*First Lord.* O Tullus,—

*Sec. Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valor  
will weep.

*Third Lord.* Tread not upon him. Masters  
all, be quiet;

Put up your swords.

*Auf.* My lords, when you shall know—as in  
this rage,

Provoked by him, you cannot—the great danger  
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice  
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honors  
'To call me to your senate, I'll deliver 141  
Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure.

*First Lord.* Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded  
As the most noble corse that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.

*Sec. Lord.* His own impatience  
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  
Let's make the best of it.

*Auf.* My rage is gone;  
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up. 149  
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.  
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:  
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he  
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.*  
*A dead march sounded.*

# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.

LUCIUS,  
QUINTUS,  
MARTIUS,  
MUTIUS, } sons to Titus Andronicus.

YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the Tribune.

SEMPRONIUS,  
CAIUS, } kinsmen to Titus.

VALENTINE, }  
ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS,  
DEMETRIUS, } sons to Tamora.

CHIRON,  
AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.

Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Rome, and the country near it.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

*The Tomb of the ANDRONICI appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft. Enter, below, from one side, SATURNINUS and his Followers; and, from the other side, BASSIANUS and his Followers; with drum and colors.*

*Sat.* Noble patricians, patrons of my right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms,

And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
 Plead my successive title with your swords:  
 I am his first-born son, that was the last  
 That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;  
 Then let my father's honors live in me,  
 Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

*Bas.* Romans, friends, followers, favorers of  
 my right,  
 If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son, 10  
 Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,  
 Keep then this passage to the Capitol,  
 And suffer not dishonor to approach  
 The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
 To justice, continence and nobility;  
 But let desert in pure election shine,  
 And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter* MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the*  
*crown.*

*Marc.* Princes, that strive by factions and by  
 friends  
 Ambitiously for rule and empery,  
 Know that the people of Rome, for whom we  
 stand 20  
 A special party, have, by common voice,  
 In election for the Roman empery,  
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius  
 For many good and great deserts to Rome:  
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
 Lives not this day within the city walls:  
 He by the senate is accited home  
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;  
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
 Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in  
 arms.  
 Ten years are spent since first he undertook 31  
 This cause of Rome and chastised with arms  
 Our enemies' pride: five times he hath re-  
 turn'd  
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
 In coffins from the field;  
 And now at last, laden with honor's spoils,  
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome.

Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
 Let us entreat, by honor of his name,  
 Whom worthily you would have now succeed, 40  
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
 Whom you pretend to honor and adore,  
 That you withdraw you and abate your strength;  
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,  
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

*Sat.* How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

*Bas.* Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy  
 In thy uprightness and integrity,  
 And so I love and honor thee and thine,  
 Thy noble brother Titus and his sons, 50  
 And her to whom my thoughts are humbled  
 all,

Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends,  
 And to my fortunes and the people's favor  
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

*[Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.]*

*Sat.* Friends, that have been thus forward in  
 my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,  
 And to the love and favor of my country  
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

*[Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.]*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me 60  
 As I am confident and kind to thee.  
 Open the gates, and let me in.

*Bas.* Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

*[Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go up  
 into the Capitol.]*

*Enter a Captain.*

*Cap.* Romans, make way: the good Andro-  
 nicus,  
 Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,  
 Successful in the battles that he fights,  
 With honor and with fortune is return'd  
 From where he circumscribed with his sword,  
 And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS; after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

*Tit.* Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds ! 70

Lo, as the bark, that hath discharged her fraught,  
Returns with precious lading to the bay  
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,  
To re-salute his country with his tears,  
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.

Thou great defender of this Capitol,  
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend !  
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,  
Half of the number that King Priam had, 80  
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead !  
These that survive let Rome reward with love;  
These that I bring unto their latest home,  
With burial amongst their ancestors:

Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.

Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,  
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ?  
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

*[The tomb is opened.]*

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont, 90  
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !

O sacred-receptacle of my joys,  
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
That thou wilt never render to me more !

*Luc.* Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,

That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile  
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,  
Before this earthy prison of their bones;



That so the shadows be not unappeased, 100  
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

*Tit.* I give him you, the noblest that survives,  
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

*Tam.* Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,  
A mother's tears in passion for her son:  
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
O, think my son to be as dear to me!  
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,  
To beautify thy triumphs and return, 110

Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke,  
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,  
For valiant doings in their country's cause?

O, if to fight for king and commonweal  
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?

Draw near them then in being merciful:

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:

Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son. 120

*Tit.* Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.  
These are their brethren, whom you Goths be-  
held

Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain

Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,

To appease their groaning shadows that are  
gone.

*Luc.* Away with him! and make a fire straight;  
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.

*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius,  
with Alarbus.*

*Tam.* O cruel, irreligious piety! 130

*Chi.* Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

*Dem.* Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.  
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive  
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.  
Then, madam, stand resolved, but hope withal  
The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy  
With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,  
 May favor Tamora, the Queen of Goths—  
 When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen—  
 To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes. 141

*Re-enter* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS,  
*with their swords bloody.*

*Luc.* See, lord and father, how we have per-  
 form'd

Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,  
 And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
 Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the  
 sky.

Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,  
 And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

*Tit.* Let it be so; and let Andronicus  
 Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*  
 In peace and honor rest you here, my sons; 150  
 Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in  
 rest,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!  
 Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
 Here grow no damned grudges; here are no  
 storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:  
 In peace and honor rest you here, my sons!

*Enter* LAVINIA.

*Lav.* In peace and honor live lord Titus long;  
 My noble lord and father, live in fame!  
 Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears  
 I render, for my brethren's obsequies; 160  
 And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,  
 Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:  
 O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,  
 Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

*Tit.* Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly re-  
 served  
 The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!  
 Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,  
 And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

*Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS and Tribunes;  
re-enter SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS, attended.*

*Marc.* Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,

Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome ! 170

*Tit.* Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

*Marc.* And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame !

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,

That in your country's service drew your swords:

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,

That hath aspired to Solon's happiness

And triumphs over chance in honor's bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,

Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been, 180

Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,

This palliament of white and spotless hue;

And name thee in election for the empire,

With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:

Be candidatus then, and put it on,

And help to set a head on headless Rome.

*Tit.* A better head her glorious body fits

Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:

What should I don this robe, and trouble you ?

Be chosen with proclamations to-day, 190

To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,

And set abroad new business for you all ?

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,

And led my country's strength successfully,

And buried one and twenty valiant sons,

Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,

In right and service of their noble country:

Give me a staff of honor for mine age,

But not a sceptre to control the world:

Upright he held it, lords, that held it last. 200

*Marc.* Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

*Sat.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell ?

*Tit.* Patience, Prince Saturninus.

*Sat.* Romans, do me right:

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them  
not

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.

Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,  
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts !

*Luc.* Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good  
That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

*Tit.* Content thee, prince; I will restore to  
thee 210

The people's hearts, and wean them from them-  
selves.

*Bas.* Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,  
But honor thee, and will do till I die:  
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,  
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men  
Of noble minds is honorable meed.

*Tit.* People of Rome, and people's tribunes  
here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages:  
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

*Tribunes.* To gratify the good Andronicus, 220  
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,  
The people will accept whom he admits.

*Tit.* Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I  
make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son,  
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,  
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this commonweal:  
Then, if you will elect by my advice,  
Crown him, and say, 'Long live our emperor!' 229

*Marc.* With voices and applause of every sort,  
Patricians and plebeians, we create  
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,  
And say, 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine !'

[*A long flourish till they come down.*]

*Sat.* Titus Andronicus, for thy favors done  
To us in our election this day,  
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deeds requité thy gentleness:  
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance  
Thy name and honorable family,  
Lavinia will I make my empress,

Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
 And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:  
 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please  
 thee?

*Tit.* It doth, my worthy lord; and in this  
 match

I hold me highly honor'd of your grace:  
 And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,  
 King and commander of our commonweal,  
 The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate  
 My sword, my chariot and my prisoners;  
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord: 250  
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,  
 Mine honor's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

*Sat.* Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!  
 How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts  
 Rome shall record, and when I do forget  
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,  
 Romans, forget your fealty to me.

*Tit.* [*To Tamora*] Now, madam, are you pris-  
 oner to an emperor;

To him that, for your honor and your state,  
 Will use you nobly and your followers. 260

*Sat.* A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue  
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew.  
 Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:  
 Though chance of war hath wrought this change  
 of cheer,

Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome:  
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.  
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent  
 Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you  
 Can make you greater than the Queen of  
 Goths.

Lavinia, you are not displeased with this? 270

*Lav.* Not I, my lord; sith true nobility  
 Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

*Sat.* Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us  
 go:

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:  
 Proclaim our honors, lords, with trump and drum.

[*Flourish.* *Saturninus courts Tamora in  
 dumb show,*

*Bas.* Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine. *[Seizing Lavinia.]*

*Tit.* How, sir! are you in earnest then, my lord?

*Bas.* Ay, noble Titus; and resolved withal To do myself this reason and this right. 270

*Marc.* 'Snum cuique' is our Roman justice: This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

*Luc.* And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

*Tit.* Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised!

*Sat.* Surprised! by whom?

*Bas.* By him that justly may Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

*[Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.]*

*Mut.* Brothers, help to convey her hence away, And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

*[Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.]*

*Tit.* Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

*Mut.* My lord, you pass not here.

*Tit.* What, villain boy! 290

Barr'st me my way in Rome? *[Stabbing Mutius.]*

*Mut.* Help, Lucius, help! *[Dies.]*

*[During the fray, Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron and Aaron go out and re-enter, above.]*

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* My lord, you are unjust, and, more than so,

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

*Tit.* Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;

My sons would never so dishonor me:

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

*Luc.* Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife, That is another's lawful promised love. *[Exit.]*

*Sat.* No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not, Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock: 300

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonor me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,  
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,  
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,  
That said'st I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

*Tit.* O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

*Sat.* But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece 309

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded heart.

*Sat.* And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,

That like the stately Phœbe, 'mongst her nymphs

Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,

If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,

Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

And will create thee empress of Rome, 320

Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,

Sith priest and holy water are so near

And tapers burn so bright and every thing

In readiness for Hymenæus stand,

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, till from forth this place

I lead espoused my bride along with me.

*Tam.* And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths, 330

She will a handmaid be to his desires,

A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

*Sat.* Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany

Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,

Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:

There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

*[Exeunt all but Titus.]*

*Tit.* I am not bid to wait upon this bride.

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
Dishonor'd thus, and challenged of wrongs? 340

*Re-enter* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

*Marc.* O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!  
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

*Tit.* No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,  
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed  
That hath dishonor'd all our family;  
Unworthy brother, and unworthy son!

*Luc.* But let us give him burial, as becomes;  
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

*Tit.* Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:  
This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors  
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:  
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

*Marc.* My lord, this is impiety in you:  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;  
He must be buried with his brethren.

*Quin.* } And shall, or him we will accompany.  
*Mart.* }

*Tit.* 'And shall!' what villain was it spake  
that word?

*Quin.* He that would vouch it in any place but  
here. 360

*Tit.* What, would you bury him in my despite?

*Marc.* No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee  
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

*Tit.* Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my  
crest,  
And, with these boys, mine honor thou hast  
wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;  
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

*Mart.* He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

*Quin.* Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the Sons of Titus kneel.*]

*Marc.* Brother, for in that name doth nature  
plead,— 370

*Quin.* Father, and in that name doth nature  
speak,—



*Tit.* Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

*Marc.* Renowned 'Titus, more than half my soul,—

*Luc.* Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

*Marc.* Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter  
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,  
That died in honor and Lavinia's cause.  
Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:  
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax  
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son 380  
Did graciously plead for his funerals:  
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,  
Be barr'd his entrance here.

*Tit.* Rise, Marcus, rise.  
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,  
To be dishonor'd by my sons in Rome!  
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

*[Mutius is put into the tomb.]*

*Luc.* There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with  
thy friends,  
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

*All.* *[Kneeling]* No man shed tears for noble  
Mutius;  
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause. 390

*Marc.* My lord, to step out of these dreary  
dumps,  
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths  
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

*Tit.* I know not, Marcus; but I know it is:  
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:  
Is she not then beholding to the man  
That brought her for this high good turn so  
far?

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish.* *Re-enter from one side, SATURNINUS  
attended, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and  
AARON: from the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA,  
and others.*

*Sat.* So, Bassianus, you have play'd your  
prize:  
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride! 400

*Bas.* And you of yours, my lord ! I say no more,  
Nor wish no less; and so, I take my leave.

*Sat.* Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

*Bas.* Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,  
My truth-betrothed love and now my wife?  
But let the laws of Rome determine all;  
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

*Sat.* 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;  
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you. 410

*Bas.* My lord, what I have done, as best I may,  
Answer I must and shall do with my life.  
Only thus much I give your grace to know:  
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
'This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,  
Is in opinion and in honor wrong'd;  
That in the rescue of Lavinia  
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,  
In zeal to you and highly moved to wrath  
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave: 420  
Receive him, then, to favor, Saturnine,  
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds  
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

*Tit.* Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:  
'Tis thou and those that have dishonor'd me.  
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,  
How I have loved and honor'd Saturnine !

*Tam.* My worthy lord, if ever Tamora  
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,  
'Then hear me speak indifferently for all; 430  
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

*Sat.* What, madam ! be dishonor'd openly,  
And basely put it up without revenge ?

*Tam.* Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome for-  
fend  
I should be author to dishonor you !  
But on mine honor dare I undertake  
For good lord Titus' innocence in all;  
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:  
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;  
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose, 440

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.  
[*Aside to Sat.*] My lord, be ruled by me, be won  
at last;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:  
You are but newly planted in your throne;  
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,  
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,  
And so supplant you for ingratitude,  
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,  
Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:  
I'll find a day to massacre them all 450  
And raze their faction and their family,  
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,  
To whom I sued for my dear son's life,  
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen  
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.  
[*Aloud*] Come, come, sweet emperor: come,  
Andronicus;

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart  
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

*Sat.* Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath pre-  
vail'd. 459

*Tit.* I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:  
These words, these looks, infuse new life in  
me.

*Tam.* Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
A Roman now adopted happily,  
And must advise the emperor for his good.  
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;  
And let it be mine honor, good my lord,  
That I have reconciled your friends and you.  
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd  
My word and promise to the emperor,  
That you will be more mild and tractable. 470  
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia;  
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,  
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

*Luc.* We do, and vow to heaven and to his  
highness,  
That what we did was mildly as we might,  
Tendering our sister's honor and our own.

*Marc.* That, on mine honor, here I do protest.

*Sat.* Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

*Tam.* Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends; 479  
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;  
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

*Sat.* Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,  
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
I do remit these young men's heinous faults:  
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,  
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore  
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.  
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,  
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends. 490  
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

*Tit.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty  
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,  
With horn and hound we'll give your grace bonjour.

*Sat.* Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Rome. Before the palace.*

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash;  
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.  
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,  
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;  
So Tamora:

Upon her wit doth earthly honor wait, 10  
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long  
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,  
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes  
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.  
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!

I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
 To wait upon this new-made empress. 20  
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,  
 This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,  
 This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,  
 And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.  
 Holloa! what storm is this?

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.*

*Dem.* Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am graced;  
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

*Chi.* Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;  
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves. 30  
 'Tis not the difference of a year or two  
 Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate:  
 I am as able and as fit as thou

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;  
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

*Aar.* [*Aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will  
 not keep the peace.

*Dem.* Why, boy, although our mother, unad-  
 vised,

Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,  
 Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?  
 Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath 41  
 Till you know better how to handle it.

*Chi.* Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,  
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

*Dem.* Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

*Aar.* [*Coming forward.*] Why, how now, lords!  
 So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,  
 And maintain such a quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:  
 I would not for a million of gold  
 The cause were known to them it most concerns;  
 Nor would your noble mother for much more 51  
 Be so dishonor'd in the court of Rome.

For shame, put up.

*Dem.* Not I, till I have sheathed  
 My rapier in his bosom and withal

Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat  
That he hath breathed in my dishonor here.

*Chi.* For that I am prepared and full resolved.  
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy  
tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing darest perform !

*Aar.* Away, I say ! 60

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,  
This petty brabble will undo us all.

Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous  
It is to jet upon a prince's right ?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd  
Without controlment, justice, or revenge ?

Young lords, beware ! an should the empress know  
This discord's ground, the music would not  
please.

*Chi.* I care not, I, knew she and all the world:  
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

*Dem.* Youngling, learn thou to make some  
meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

*Aar.* Why, are ye mad ? or know ye not, in  
Rome

How furious and impatient they be,  
And cannot brook competitors in love ?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths  
By this device.

*Chi.* Aaron, a thousand deaths  
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love. 80

*Aar.* To achieve her ! how ?

*Dem.* Why makest thou it so strange ?  
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won ;  
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.

What, man ! more water glideth by the mill  
Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is  
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know :

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,  
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

*Aar.* [*Aside*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus  
may. 90

*Dem.* Then why should he despair that knows  
to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

*Aar.* Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch  
or so

Would serve your turns.

*Chi.* Ay, so the turn were served.

*Dem.* Aaron, thou hast hit it.

*Aar.* Would you had hit it too!

Then should not we be tired with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools

To square for this? would it offend you, then,  
That both should speed? 101

*Chi.* Faith, not me.

*Dem.* Nor me, so I were one.

*Aar.* For shame, be friends, and join for that  
you jar:

'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot as you would achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment  
Must we pursue, and I have found the path. 111

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious;

And many unfrequented plots there are

Fitted by kind for rape and villany:

Single you hither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit  
To villany and vengeance consecrate, 121

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;

And she shall file our engines with advice,

That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.

The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,

The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears;

The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;  
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take  
your turns;

There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's  
eye, 130

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

*Chi.* Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

*Dem.* Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream  
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A forest near Rome. Horns and cry  
of hounds heard.*

*Enter* TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* Hunters, etc.,  
MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

*Tit.* The hunt is up, the morn is bright and  
gray,

The fields are fragrant and the woods are green:

Uncouple here, and let us make a bay

And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,

And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,

That all the court may echo with the noise.

Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,

To attend the emperor's person carefully:

I have been troubled in my sleep this night,

But dawning day new comfort hath inspired. 10

*A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal. Enter*

SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA,

DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* Attendants.

Many good morrows to your majesty;

Madam, to you as many and as good:

I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

*Sat.* And you have rung it lustily, my lord;

Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

*Bas.* Lavinia, how say you?

*Lav.* I say, no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

*Sat.* Come on, then; horse and chariots let us  
have,

And to our sport. [*To Tamora*] Madam, now  
shall ye see

Our Roman hunting.



*Marc.* I have dogs, my lord, 20  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory top.

*Tit.* And I have horse will follow where the  
game  
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

*Dem.* Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor  
hound,  
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE III. *A lonely part of the forest.*

*Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.*

*Aar.* He that had wit would think that I had  
none,  
To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit it.  
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly  
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villany:  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest  
[*Hides the gold.*  
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

*Enter TAMORA.*

*Tam.* My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou  
sad, 10  
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?  
The birds chant melody on every bush,  
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground:  
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,  
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,  
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,  
As if a double hunt were heard at once,  
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise; 20  
And, after conflict such as was supposed  
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,  
When with a happy storm they were surprised  
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,

We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;  
 Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious  
 birds

Be unto us as is a nurse's song  
 Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

*Aar.* Madam, though Venus govern your de-  
 sires, 30

Saturn is dominator over mine:  
 What signifies my deadly standing eye,  
 My silence and my cloudy melancholy,  
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls  
 Even as an adder when she doth unroll  
 To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs:  
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.  
 Hark, *Tamora*, the empress of my soul, 40  
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in  
 thee,

This is the day of doom for *Bassianus*:  
 His *Philomel* must lose her tongue to-day,  
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity  
 And wash their hands in *Bassianus*' blood.  
 Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,  
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.  
 Now question me no more; we are espied;  
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction. 50

*Tam.* Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than  
 life!

*Aar.* No more, great empress; *Bassianus*  
 comes:

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons  
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit*

*Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.*

*Bas.* Who have we here? Rome's royal em-  
 press,  
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?  
 Or is it *Dian*, habited like her,  
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves  
 To see the general hunting in this forest?

*Tam.* Saucy controller of our private steps !  
 Had I the power that some say Dian had, 61  
 Thy temples should be planted presently  
 With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds  
 Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,  
 Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

*Lav.* Upon your patience, gentle empress,  
 'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;  
 And to be doubted that your Moor and you  
 Are singled forth to try experiments:  
 Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day !  
 'Tis pity they should take him for a stag. 71

*Bas.* Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian

Doth make your honor of his body's hue,  
 Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
 Why are you sequester'd from all your train,  
 Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
 And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,  
 Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,  
 If foul desire had not conducted you ?

*Lav.* And, being intercepted in your sport, 80  
 Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
 For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,  
 And let her joy her raven-color'd love;  
 This valley fits the purpose passing well.

*Bas.* The king my brother shall have note of  
 this.

*Lav.* Ay, for these slips have made him noted  
 long;  
 Good king, to be so mightily abused !

*Tam.* Why have I patience to endure all this ?

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*

*Dem.* How now dear, sovereign, and our gracious  
 mother !  
 Why doth your highness look so pale and wan ?

*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look  
 pale ? 91

These two have 'ticed me hither to this place:  
 A barren detested vale, you see it is;  
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
 O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,  
 Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:  
 And when they show'd me this abhorr'd pit,  
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,  
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes, 100  
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,  
 Would make such fearful and confused cries  
 As any mortal body hearing it  
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.  
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,  
 But straight they told me they would bind me  
 here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,  
 And leave me to this miserable death:  
 And then they call'd me foul adulteress,  
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms 110  
 That ever ear did hear to such effect:  
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,  
 This vengeance on me had they executed.  
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,  
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

*Dem.* This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*]

*Chi.* And this for me, struck home to show my  
 strength. [*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*]

*Lav.* Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous  
 Tamora,

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

*Tam.* Give me thy poniard; you shall know,  
 my boys, 120  
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's  
 wrong.

*Dem.* Stay, madam; here is more belongs to  
 her;  
 First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:  
 This minion stood upon her chastity,  
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,  
 And with that painted hope she braves your  
 mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

*Chi.* An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.  
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,  
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust. 130

*Tam.* But when ye have the honey ye desire,  
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

*Chi.* I warrant you, madam, we will make that  
sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy  
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

*Lav.* O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's  
face,—

*Tam.* I will not hear her speak; away with her!

*Lav.* Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a  
word.

*Dem.* Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory  
To see her tears; but be your heart to them 140  
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

*Lav.* When did the tiger's young ones teach  
the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee;  
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to  
marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

[*To Chiron*] Do thou entreat her show a woman  
pity.

*Chi.* What, wouldst thou have me prove myself  
a bastard?

*Lav.* 'Tis true: the raven doth not hatch a  
lark:

Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!— 150

The lion moved with pity did endure

To have his princely paws pared all away:

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

*Tam.* I know not what it means; away with  
her!

*Lav.* O, let me teach thee! for my father's  
sake,

That gave thee life, when well he might have  
slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 160

*Tam.* Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,  
Even for his sake am I pitiless.

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,  
 To save your brother from the sacrifice;  
 But fierce Andronicus would not relent:  
 Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will,  
 The worse to her, the better loved of me.

*Lav.* O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,  
 And with thine own hands kill me in this place!  
 For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long; 170  
 Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

*Tam.* What begg'st thou, then? fond woman,  
 let me go.

*Lav.* 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing  
 more

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:  
 O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,  
 And tumble me into some loathsome pit,  
 Where never man's eye may behold my body:  
 Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

*Tam.* So should I rob my sweet sons of their  
 fee:

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 180

*Dem.* Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too  
 long.

*Lav.* No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly  
 creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!  
 Confusion fall—

*Chi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring  
 thou her husband:

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into  
 "the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron,  
 dragging off Lavinia.*

*Tam.* Farewell, my sons: see that you make  
 her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,  
 Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor, 190  
 And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.*

*Aar.* Come on, my lords, the better foot before:

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit  
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

*Quin.* My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes:

*Mart.* And mine, I promise you; were't not  
for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

*[Falls into the pit.]*

*Quin.* What, art thou fall'n? What subtle  
hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,  
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood  
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?  
A very fatal place it seems to me.

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

*Mart.* O brother, with the dismal'st object hurt  
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

*Aar.* *[Aside]* Now will I fetch the king to find  
them here,

That he thereby may give a likely guess

How these were they that made away his brother.

*[Exit.]*

*Mart.* Why dost not comfort me, and help me  
out

209

From this unhallowed and blood-stained hole?

*Quin.* I am surprised with an uncouth fear:  
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints:  
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

*Mart.* To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,  
Aaron and thou look down into this den,  
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

*Quin.* Aaron is gone; and my compassionate  
heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold

The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:

O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now

220

Was I a child to fear I know not what.

*Mart.* Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

*Quin.* If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

*Mart.* Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,  
Which, like a taper in some monument,

Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,  
 And shows the ragged entrails of the pit: 230  
 So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus  
 When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.  
 O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—  
 If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—  
 Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
 As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

*Quin.* Reach me thy hand, that I may help  
 thee out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
 I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
 Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave. 240  
 I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

*Mart.* Nor I no strength to climb without thy  
 help.

*Quin.* Thy hand once more; I will not loose  
 again,  
 Till thou art here aloft, or I below:  
 Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*

*Enter SATURNINUS with AARON.*

*Sat.* Along with me: I'll see what hole is here,  
 And what he is that now is leap'd into it.  
 Say, who art thou that lately didst descend  
 Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

*Mart.* The unhappy son of old Andronicus;  
 Brought hither in a most unlucky hour, 251  
 To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

*Sat.* My brother dead! I know thou dost but  
 jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge  
 Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;  
 'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

*Mart.* We know not where you left him all  
 alive;

But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

*Re-enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*

*Tam.* Where is my lord the king?

*Sat.* Here, Tamora, though grieved with killing  
 grief, 260



*Tam.* Where is thy brother Bassianus?

*Sat.* Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

*Tam.* Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,  
The complot of this timeless tragedy;  
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*She giveth Saturnine a letter.*]

*Sat.* [*Reads*] 'An if we miss to meet him handsomely—

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean—

Do thou so much as dig the grave for him: 270

'Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder-tree

Which overshades the mouth of that same pit

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.'

O Tamora! was ever heard the like!

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

*Aar.* My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

*Sat.* [*To Titus*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of  
bloody kind, 281

Have here hereft my brother of his life.

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:

There let them bide until we have devised

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

*Tam.* What, are they in this pit? O wondrous  
thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

*Tit.* High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons, 290

Accursed, if the fault be proved in them,—

*Sat.* If it be proved! you see it is apparent.

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

*Tam.* Andronicus himself did take it up.

*Tit.* I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;

For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow

They shall be ready at your highness' will

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

*Sat.* Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers: 300

Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;  
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,  
That end upon them should be executed.

*Tam.* Andronicus, I will entreat the king:  
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

*Tit.* Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

*Dem.* So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,

Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

*Chi.* Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,

An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

*Dem.* See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

*Chi.* Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

*Dem.* She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

*Chi.* An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

*Dem.* If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. [Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.]

*Enter MARCUS.*

*Mar.* Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast! II

Cousin, a word; where is your husband?

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,  
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare  
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,  
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to  
sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness 20  
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,  
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,  
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,  
Coming and going with thy honey breath.  
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,  
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!  
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,

As from a conduit with three issuing spouts, 30  
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face  
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?

O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,  
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,  
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,  
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee; 40

A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,  
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.

O, had the monster seen those lily hands

Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,

And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,  
He would not then have touch'd them for his life!

Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony

Which that sweet tongue hath made,

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet. 51

Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;

For such a sight will blind a father's eye:

One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;

What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:

O, could our mourning ease thy misery!

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

*Enter Judges, Senators and Tribunes, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading.*

*Tit.* Hear me, grave fathers ! noble tribunes, stay !

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;  
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;  
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;  
And for these bitter tears, which now you see  
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;  
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,  
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.  
For two and twenty sons I never wept, 10  
Because they died in honor's lofty bed.

*[Lieth down; the Judges, &c., pass by him, and exeunt.]*

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write  
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad  
tears:

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;  
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and  
blush.

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,  
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,  
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:  
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;  
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow, 20  
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.*

O reverend tribunes ! O gentle, aged men !  
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;  
And let me say, that never wept before,  
My tears are now prevailing orators.

*Luc.* O noble father, you lament in vain:  
The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;  
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

*Tit.* Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.  
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,— 31

*Luc.* My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

*Tit.* Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,

They would not mark me; or if they did mark,  
They would not pity me. Yet plead I must:  
And bootless unto them since I complain,  
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;  
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,  
For that they will not intercept my tale: 40

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
Receive my tears and seem to weep with me;  
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,  
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.  
A stone is soft as wax,—tribunes more hard than  
stones;

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,  
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to  
death. [*Rises.*

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon  
drawn?

*Luc.* To rescue my two brothers from their  
death:

For which attempt the judges have pronounced  
My everlasting doom of banishment. 51

*Tit.* O happy man! they have befriended thee.  
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?  
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey  
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,  
From these devourers to be banished!  
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

*Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.*

*Marc.* Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;  
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break: 60  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Tit.* Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

*Marc.* This was thy daughter.

*Tit.* Why, Marcus, so she is.

*Luc.* Ay me, this object kills me !

*Tit.* Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand  
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?  
What fool hath added water to the sea,  
Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy ?  
My grief was at the height before thou camest,  
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds. 71  
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;  
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;  
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;  
In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
And they have served me to effectless use:  
Now all the service I require of them  
Is that the one will help to cut the other.  
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;  
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain. 80

*Luc.* Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

*Marc.* O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,  
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,  
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear !

*Luc.* O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

*Marc.* O, thus I found her, straying in the park,  
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer  
That hath received some unrecuring wound. 90

*Tit.* It was my deer; and he that wounded her  
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:  
For now I stand as one upon a rock  
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,  
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
Expecting ever when some envious surge  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.  
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;  
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,  
And here my brother, weeping at my woes: 100  
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,  
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.  
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,

It would have madded me: what shall I do  
Now I behold thy lively body so?  
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;  
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:  
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death  
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.  
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her! 110  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

*Marc.* Perchance she weeps because they kill'd  
her husband;

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

*Tit.* If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.  
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;  
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.  
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips; 120  
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:  
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,  
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,  
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
How they are stain'd, as meadows, yet not dry,  
With miry slime left on them by a flood?  
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long  
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,  
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?  
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine? 130  
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows  
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?  
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,  
Plot some device of further misery,  
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

*Luc.* Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at  
your grief,  
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

*Marc.* Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry  
thine eyes.

*Tit.* Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot  
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine, 140  
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine  
own.

*Luc.* Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

*Tit.* Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her signs:

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee:

His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

O, what a sympathy of woe is this,

As far from help as Limbo is from bliss ! 149

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor  
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy  
sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,

Or any one of you, chop off your hand,

And send it to the king: he for the same

Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;

And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

*Tit.* O gracious emperor ! O gentle Aaron !

Did ever raven sing so like a lark,

That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?

With all my heart, I'll send the emperor 160

My hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

*Luc.* Stay, father ! for that noble hand of thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies,

Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:

My youth can better spare my blood than you;

And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

*Marc.* Which of your hands hath not defended  
Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,

Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ? 170

O, none of both but are of high desert:

My hand hath been but idle; let it serve

To ransom my two nephews from their death;

Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

*Aar.* Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go  
along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

*Marc.* My hand shall go.

*Luc.* By heaven, it shall not go !



*Tit.* Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs  
as these  
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

*Luc.* Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,  
Let me redeem my brothers both from death. 181

*Marc.* And, for our father's sake and mother's  
care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

*Tit.* Agree between you; I will spare my hand

*Luc.* Then I'll go fetch an axe.

*Marc.* But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

*Tit.* Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them  
both:

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

*Aar.* [*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be  
honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so: 190

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.*

*Tit.* Now stay your strife: what shall be is  
despatch'd.

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;

More hath it merited; that let it have.

As for my sons, say I account of them

As jewels purchased at an easy price; 199

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

*Aar.* I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.

[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

*Tit.* O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,  
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call! [*To Lav.*] What, wilt thou kneel  
with me?

Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear out prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds  
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

*Marc.* O brother, speak with possibilities,  
And do not break into these deep extremes.

*Tit.* Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?  
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

*Marc.* But yet let reason govern thy lament.

*Tit.* If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limits could I bind my woes: 221  
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'er-  
flow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?  
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?  
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!  
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:  
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;  
Then must my earth with her continual tears  
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd; 230  
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.*

*Mess.* Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid  
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.  
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;  
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent  
back;

Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd;  
That woe is me to think upon thy woes 240  
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*

*Marc.* Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!  
These miseries are more than may be borne.  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some  
deal;  
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

*Luc.* Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,  
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !  
That ever death should let life bear his name, 249  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*]

*Marc.* Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

*Tit.* When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

*Marc.* Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;  
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,  
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;  
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs: 260  
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight  
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:  
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still ?

*Tit.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Marc.* Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with  
this hour.

*Tit.* Why, I have not another tear to shed:  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears: 270  
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave ?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
And threat me I shall never come to bliss  
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again  
Even in their throats that have committed them.  
Come, let me see what task I have to do.  
You heavy people, circle me about,  
That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs,  
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head:  
And in this hand the other will I bear. 281  
*Lavinia*, thou shalt be employ'd: these arms !  
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy  
teeth.

As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;

Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:  
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:  
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,  
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*]

*Luc.* Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,  
 The wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome: 290  
 Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,  
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life:  
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;  
 O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!  
 But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives  
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs.  
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;  
 And make proud Saturnine and his empress  
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.  
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power, 300  
 To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A room in Titus's house. A banquet  
 set out.*

*Enter* TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young  
 LUCIUS, a Boy.

*Tit.* So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more  
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us  
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.  
 Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot:  
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,  
 And cannot passionate our tenfold grief  
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;  
 Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,  
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, 10  
 Then thus I thump it down.  
 [*To Lavinia.*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost  
 talk in signs!  
 When thy poor heart beats with outrageous  
 beating,  
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;  
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,

And just against thy heart make thou a hole;  
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall  
 May run into that sink, and soaking in  
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears. 20

*Marc.* Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to  
 lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

*Tit.* How now! has sorrow made thee dote  
 already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.

What violent hands can she lay on her life?

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,

How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,

Lest we remember still that we have none. 30

Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,

As if we should forget we had no hands,

If Marcus did not name the word of hands!

Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:

Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she  
 says;

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;

She says she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks:

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect 40

As begging hermits in their holy prayers:

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to  
 heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

But I of these will wrest an alphabet

And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

*Boy.* Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep  
 laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

*Marc.* Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,  
 Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

*Tit.* Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of  
 tears, 50

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*  
 What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

*Marc.* At that that I have kill'd, my lord;  
a fly.

*Tit.* Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my  
heart;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:  
A deed of death done on the innocent  
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;  
I see thou art not for my company.

*Marc.* Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

*Tit.* But how, if that fly had a father and mo-  
ther? 6c

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!  
Poor harmless fly,  
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,  
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast  
kill'd him.

*Marc.* Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favor'd  
fly,

Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

*Tit.* O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
For thou hast done a charitable deed. 70  
Give me the knife, I will insult on him;  
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor  
Come hither purposely to poison me.—  
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.  
Ah, sirrah!

Yet, I think, we are not brought so low,  
But that between us we can kill a fly  
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

*Marc.* Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought  
on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances. 80

*Tit.* Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me:  
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee  
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.  
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,  
And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. Titus's garden.*

*Enter young LUCIUS, and LAVINIA running after him, and the boy flies from her, with books under his arm. Then enter TITUS and MARCUS.*

*Young Luc.* Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia

Follows me everywhere, I know not why:  
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

*Marc.* Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

*Tit.* She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

*Young Luc.* Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

*Marc.* What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

*Tit.* Fear her not, Lucius; somewhat doth she mean:

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee; 10  
Some whither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care  
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee  
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

*Marc.* Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

*Young Luc.* My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:  
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,  
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;  
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy 20  
Ran mad for sorrow: that made me to fear;  
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt  
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,  
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:  
Which made me down to throw my books, and  
fly,—

Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt:

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,  
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

*Marc.* Lucius, I will.

*[Lavinia turns over with her stumps the books  
which Lucius has let fall.]*

*Tit.* How now, Lavinia ! Marcus, what means  
this ? 30

Some book there is that she desires to see.  
Which is it, girl, of these ? Open them, boy.  
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd :  
Come, and take choice of all my library,  
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.  
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

*Marc.* I think she means that there was more  
than one

Confederate in the fact : ay, more there was ;  
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge. 40

*Tit.* Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

*Young Luc.* Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ;

My mother gave it me.

*Marc.* For love of her that's gone,  
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

*Tit.* Soft ! see how busily she turns the leaves !  
*[Helping her.]*

What would she find ? Lavinia, shall I read ?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,  
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape ;  
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

*Marc.* See, brother, see ; note how she quotes  
the leaves. 50

*Tit.* Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet  
girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,  
Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?  
See, see !

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt—  
O, had we never, never hunted there !—  
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,  
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

*Mar.* O, why should nature build so foul a den,  
Unless the gods delight in tragedies ? 60



*Tit.* Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none  
but friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:  
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,  
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

*Marc.* Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down  
by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!  
My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia:  
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,  
This after me, when I have writ my name 70  
Without the help of any hand at all.

*[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it  
with feet and mouth.]*

Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift!  
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,  
What God will have discover'd for revenge:  
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,  
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it  
with her stumps, and writes.]*

*Tit.* O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath  
writ?

'Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.'

*Marc.* What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora  
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed? 80

*Tit.* Magni Dominator poli,  
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

*Marc.* O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I  
know

There is enough written upon this earth  
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,  
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.  
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel:  
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;  
And swear with me, as, with the woful fere  
And father of that chaste dishonor'd dame, 90  
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece rape,  
That we will prosecute by good advice  
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,  
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

*Tit.* 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.

But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:  
 The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,  
 She's with the lion deeply still in league,  
 And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,  
 And when he sleeps will she do what she list. 100  
 You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;  
 And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
 And with a gad of steel will write these words,  
 And lay it by: the angry northern wind  
 Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves abroad,  
 And where's your lesson, then? Boy, what say  
 you?

*Young Luc.* I say, my lord, that if I were a  
 man,  
 Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe  
 For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

*Marc.* Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full  
 oft

110

For his ungrateful country done the like.

*Young Luc.* And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

*Tit.* Come, go with me into mine armory;  
 Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy,  
 Shalt carry from me to the empress' sons  
 Presents that I intend to send them both:  
 Come, come: thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou  
 not?

*Young Luc.* Ay, with my dagger in their  
 bosoms, grandsire.

*Tit.* No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another  
 course.

Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house: 120

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court:

Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and young Luc.*]

*Marc.* O heavens, can you hear a good man  
 groan,

And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart

Than foeman's marks upon his batter'd shield;

But yet so just that he will not revenge.

Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit*]

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter, from one side, AARON, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON; from the other side, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

*Chi.* Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;  
He hath some message to deliver us.

*Aar.* Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

*Young Luc.* My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
I greet your honors from Andronicus.

[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

*Dem.* Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what's the news?

*Young Luc.* [*Aside*] That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,  
For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please you,  
My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me 10  
The goodliest weapons of his armory  
To gratify your honorable youth,  
'The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;  
And so I do, and with his gifts present  
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,  
You may be armed and appointed well:  
And so I leave you both [*Aside*] like bloody vil-  
lains. [*Exeunt young Lucius and Attendant.*]

*Dem.* What's here? A scroll; and written round about?

Let's see:

[*Reads*] 'Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, 20  
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.'

*Chi.* O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well;  
I read it in the grammar long ago.

*Aar.* Ay, just; a verse in Horace; right, you have it.

[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!  
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found  
their guilt;  
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with  
lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.  
 But were our witty empress well afoot,  
 She would applaud Andronicus' conceit: 30  
 But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

[*To them*] And now, young lords, was't not a  
 happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,  
 Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate  
 To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

*Dem.* But me more good, to see so great a  
 lord

Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

*Aar.* Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly? 40

*Dem.* I would we had a thousand Roman dames  
 At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

*Chi.* A charitable wish and full of love.

*Aar.* Here lacks but your mother for to say  
 amen.

*Chi.* And that would she for twenty thousand  
 more.

*Dem.* Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods  
 For our beloved mother in her pains.

*Aar.* [*Aside*] Pray to the devils; the gods have  
 given us over. [*Trumpets sound within.*]

*Dem.* Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish  
 thus?

*Chi.* Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son. 50

*Dem.* Soft! who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child in  
 her arms.*

*Nur.* Good morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

*Aar.* Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,  
 Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

*Nur.* O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!  
 Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

*Aar.* Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!  
 What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

*Nur.* O, that which I would hide from heaven's  
 eye, 59

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace !  
She is deliver'd, lords; she is deliver'd.

*Aar.* To whom ?

*Nur.* I mean, she is brought abed.

*Aar.* Well, God give her good rest ! What  
hath he sent her ?

*Nur.* A devil.

*Aar.* Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joy-  
ful issue.

*Nur.* A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful  
issue:

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad  
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:  
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,  
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

*Aar.* 'Zounds, ye whore ! is black so base a hue ?  
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

*Dem.* Villain, what hast thou done ?

*Aar.* That which thou canst not undo.

*Chi.* Thou hast undone our mother.

*Aar.* Villain, I have done thy mother.

*Dem.* And therein, hellish dog, thou hast un-  
done.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed  
choice !

Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend !

*Chi.* It shall not live. 80

*Aar.* It shall not die.

*Nur.* Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

*Aar.* What, must it, nurse ? then let no man  
but I

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

*Dem.* I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's  
point:

Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon de-  
spatch it.

*Aar.* Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels  
up. [Takes the Child from the Nurse,  
and draws.

Stay, murderous villains ! will you kill your  
brother ?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,  
That shone so brightly when this boy was got, 90

He dies upon my cimiter's sharp point  
 That touches this my first-born son and heir !  
 I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,  
 With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,  
 Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,  
 Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.  
 What, what, ye sauguine, shallow-hearted boys !  
 Ye white-limed walls ! ye alehouse painted signs !  
 Coal-black is better than another hue,  
 In that it scorns to bear another hue;                   100  
 For all the water in the ocean  
 Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,  
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.  
 Tell the empress from me, I am of age  
 To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

*Dem.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

*Aar.* My mistress is my mistress; this myself,  
 The vigor and the picture of my youth;  
 This before all the world do I prefer;  
 This maugre all the world will I keep safe,                   110  
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

*Dem.* By this our mother is forever shamed.

*Chi.* Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

*Nur.* The emperor; in his rage, will doom her  
 death.

*Chi.* I blush to think upon this ignomy.

*Aar.* Why, there's the privilege your beauty  
 bears:

Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing  
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart !  
 Here's a young lad framed of another leer:  
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,  
 As who should say, 'Old lad, I am thine own.'                   121  
 He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed  
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you,  
 And from that womb where you imprison'd were  
 He is enfranchised and come to light:  
 Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,  
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.

*Nur.* Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

*Dem.* Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,  
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice:                   130  
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

*Aar.* Then sit we down, and let us all consult.  
My son and I will have the wind of you:  
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit.*]

*Dem.* How many women saw this child of his?

*Aar.* Why, so, brave lords! when we join in  
league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,  
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,  
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.  
But say, again, how many saw the child? 140

*Nur.* Cornelia the midwife and myself;  
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

*Aar.* The empress, the midwife, and yourself:  
Two may keep counsel when the third's away:  
Go to the empress, tell her this I said.

[*He kills the Nurse.*]

Weke, weke! so cries a pig prepared to the spit.

*Dem.* What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore  
didst thou this?

*Aar.* O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:  
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,  
A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords,  
no:

And now be it known to you my full intent. 151  
Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman;  
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;  
His child is like to her, fair as you are:  
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,  
And tell them both the circumstance of all;  
And how by this their child shall be advanced,  
And be received for the emperor's heir,  
And substituted in the place of mine,  
To calm this tempest whirling in the court; 160  
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.  
Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physick,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;  
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:  
This done, see that you take no longer days,  
But send the midwife presently to me.  
The midwife and the nurse well made away,  
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

*Chi.* Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air  
With secrets.

*Dem.* For this care of Tamora, 170  
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the  
Nurse's body.*]

*Aar.* Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow  
flies;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,  
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.  
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you  
hence;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:  
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,  
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,  
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up 179  
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A public place.*

*Enter* TITUS, *bearing arrows with letters at the ends  
of them; with him, MARCUS, young LUCIUS,  
PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, and other Gentle-  
men, with bows.*

*Tit.* Come, Marcus; come, kinsman; this is  
the way.

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;  
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.  
Terras Astræa reliquit:  
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.  
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall  
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;  
Happily you may catch her in the sea;  
Yet there's as little justice as at land:  
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it; 180  
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,  
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:  
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,  
I pray you deliver him this petition;  
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,  
And that it comes from old Andronicus,  
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.  
Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable



What time I threw the people's suffrages  
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. 20  
 Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,  
 And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:  
 This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;  
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

*Marc.* O Publius, is not this a heavy case,  
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

*Pub.* Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns  
 By day and night to attend him carefully,  
 And feed his humor kindly as we may,  
 Till time beget some careful remedy. 30

*Marc.* Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.  
 Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war  
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

*Tit.* Publius, how now! how now, my masters!  
 What, have you met with her?

*Pub.* No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you  
 word,  
 If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:  
 Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,  
 He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere  
 else, 40  
 So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

*Tit.* He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.  
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
 And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.  
 Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,  
 No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size;  
 But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,  
 Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can  
 bear:

And, sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,  
 We will solicit heaven and move the gods 50  
 To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.  
 Come, to this gear. You are a good archer,  
 Marcus; [He gives them the arrows.

'Ad Jovem,' that's for you: here, 'Ad Apollinem':  
 'Ad Martem,' that's for myself:  
 Here, boy, to Pallas: here to Mercury:  
 To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;  
 You were as good to shoot against the wind,

To it, boy ! Marcus, loose when I bid.  
 Of my word, I have written to effect;  
 There's not a god left unsolicited. 60

*Marc.* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the  
 court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

*Tit.* Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well  
 said, Lucius !

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

*Marc.* My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;  
 Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

*Tit.* Ha, ha !

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done ?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

*Marc.* This was the sport, my lord: when Pub-  
 lius shot, 70

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock  
 That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;  
 And who should find them but the empress' vil-  
 lain ?

She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not  
 choose

But give them to his master for a present.

*Tit.* Why, there it goes: God give his lordship  
 joy !

*Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons  
 in it.*

News, news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is  
 come.

Sirrah, what tidings ! have you any letters ?

Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ? 79

*Clo.* O, the gibbet-maker ! he says that he hath  
 taken them down again, for the man must not be  
 hanged till the next week.

*Tit.* But what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

*Clo.* Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never  
 drank with him all my life.

*Tit.* Why, villain, art not thou the carrier ?

*Clo.* Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

*Tit.* Why, didst thou not come from heaven ?

*Clo.* From heaven ! alas, sir, I never came  
 there; God forbid I should be so bold to press

to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

*Marc.* Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

*Tit.* Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

*Clo.* Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life. 101

*Tit.* Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor: By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy charges.

Give me pen and ink. Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

*Clo.* Ay, sir.

*Tit.* Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

*Clo.* I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

*Tit.* Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant. And when thou hast given it the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

*Clo.* God be with you, sir; I will. 120

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords, and others; SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand that TITUS shot.*

*Sat.* Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,

Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent  
 Of egal justice, used in such contempt?  
 My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods,  
 However these disturbers of our peace  
 Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,  
 But even with law, against the wilful sons  
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if  
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits, 10  
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,  
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?  
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress:  
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;  
 This to Apollo; this to the god of war:  
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!  
 What's this but libelling against the senate,  
 And blazoning our injustice everywhere?  
 A goodly humor, is it not, my lords?  
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were. 20  
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies  
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:  
 But he and his shall know that justice lives  
 In Saturninus' health, whom, if she sleep,  
 He'll so awake as she in fury shall  
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

*Tam.* My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,  
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,  
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,  
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, 30  
 Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarr'd his  
 heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight  
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best  
 For these contempts. [*Aside*] Why, thus it shall  
 become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:  
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,  
 Thy life-blood out; if Aaron now be wise.  
 Then all is safe, the anchor's in the port.

*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with  
 us?

*Cl.* Yea, forsooth and your mistership be  
 imperial. 40

*Tam.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

*Clo.* 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you good den: I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[*Saturnius reads the letter.*]

*Sat.* Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

*Clo.* How much money must I have?

*Tam.* Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

*Clo.* Hanged! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*]

*Sat.* Despiteful and intolerable wrongs! 50  
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:  
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,  
That died by law for murder of our brother,  
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!  
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;  
Nor age nor honor shall shape privilege:  
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;  
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,  
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me. 60

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

What news with thee, Æmilius?

*Æmil.* Arm, arm, my lord,—Rome never had more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power  
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
They hither march amain, under conduct  
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;  
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do  
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

*Sat.* Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?  
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head 70  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with  
storms:

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:  
'Tis he the common people love so much;  
Myself hath often overheard them say,  
When I have walked like a private man,  
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

*Tam.* Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

*Sat.* Ay, but the citizens favor Lucius,  
And will revolt from me to succor him. 80

*Tam.* King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?  
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby,  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings  
He can at pleasure stint their melody:  
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.  
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,  
I will enchant the old Andronicus  
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,  
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep, 91  
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,  
The other rotted with delicious feed.

*Sat.* But he will not entreat his son for us.

*Tam.* If Tamora entreat him, then he will:  
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear  
With golden promises: that, were his heart  
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.  
[*To Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our ambas-  
sador: 100

Say that the emperor requests a parley  
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting  
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

*Sat.* Æmilius, do this message honorably:  
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,  
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

*Æmil.* Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.

*Tam.* Now will I to that old Andronicus,  
And temper him with all the art I have,  
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.  
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again, 111  
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

*Sat.* Then go successantly, and plead to him.  
[Exeunt.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome.*

*Enter LUCIUS with an army of Goths, with drum and colors.*

*Luc.* Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great Rome,  
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor  
And how desirous of our sight they are.  
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,  
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,  
Let him make treble satisfaction.

*First Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great  
Andronicus,  
Whose name was once our terror, now our com-  
fort; 10

Whose high exploits and honorable deeds  
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,  
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day  
Led by their master to the flowered fields,  
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

*All the Goths.* And as he saith, so say we all  
with him.

*Luc.* I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.  
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his child in his arms.*

*Sec. Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops  
I stray'd 20

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;  
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.  
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard  
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse;  
'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!  
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor: 30

But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,  
 They never do beget a coal-black calf.  
 Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the  
 babe,—

‘For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;  
 Who, when he knows thou art the empress’ babe,  
 Will hold thee dearly for thy mother’s sake.’  
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush’d upon him,  
 Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither,  
 To use as you think needful of the man.

*Luc.* O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil  
 That robb’d Andronicus of his good hand; 41  
 This is the pearl that pleased your empress’ eye,  
 And here’s the base fruit of his burning lust.  
 Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey  
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face?  
 Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?  
 A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,  
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

*Aar.* Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

*Luc.* Too like the sire for ever being good. 50  
 First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;  
 A sight to vex the father’s soul withal.  
 Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.*]

*Aar.* Lucius, save the child,  
 And bear it from me to the empress.  
 If thou do this, I’ll show thee wondrous things,  
 That highly may advantage thee to hear:  
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
 I’ll speak no more but ‘Vengeance rot you all!’

*Luc.* Say on: an if it please me which thou  
 speak’st,  
 Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish’d. 60

*Aar.* An if it please thee! why, assure thee,  
 Lucius,  
 ’Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;  
 For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,  
 Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
 Complots of mischief, treason, villainies  
 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform’d:  
 And this shall all be buried by my death,  
 Unless thou swear to me my child shall live,



*Luc.* Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

*Aar.* Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

*Luc.* Who should I swear by? thou believest no god: 71

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

*Aar.* What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not; Yet, for I know thou art religious, And hast a thing within thee called conscience, With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies, Which I have seen thee careful to observe, Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know An idiot holds his bauble for a god, 79

And keeps the oath which by that god he swears, To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow By that same god, what god soe'er it be, That thou adorest and hast in reverence, To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up; Or else I will discover nought to thee.

*Luc.* Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

*Aar.* First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

*Luc.* O most insatiate and luxurious woman!

*Aar.* Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity To that which thou shalt hear of me anon. 90 'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus: They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her, And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

*Luc.* O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

*Aar.* Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd, and 'twas Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

*Luc.* O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

*Aar.* Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them: That coddling spirit had they from their mother, As sure a card as ever won the set; 100 That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me, As true a dog as ever fought at head. Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth. I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found  
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,  
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:  
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,  
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it? 110  
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,  
And, when I had it, drew myself apart  
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:  
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall  
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;  
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,  
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:  
And when I told the empress of this sport,  
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,  
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses. 120

*First Goth.* What, canst thou say all this, and  
never blush?

*Aar.* Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

*Luc.* Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

*Aar.* Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.  
Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,  
Few come within the compass of my curse—  
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,  
As kill a man, or else devise his death,  
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,  
Accuse some innocent and forswear myself, 130  
Set deadly enmity between two friends,  
Make poor men's cattle stray and break their  
necks;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,  
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.  
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,  
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,  
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;  
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,  
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.' 140  
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things  
As willingly as one would kill a fly;  
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed  
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

*Luc.* Bring down the devil: for he must not die  
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

*Aar.* If there be devils, would I were a devil,  
To live and burn in everlasting fire,  
So I might have your company in hell,  
But to torment you with my bitter tongue! 150

*Luc.* Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

*Enter a Goth.*

*Third Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Luc.* Let him come near.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

Welcome, Æmilius: what's the news from Rome?

*Æmil.* Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me;

And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,

Willing you to demand your hostages, 160

And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

*First Goth.* What says our general?

*Luc.* Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges  
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,  
And we will come. March away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome. Before Titus's house.*

*Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised.*

*Tam.* Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,

I will encounter with Andronicus,

And say I am Revenge, sent from below

To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.

Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,

To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;

Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,

And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

*Enter TITUS, above.*

*Tit.* Who doth molest my contemplation?

Is it your trick to make me ope the door, 10

That so my sad decrees may fly away,

And all my study be to no effect?

You are deceived: for what I mean to do  
See here in bloody lines I have set down;  
And what is written shall be executed.

*Tam.* Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

*Tit.* No, not a word; how can I grace my talk,  
Wanting a hand to give it action?  
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

*Tam.* If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk  
with me. 20

*Tit.* I am not mad; I know thee well enough:  
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crim-  
son lines;

Witness these trenches made by grief and care;  
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;  
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well  
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:  
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

*Tam.* Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;  
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:  
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,  
'To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind, 31  
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.  
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;  
Confer with me of murder and of death:  
'There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,  
No vast obscurity or misty vale,  
Where bloody murder or detested rape  
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out:  
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,  
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

*Tit.* Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to  
me, 41

To be a torment to mine enemies?

*Tam.* I am; therefore come down, and welcome  
me.

*Tit.* Do me some service, ere I come to thee.  
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stand;  
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,  
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels:  
And then I'll come and be thy wagoner,  
And whirl along with thee about the globe.  
Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet, 50  
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,

And find out murderers in their guilty caves:  
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
 I will dismount, and by the wagon-wheel  
 Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,  
 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east  
 Until his very downfall in the sea:  
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,  
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

*Tam.* These are my ministers, and come with  
 me. 60

*Tit.* Are these thy ministers? what are they  
 call'd?

*Tam.* Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,  
 'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

*Tit.* Good Lord, how like the empress' sons  
 they are!

And you, the empress! but we worldly men  
 Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.  
 O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;  
 And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
 I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*]

*Tam.* This closing with him fits his lunacy:

Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits, 71  
 Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,  
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;  
 And, being credulous in this mad thought,  
 I'll make him send for Lucius his son;  
 And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,  
 I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,  
 To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,  
 Or, at the least, make them his enemies.  
 See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

*Enter TITUS, below.*

*Tit.* Long have I been forlorn, and all for  
 thee: 81

Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house:  
 Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.  
 How like the empress and her sons you are!  
 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:  
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil?  
 For well I wot the empress never wags  
 But in her company there is a Moor;

And, would you represent our queen aright,  
 It were convenient you had such a devil: 90  
 But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

*Tam.* What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

*Dem.* Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

*Chi.* Show me a villain that hath done a rape,  
 And I am sent to be revenged on him.

*Tam.* Show me a thousand that have done thee  
 wrong,  
 And I will be revenged on them all.

*Tit.* Look round about the wicked streets of  
 Rome:

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,  
 Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer. 100  
 Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap  
 To find another that is like to thee,  
 Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.  
 Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court  
 There is a queen, attended by a Moor;  
 Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,  
 For up and down she doth resemble thee:  
 I pray thee, do on them some violent death;  
 They have been violent to me and mine.

*Tam.* Well hast thou lesson'd us: this shall we  
 do. 110

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,  
 To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,  
 Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,  
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house;  
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
 I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
 The emperor himself, and all thy foes;  
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,  
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
 What says Andronicus to this device? 120

*Tit.* Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

*Enter* MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius:  
 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.  
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;

Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:  
 Tell him the emperor and the empress too  
 Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.  
 This do thou for my love; and so let him,  
 As he regards his aged father's life. 130

*Marc.* This will I do, and soon return again.  
 [Exit.

*Tam.* Now will I hence about thy business,  
 And take my ministers along with me.

*Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with  
 me;

Or else I'll call my brother back again,  
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

*Tam.* [Aside to her sons] What say you, boys?  
 will you bide with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor  
 How I have govern'd our determined jest?

Yield to his humor, smooth and speak him fair,  
 And tarry with him till I turn again. 141

*Tit.* [Aside] I know them all, though they  
 suppose me mad,  
 And will o'erreach them in their own devices:  
 A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam!

*Dem.* Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

*Tam.* Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes  
 To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

*Tit.* I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,  
 farewell. [Exit Tamora.

*Chi.* Tell us, old man, how shall we be em-  
 ploy'd?

*Tit.* Tut, I have work enough for you to do.  
 Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine! 151

*Enter PUBLIUS and others.*

*Pub.* What is your will?

*Tit.* Know you these two?

*Pub.* The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron  
 and Demetrius.

*Tit.* Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much de-  
 ceived;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;  
 And therefore bind them, gentle Publius.  
 Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour, 160  
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,  
And stop their mouths if they begin to cry. [*Exit.*

[*Publius, &c., lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.*

*Chi.* Villains, forbear! we are the empress'  
sons.

*Pub.* And therefore do we what we are com-  
manded.

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a  
word.

Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter* TITUS, *with* LAVINIA; *he bearing a knife,*  
*and she a basin.*

*Tit.* Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are  
bound.

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;  
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius! 170

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd  
with mud,

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.  
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault  
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,  
My hand cut off and made a merry jest;  
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more  
dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,  
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.  
What would you say if I should let you speak?  
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.  
Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you. 181  
'This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,  
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold  
The basin that receives your guilty blood.

You know your mother means to feast with me,  
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:  
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,  
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,  
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,  
And make two pasties of your shameful heads, 190  
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,  
Like to the earth swallow her own increase,



This is the feast that I have bid her to,  
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;  
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,  
And worse than Progne I will be revenged:  
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,  
[*He cuts their throats.*  
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,  
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,  
And with this hateful liquor temper it; 200  
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.  
Come, come, be every one officious  
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove  
More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.  
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,  
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.  
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III. *Court of Titus's house. A banquet set out.*

*Enter* LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON prisoner.

*Luc.* Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind  
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

*First Goth.* And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

*Luc.* Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;  
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,  
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,  
For testimony of her foul proceedings:  
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;  
I fear the emperor means no good to us. 10

*Aar.* Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,  
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth  
The venomous malice of my swelling heart !

*Luc.* Away, inhuman dog ! unhallow'd slave !  
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*  
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA with ÆMILIUS,  
Tribunes, Senators, and others.*

*Sat.* What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

*Luc.* What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

*Marc.* Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle:

These quarrels must be quietly debated. 20

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honorable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

*Sat.* Marcus, we will.

*[Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.]*

*Enter TITUS dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA veiled,  
young LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the  
dishes on the table.*

*Tit.* Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome,  
dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;

And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it. 29

*Sat.* Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?

*Tit.* Because I would be sure to have all well,  
To entertain your highness and your empress.

*Tam.* We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

*Tit.* An if your highness knew my heart, you  
were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflower'd?

*Sat.* It was, Andronicus.

*Tit.* Your reason, mighty lord? 40

*Sat.* Because the girl should not survive her  
shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

*Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

For me, most wretched, to perform the like.

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*Kills Lavinia.*]

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

*Sat.* What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind ?

*Tit.* Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was, 50

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage: and it now is done.

*Sat.* What, was she ravish'd ? tell who did the deed.

*Tit.* Will't please you eat ? will't please your highness feed ?

*Tam.* Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus ?

*Tit.* Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:  
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;  
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

*Sat.* Go fetch them hither to us presently.

*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in that pie; 60

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Kills Tamora.*]

*Sat.* Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

[*Kills Titus.*]

*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father bleed ?  
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed !

[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus, and others go up into the balcony.*]

*Marc.* You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl

Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O, let me teach you how to knit again 70

This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf,

These broken limbs again into one body;

Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,

And she whom mighty kingdoms courtesy to,

Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,

Do shameful execution on herself,

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,  
Grave witnesses of true experience,  
Cannot induce you to attend my words,  
[*To Lucius*] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst  
our ancestor, 80

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse  
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear  
The story of that baleful burning night  
When subtle kings surprised king Priam's Troy,  
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,  
Or who hath brought our fatal engine in  
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.  
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;  
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,  
But floods of tears will drown my oratory 90  
And break my utterance, even in the time  
When it should move you to attend me most,  
Lending your kind commiseration.  
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;  
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

*Luc.* Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,  
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius  
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;  
And they it were that ravished our sister: 99  
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;  
Our father's tears despised, and basely cozen'd  
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel  
out,

And sent her enemies unto the grave.  
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,  
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out  
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;  
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,  
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.  
I am the turned forth, be it known to you,  
That have preserved her welfare in my blood; 110  
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,  
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.  
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;  
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,  
That my report is just and full of truth.  
But soft! methinks I do digress too much,  
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;

For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

*Marc.* Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child: [*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*]

Of this was Tamora delivered: 120

The issue of an irreligious Moor,  
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:  
The villain is alive in Titus' house,  
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.  
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge  
These wrongs unspeakable, past patience,  
Or more than any living man could bear.  
Now you have heard the truth, what say you,  
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss,—show us wherein,  
And, from the place where you behold us now,  
The poor remainder of Andronici 131

Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down.  
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,  
And make a mutual closure of our house.  
Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,  
Lo, hand in hand Lucius and I will fall.

*Æmil.* Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,  
Lucius our emperor; for well I know  
The common voice do cry it shall be so. 140

*All.* Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!

*Marc.* Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,  
[*To Attendants.*]

And hither hail that misbelieving Moor,  
To be adjudged some direful, slaughtering death,  
As punishment for his most wicked life.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the others descend.

*All.* Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

*Luc.* Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,  
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!  
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,  
For nature puts me to a heavy task: 150  
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,

To shed obsequious tears upon this  
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold

[*Kissing Titus.*

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,  
The last true duties of thy noble son !

*Marc.* Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,  
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:  
O, were the sum of these that I should pay  
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them !

*Luc.* Come hither, boy; come, come, and  
learn of us 160

To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee well;  
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;  
Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;  
In that respect, then, like a loving child,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring  
Because kind nature doth require it so:  
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe  
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave; 17  
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

*Young Luc.* O grandsire, grandsire ! even we  
all my heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again !  
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;  
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

*Re-enter Attendants with AARON.*

*Æm.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes:  
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

*Luc.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish  
him; 179

There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:  
If any one relieves or pities him,  
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:  
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

*Aar.* O, why should wrath be mute, and fury  
dumb ?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers  
I should repent the evils I have done:  
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did

Would I perform, if I might have my will:

If one good deed in all my life I did,

I do repent it from my very soul.

190

*Luc.* Some loving friends convey the emperor  
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave:

My father and Lavinia shall forthwith

Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,

No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,

No mournful bell shall ring her burial;

But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:

Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity:

And, being so, shall have like want of pity. 200

See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,

By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:

Then, afterwards, to order well the state,

That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*











